

Chatelaine

A Magazine for Canadian Women

July
1932



10¢

In This Issue:

Special Holiday Fiction

Including

The Prize-winning Story in the Women's Canadian Club Contest—The General Manager—By R. E. Breach



*"She was a
BEAUTIFUL WOMAN
before her teeth
... went bad"*

EVEN in our absence, even after we have left the room, our friends brood mournfully over the glories that have passed. "She was—she *was*—a beautiful woman . . ."

The mouth is the most eloquent of human features, the seat of character. Any defect of mouth or teeth is sharply conspicuous. Actors who wish to look ugly or repulsive on the stage almost always blacken out one or more teeth. And when *Nature* really plays this trick upon either man or woman, *Nature* can be cruel indeed.

Do you know what causes lost teeth?

Lost teeth are a source of mental anguish. Even after they are skillfully replaced, the experience leaves a scar on the memory. How you dreaded the verdict, "Two in the front must come out." How you avoided acquaintances!

How you lost time from business! How the whole thing clouded your life for weeks!

Of course some adult teeth are lost through accident, but *more than one-half the total losses of adult teeth are due to the condition known as pyorrhea*. This disease is a great source of trouble for the dentist. Its treatment is long-drawn-out and usually painful. When it is a question of pyorrhea the modern dentist votes for *prevention* every time. And this means giving your dentist a chance to prevent by visiting him at least twice a year.

Cleanliness is only superficial

Your dentist will tell you that pyorrhea works *under the surface*. Its approach is silent. It may take years—five years, ten years—before it breaks out. That is why mere cleanliness, even

thorough cleanliness, is not enough. One of the best-known names in all pyorrhea history is that of Dr. R. J. Forhan, who spent 26 years in the study and treatment of pyorrhea. Thousands of practicing dentists, throughout the nation and abroad, are today using his special pyorrhea treatment, provided only for the use of the dental profession. For home use by the family, Dr. Forhan also perfected the toothpaste which bears his name. The active Forhan principle gives you an extra value, an added safeguard beyond a mere cleansing operation. Use it night and morning, on both teeth and gums, according to directions.

Do not wait for bleeding gums

Don't give pyorrhea a foothold. Remember that 4 out of 5 over the age of forty are claimed as its victims. So we repeat again: see your dentist and use Forhan's in between visits. Remember also, that Forhan's, judged simply as a toothpaste is the finest money can buy—agreeable, long-lasting. Begin the use of Forhan's today. It's the double-duty toothpaste for teeth and gums. Look for the big, brown tube. Forhan's, Ltd., Ste. Therese, P. Q.

SERIOUS THOUGHT ABOUT TEETH LEADS TO THE USE OF FORHAN'S



"MOUNT ROBSON FROM LAKE BERG"—From the Painting by Lawren Harris, O.S.A.

Pioneering Mountain Trails Admired at Smart Resorts

ALONG the foothill trails of Canada's Rockies, where gasoline pumps are few and far between, you notice many a Chevrolet Six. Around the lodge at Jasper, too, you'll find that Chevrolets are very much in evidence. For Chevrolet has definitely proved that Canada's most economical car is also a strikingly smart, quality-built and thoroughly modern automobile.

There's a custom-car air about Chevrolet's streamlined Fisher Bodies—a feeling of substantial comfort about the spacious interiors and deeply-cushioned seats. That matchless driving combination—Silent Syncro-Mesh

gear shifting and Free Wheeling—gives you marvelous new handling ease.

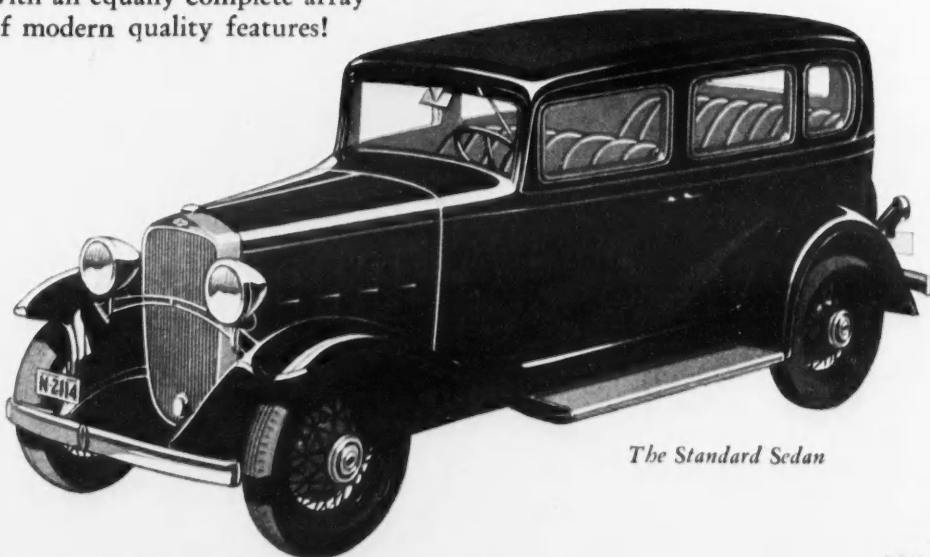
And the Chevrolet six-cylinder engine not only provides lowest operating cost; it is also the only engine to balance this valuable advantage with multi-cylinder smoothness, power and flexibility. Moreover, it has been proved dependable by tens of thousands of owners under every driving condition.

Obviously, the Chevrolet Six is a genuinely finer type of economical transportation. And at its recently reduced prices, you can buy a Chevrolet for less than any other car with an equally complete array of modern quality features!



NEW CHEVROLET SIX

PRODUCED IN CANADA



The Standard Sedan



THE CHAMPIONS of tomorrow are babies today. But, even now, their training has begun. Somewhere—unknown among millions of other babies—they are growing, day by day, toward glorious physical perfection. In that warm bottle which they clutch so eagerly at meal-times, their bodies are finding food that builds strong muscles, firm tissue, the vigor and endurance of champions-to-be.

Three generations of babies have

found such a food in Eagle Brand Milk. Near you today, wherever you live, there are grown-up men and women whose vitality and stamina are living proof of the health-foundation laid by Eagle Brand. Three generations of proof—not theories, but actual, living proof! Proof that holds a deep meaning for you, as you look forward across the years—visioning for *your* small son or daughter a grown up life of health and achievement and zestful joy in living.

From medical science, too, has recently come important new proof of Eagle Brand's value. In a famous clinic, two specialists in infant diet fed a group of 50 average babies on Eagle Brand over a period of months—comparing results with other groups of babies similarly fed on other foods. *Measured by every scientific test, the result was favorable to Eagle Brand.* This remarkable milk—second only to mother's milk in easy digestibility—had proved

equal to the building of 100% babies.

The Borden Company—makers of Eagle Brand—would like to send you the free booklet, "Baby's Welfare," containing life stories of Eagle Brand babies, instructions for general baby care and complete feeding directions. Write to the address below. You will find Eagle Brand at your grocer's, of course. Simple feeding directions are on the label of each can. The Borden Company, 115 George St., Toronto, Ont.

MS

Eagle Brand

C O N D E N S E D M I L K



The Editor's own Page



THESE are strange times. And while there are many new factors to enhance the sense of unfamiliarity with which so many of us must, perforce, face our lives, there is an added strangeness to the new perspectives, angles, and colors in which mundane matters are appearing. It is much as if a new stream of powerful light were thrown

into a familiar room, blotting out the customary shadows; bringing into strange relief a shape or corner that had been hidden; accentuating an ugliness, or softening a beauty with which we had long been accustomed.

That the new conditions are undoubtedly bringing with them much good in the way of a sounder readjustment of values, is a trite phrase. It is most frequently on the lips of those who have not suffered materially, and who can therefore point out, with admirable clarity, the benefits of hard times.

They are also bringing with them a fervor for optimism that has made "round the corner" one of the keywords of the depression; and the mention of Prosperity waiting there until we, by our own works, bring her on to the centre of the stage again, is enough to set any audience applauding enthusiastically.

But is optimism justified when it entails a hope that things will return to what they were by next fall, or next year, or in a couple of years? Looking back on the past, one sees that history is constantly reporting: "The next fifteen or twenty years were times of universal depression"—before telling of the factors which alleviated the distress in still another five or ten years.

While we keep, as one of the stories in this issue says, a "straight path for our feet, and walk bravely on it," would we not be wiser if, instead of hoping blandly for a change shortly, we followed the old adage and set our house in order for the new conditions as they will affect us for a number of years to come?

This month I have been thinking particularly of all the girls who have graduated from high schools and colleges this year, and who are eagerly searching for an opportunity to get a job and begin work.

There will be many heart-aches and struggles awaiting them in a business world which is already full to overflowing and throws back their eager young enthusiasm with a cold "not interested." So many mothers left with a heavy load of housework and the care of younger children, while the older daughter is looking for work or supporting herself in triumphant bachelor-girlhood. So many girls eking out a bare existence, half fed, eager for friendship and the gaiety of youth; so many young men unable to find employment of any kind.

Should we not pause and consider seriously this rushing of our daughters into any sort of work?

Those of us in business have witnessed the peak of the industrial age which attracted sons and daughters into the business world. The more we made the more we could sell, and the more were people needed to "make the wheels go round." Now with overproduction, lessened buying, and the introduction of machinery which does the work of many human hands far more faultlessly and

Vol. VI. Toronto, July, 1932 Number 7

H. Napier Moore, Editorial Director Byrne Hope Sanders, Editor George H. Tyndall, Business Manager

CONTENTS



Cover design by Carl Shreve

FICTION

- The General Manager (Short Story) R. E. Breach 7
Illustrated by Joseph Farrelly
The Charm (Short Story) Grace M. Campbell 10
Illustrated by Jack Keay
The Thunder of New Wings (Serial) 12
Illustrated by R. W. Major Mazo de la Roche
Square Knots (Short Story) Arthur Crosby 16
Illustrated by Carl Shreve

GENERAL ARTICLES

- The Editor's Own Page 2
Doughbobs of the West Philip A. Norikoff 4
A Woman Has No Taste 14
At the Movies Byrne Hope Sanders 18
Let Your Holiday Dreams Come True 24
Annabelle Lee

FASHIONS

- Chatelaine Patterns 52

THE CHATELAINE INSTITUTE

- That Cookie Jar! Helen G. Campbell 20
The Fine Art of Flavoring Helen G. Campbell 21
Your Electric Refrigerator Helen G. Campbell 22
Meals of the Month M. Frances Hucks 58

CHILDREN'S FEATURE

- Rose Cottage Cut-out Jean Wylie 56

REGULAR DEPARTMENTS

- Your House and Garden; The Chatelaine's Knitting and Crochet; Baby Welfare; Letters to the Editor; The Domestic Workshop; The Pantry Shelf.

THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED

143-153 UNIVERSITY AVENUE, TORONTO 2, CANADA

JOHN BAYNE MACLEAN, President.

H. T. HUNTER, Vice-President. H. V. TYRELL, General Manager.

Publishers of: Chatelaine, Maclean's Magazine, Canadian Homes and Gardens, Mayfair, Radio Week, The Financial Post, Hardware and Metal, Canadian Paint and Varnish Magazine, Sanitary Engineer, Canadian Grocer, Drug Merchandising, Dry Goods Review, Men's Wear Review, Bookseller and Stationer, The General Merchant of Canada, Canadian Machinery and Manufacturing News, Power House, Canadian Printer and Publisher, Canadian Advertising Data, Canadian Automotive Trade, Bus and Truck Transport in Canada.—BRANCH OFFICES: 1070 Bleury St., Montreal; 420 Lexington Ave., New York; 919 North Michigan Ave., Chicago; 284 Chronicle Bldg., San Francisco; England, The MacLean Company of Great Britain, Limited, Sun of Canada Bldg., 2 Cockspur Street, London, S.W. 1.—SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: In Canada, Great Britain and British Possessions, \$1.00 (4/2) per year; United States and Mexico, \$1.50; other countries, \$2.00 (5/4) per year. Single copies, 10c. Copyright, 1932, by The MacLean Publishing Company, Limited. Registered in the Canadian Patent and Copyright Office. Registered in the United States Patent Office.

cheaply, the impetus which brought women into business life has weakened heavily. And I believe that we are going to see a reaction of young women away from business and back to home life.

We have trained ourselves to think that it is a far, far better thing for a daughter to sit in a crowded office all day and pound a typewriter, than live at home and help her mother with the cares of the house and the younger children. In the past years we thought she was "expressing" herself; living her own life. But the new light of changing conditions is showing up strange perspectives of this idea. Is life on a few dollars a week away from home preferable to a daughter's living at home, when it is at all possible? Is not the training for marriage and motherhood, which most daughters can find in their parents' home, better than a few years in an office, and then a plunge into marriage without the vaguest idea of dietetics and home management?

I know that I shall be assailed by my feminist sisters, but I am ready for them. I am not advocating women to relinquish hopes of a business career. That would be ridiculous. Women have made a stalwart place for themselves "down town," which can never be relinquished. But I'm sure that there are thousands of mothers with young daughters, who agree that it would be far wiser to encourage them to stay and develop their interests at home than struggle for jobs during the next few years.

Let us get away from the fetish of the wage-earning daughter. Let us develop in our girls a realization that the weekly pay envelope does not mean success, and that the wages of a job are not all pleasant. That, above all, there is magnificent work waiting for young Canadian women in the smaller communities in developing the arts and crafts, and in learning to be the trained chate-laines of the future.

There will be thousands of mothers who will retort that their daughter must earn something to help with the upkeep of the home and to pay for her education. That is, of course, understood. But for every case in which a girl goes into business because her salary is urgently needed, there is another case in which she is there because she wants something to do, or because the pocket money would come in handy.

This is another case when the new situations are throwing strange lights on common or garden events. We have become so accustomed to young daughters going after jobs that any idea to the contrary will sound fantastic. But when the world is facing a crisis like the present, and when one of the first realizations is that there are not nearly enough jobs to go round, it is up to the thousands of girls who enter business for a few years only to leave it for marriage, to consider the basic fundamentals of their life; and, if it is at all possible to develop their interests and their work in their own home.





YOU CAN'T GET CAKE LIKE THIS *with ordinary flour!*

HERE'S a challenge for you, Mrs. Cake-maker. Forget everything you've ever heard about angel food. Never mind how good or bad your luck has been in the past. Even if you've never dared tackle this queen of cakes before—do this—

Make up an angel food cake—using Swans Down Cake Flour! (You'll find the Swans Down Angel Food recipe on every package.) Then see if you don't get the finest angel food you've ever seen or tasted!

The secret, of course, is—Swans Down! You'd never get such angel food with ordinary flour. You'd never match that feathery texture—that exquisite fineness! You couldn't with ordinary flour. Because...

Ordinary flours contain a tough, elastic gluten—excellent for slow yeast leavens, but entirely too resistant to the "quick" leavens used in cake. But Swans Down is made from soft winter wheat. It contains a tender, delicate gluten which is perfectly suited to cake leavens. And Swans Down is 27 times as fine as ordinary flour.

Surprise yourself!! Convince yourself! Make Swans

Down Angel Food today. Then you'll want to try Swans Down for new perfection in *all* your cake-making!

And here's a bargain you can't beat!

Two new-type, half-size angel food pans at cost!

Shop around. Try to duplicate them. See if you can get anything like the two angel food pans shown here.

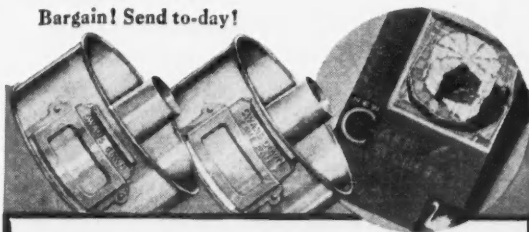
You can't! For we had this brand-new type of pan designed and made to our special order. They're different—half-size, sturdy, well made. An entirely new idea in angel food pans. Notice the straight sides. Notice the movable slides, which provide for the circulation of air and allow you to insert a spatula to loosen your cake. Notice the size of these pans—6½ inches in diameter. A special new half-size that the stores don't carry. A size that enables you to try many attractive right-up-to-the-minute ways to serve angel food.

For with these pans, you can divide the batter from one recipe to bake *two* angel food cakes at a time and

serve them on different days. You can leave one cake plain and frost the other, as shown above. Or, you can cover both with delicately tinted frostings, a smart touch. You'll find plenty of frostings suggested in the brand-new edition of the Swans Down recipe booklet. Or you can use any of your own favourites—chocolate, orange, pistachio, etc.

Don't wait—our supply of pans is limited! The two angel food pans and a copy of "New Cake Secrets" are yours for only 50c. Or, send only 10c for "New Cake Secrets" alone.

Bargain! Send to-day!



Consumer Service Department,
GENERAL FOODS LIMITED,
Cobourg, Ontario.

S2-32M

- ☐ Enclosed is 50c for which I am to receive two angel food pans, as illustrated, and a copy of "New Cake Secrets".
☐ Enclosed is 10c, for which I am to receive a copy of "New Cake Secrets".
(Check the bargain you prefer. We'll pay the postage.)

Name.....
Street.....
City.....Prov.....

33

SWANS DOWN



CAKE FLOUR

Made in Canada from Canadian Wheat



A typical Doukhobor family pose willingly for the camera.



Doukhobors of the West

A man who has known them well gives this vivid picture of their community and home life

by PHILIP A. NOVIKOFF

OF LATE there have been stories in the newspapers every day of the troubles caused by the Doukhobors in the West. So much so that the term Doukhobor—meaning "spirit wrestlers," has fallen into disrepute, and there is a general feeling that these people have no respect for law, order or decency. But it must be remembered that there is more than one type of Doukhobor, and that the group which is causing all the trouble belong to one fanatical sect only.

What are the Doukhobors as a people really like?

If you were to step into a Doukhobor home some winter day, you would think that you had stepped back into the Middle Ages. The whirring of the spinning-wheel, the metallic clicking of knitting needles, or the pounding of the loom would greet your hearing. The place is a hive of industry.

On the floor, one of the family would be carding wool. The carded wool is given to the *babushka*, "grandmother," to spin on her wheel. The spun wool is either given to the granddaughter to knit, or else it is washed and dyed in various hues. After it is dry, it is taken to the loom to be woven into gorgeous-colored spreads and carpets.

Some women are, indeed, past masters at carpet and rug making. Their work is very beautiful, and the original designs and colorful caricatures would at any time class with those of the Persian and Turkish carpet weavers. Even the color-loving Navaho Indian would have a difficult task in competing with such decorative work as is turned out from the loom of a Doukhobor woman.

Although much is said in disfavor of the Doukhobors, it cannot be claimed that they are lacking in hospitality. If a stranger visits their home, they are your humble servants. If they have only one bed in the house, it is given the visitor, while they sleep on the floor. If there is but one bite to eat in the house, he will get that bite even if they themselves go hungry.

If you put in a little praise about the wife's cooking, she is your slave. You may have any product of the kitchen or garden, and, usually, she so overloads you with dainty edibles that you are too embarrassed to find proper words to express your thanks.

During my sojourn as a school-teacher among the Doukhobors, I bached in a teacherage near the school. It was very seldom that I had to buy anything to replenish my larder from the near by town, for invariably some of the mothers and elder daughters sent me vegetables, milk, cream, bread, and all kinds of domestic fowl, and would not accept a cent in payment. Of course the daughters may have had other

designs besides hospitality, but at that time I did not realize the prevalence of such maidenly wiles.

The food the Doukhobors eat is simple but nourishing. "Borsh," nationally famous in Russia, usually opens the noon and evening courses. For variety they sometimes serve soup instead of "borsh." As far as I could learn, the only difference between soup and "borsh," is that soup does not contain cabbage and "borsh" does. Thus, if the good wife who wanted to make "borsh," put all the concoction of vegetables necessary into the stewpot and omitted cabbage, she would be making a grave mistake to yell "Borsh's on!" when calling her husband to dinner. Her critical, borsh-loving *mujik* would soon disillusion her.

Another rare delicacy, which I have seldom seen on the Canadian table, is *huluptsi*. This is made by wrapping a mixture of rice and ground meat—and onions if you like them—in steamed cabbage leaves, then further steaming them in a pot. Usually when a stranger eats his first meal of *huluptsi*, he becomes a glutton. He leaves no room for anything else; *huluptsi* predominate; they are delicious.

Sweets are very seldom indulged in, and perhaps that is why the Doukhobors are rarely bothered with tooth trouble. Coarse, plain foods make for good teeth, and although I know that some of my Doukhobor school children have never brushed their teeth in their lives, I have never had a complaint of toothache from any of them.

THE dress of the women, especially on Sundays and holidays, is very characteristic. The bright, wide, long-flowing skirt, lace-trimmed apron, a tight-waisted silk blouse puffed at the breast, and the inevitable gaily colored

silk shawl covering the head, are still very much in evidence. Many of the young folk have adopted the modern style of costume, but it cannot be denied that a young woman dressed in her national costume is a personage of charm and color. Her conciliatory blue eyes peeping from behind long dark lashes; her naturally rosy cheeks and cherry lips; smiling teeth of the whitest of pearl; and surmounting all, well-trimmed bangs—*choob*, they call them—have made the heart of many a Canadian swain palpitate.

On Sundays, the folks gather together in one of the houses. The younger set go off into one room—usually a bedroom—while the elders occupy the main room of the house. Here they gossip and eat *semichkee*, or sunflower seeds; sometimes called by them "the Doukhobor newspaper." This last is an art in itself, and it makes one often wonder how it was humanly possible to fill your mouth with *semichkee*, separate the kernel from the shell with your teeth and tongue, and swallow it without swallowing either the shell, the whole mouthful of seeds, or spitting the kernel out instead of the shell. But they always seem to get it right, and I have never seen any fatal accidents happen among them. Perhaps it's easy, but if you haven't tried yet, try and see just how easy it is. Of course, the shells are spat out on the floor; which one would hardly commend as being very hygienic, as each time a shell is spat out, a considerable amount of sputum accompanies it. So after a dozen or more have kept spitting all afternoon, you can imagine the size of the army of germs mobilized on the floor for warfare. Even such God-fearing people as the Doukhobors are by no means immune to disease.

In the bedroom, some of the young folks are sitting on the bed. Some are in corners, and all are enjoying themselves. One of them may be playing a mouth organ or an accordion, while the rest sing in accompaniment. The songs they sing are usually folk-songs of old Russia, which have been handed down to them by their parents. These folk-songs are often sad; but they are not without their lively airs.

A DOUKHOBOR wedding is not a very gala affair. Of course, the man must obtain the consent of the girl's parents before the happy event takes place. On the wedding day, a feast is prepared, but this lasts only for half a day. The ceremony is brief and simple. The parents of the bride and bridegroom bless the happy couple, a fond embrace, and the trick is done; they are husband and wife. No wedding rings, no preachers, no marriage fees. Everything is so easy.

While, in former [Continued on page 50]



JULY *Chatelaine* 1932
A Magazine for Canadian Women



by
R. E. BREACH

This prize-winning story in a recent Canadian Women's Club contest, tells of a mother's struggle for her daughter's safety

THE GENERAL MANAGER

MARGARET LEWIS waited exactly ten minutes after she heard the first crackle of the fire which her husband had lighted in the kitchen stove. Then she rose and dressed. From her window she saw the bare fields where the wheat had been threshed a week before, the yellow frosted woods beyond the wheatfields and the purple, fallow land stretching to the east, now grey with the late-coming autumn day, and the three tall elevators of Richvale black against it.

She opened the door of the stairway to the big room over the kitchen where the boys slept.

"Boys! Time to get up. Six-thirty."

She repeated the call, at intervals of ten minutes, while setting the table, stirring porridge, cutting slices of bread.

"Douglas! Jimmy! Ellsworth! Edward! Come now. Let me hear your feet on the floor. Your father'll be in in a minute."

Yawns, stirrings, scufflings on the floor above. A boot dropped. The young souls were awake. They appeared, open-mouthed and hungry, like young robins around the breakfast table. Douglas, eighteen, sensitive, inarticulate; his three younger brothers, irresponsible, mischievous school-boys. Edward's twin sister, Evelina, joined them, tying a ribbon on her smoothly brushed hair.

"Verna May won't get up," she complained. "She said, 'Shut up, kid,' and went to sleep again."

"Gee, it's great to be a girl," scoffed the boys. "Ma, why don't you roll her out like you do us?"

"Do you want hard-boiled eggs for your lunch, boys?" said Margaret.

She put ten eggs on to boil, cut slices of bread, buttering them with a broad, flexible knife. She filled the lunch pail with the buttered bread, apples, and squares of frosted gingerbread. A smaller replica of this meal, embellished with a paper napkin, went into a separate container.

"Is Miss Phillips up yet?" she asked Evelina. Miss Phillips answered the question by appearing herself. She was the school teacher of the district, a slight, dark girl of twenty-two who boarded with the Lewises. John Lewis, tall, grey-haired and bearded, came in from the barn,

"He has told me everything," said Verna, "and I know how appearances have been against him. You can't keep me any longer mother—I'm going to marry him!"

washed, and sat down between Evelina and Miss Phillips.

"We'll take those hogs to town this morning, Doug. You do the milking and I'll load them. How's Miss Phillips today?" He was the chairman of the school board and felt his responsibilities. "Can we bring you anything from town?"

"We need chalk."

"Talk to Doug," said the farmer, with a wide smile. "He'll get it for you while I'm at the stockyards."

"Huh! Aw!" gasped Douglas, who suffered the pangs of a first love which had Miss Phillips for its object. He crimsoned, and choked into his tea. Miss Phillips helped Evelina to jam, and said kindly:

"The usual kind, Douglas."

Margaret frowned at her husband over her son's bent head. She often had to defend the sensitive boy from his father's clumsy jocularity. She thought Douglas would take no harm. She hoped his boyish affection for the young teacher would give him an ideal of true womanhood. Meantime it meant less wrangling about washing behind the ears and the decent brushing of Sunday clothes.

"Where's Verna May?"

"She'll be down presently."

"Why has she more privileges than the other children?" demanded her husband. "She ought to be here helping you with the morning rush."

The family rose from the breakfast table and fell into an indescribable confusion, arising from the different tasks and

interests which had their beginning in this one room at this hour. The lamps were extinguished and the blinds raised to the cold thin sunlight. Douglas clashed out with his pails to the milking. The younger children rummaged for caps and schoolbooks. Jimmy and Ellsworth began their daily quarrel about whose turn it was to drive the gentle team which drew the children and their teacher to school. There was a sick cow which needed a warm mash cooked on the stove. A hideous squealing rose from the pens where the fat hogs were routed from their warm straw into the wagons.

"Children! Caps on the rack and books should be in your bags. Stop talking, and look for them. Evelina, take charge of the lunch pail. Ellsworth, you drove the team yesterday. Jimmy drives today."

They kissed her hurriedly and stormed out, with a final slamming of doors. The room was a chaos of soiled dishes and discarded clothing. In ten minutes she had the dishes neatly stacked for washing, the room in order. She straightened her apron, smoothed her ruffled hair. The sick cow's mash was done. She set it back, poured milk and the scrapings of the porridge pot into a pan for the dog.

At the sound of slow steps on the stairs, she became alert, on guard. Verna May came into the kitchen—an immature girl, her face disfigured by a frown. Something in the life of this nineteen-year-old child had gone wrong. Her mother sought it, and longed to set it right.

"What would you like for breakfast, dearie?"

"I'm not hungry, mother."

"Aren't you well, Verna May?"

"I'm perfectly all right, mother. Just don't bother me."

She sat down at the table and began to sip a glass of cold milk, staring out of the window at the brown and gold world irradiated by the risen sun.

Margaret put her hand on the warm teapot, shuddering at thought of the icy milk. But she restrained herself, restrained her impulse to question her daughter, to correct her as a naughty child. A premature act, a misadvised word, might shove her over the precipice along which her inexperienced feet strayed.

"In Spring, his fancy turns to SHORT- CAKE!"

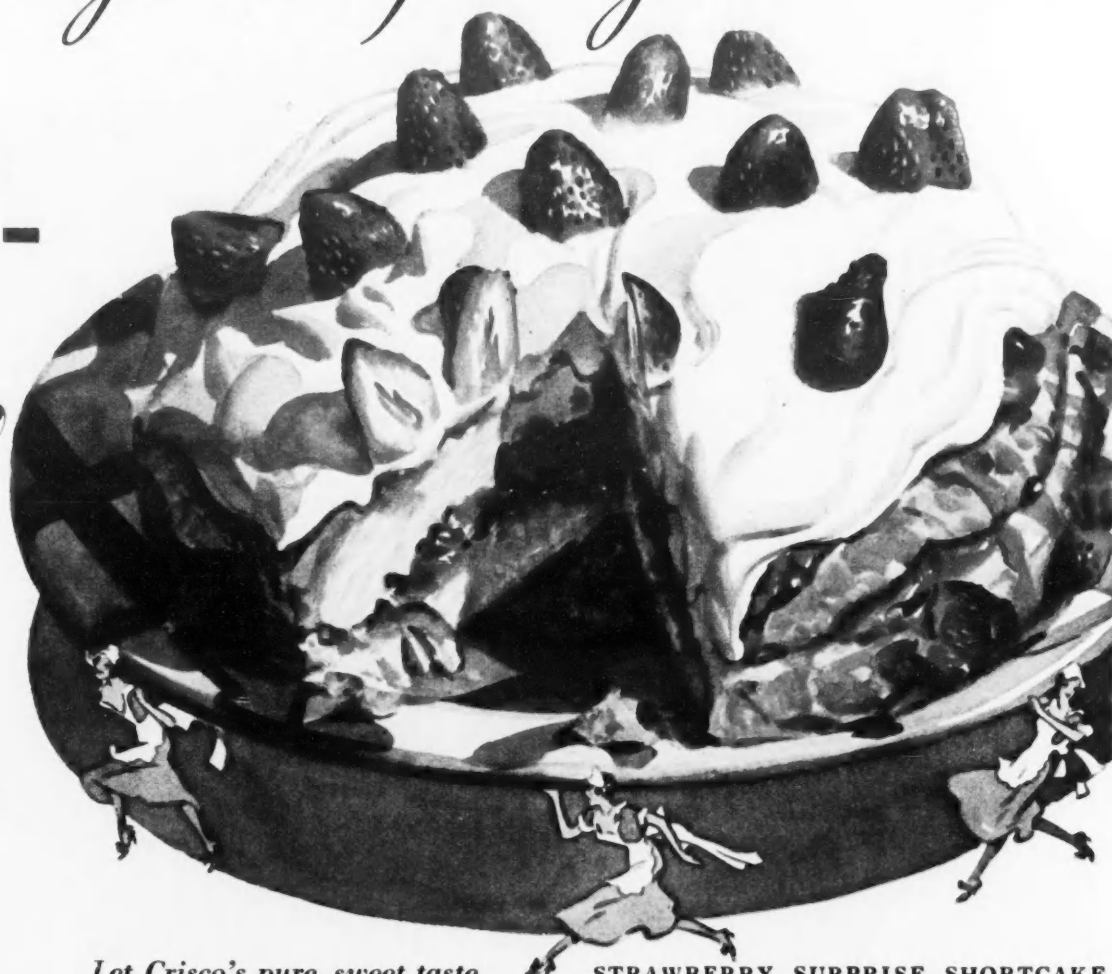
What is real shortcake? Ask your husband . . . and hear him describe fluffy, golden biscuit dripping with strawberries. As far as a man's concerned, no fussed-up cake need apply!

Personally, I agree. Shortcake, to me, means flaky biscuit "shortened" by sweet pure Crisco. But I don't wait for the first strawberries. After all, there are other kinds of delicious shortcake!

As soon as the first pink stalks of rhubarb appear, try your hand at Spring Shortcake. Or treat your husband to Peach Shortcake with chopped nuts *inside*!

And let him have all he wants of Crisco shortcake, because it's truly *digestible*!

If you're thinking of your family's good, you'll avoid using greasy, heavy fats. You'll prefer pure, creamy, *digestible* Crisco.



*Let Crisco's pure, sweet taste
tell you it's digestible*

Crisco's sweet taste will tell you it's wholesome. Your eyes will tell you that it's pure. Open a sanitary can of Crisco. Doesn't that glorious creamy swirl make you want to dip right in? Isn't Crisco an invitation to make flaky biscuits and velvety cakes and tender-crustied pies?

As warm weather comes on, Crisco won't turn greasy or rancid. It will keep sweet and *digestible*, right on your kitchen shelf! So it's sensible to stock up on the 3-lb. tin and have a generous supply of Crisco on hand.

Write for my free book "Tested Radio Recipes." Address Winifred S. Carter, Department XCH-72, 170 Bay Street, Toronto, Ont.

WINIFRED S. CARTER

CRISCO IS MADE IN CANADA



SPRING SHORTCAKE

Use Crisco biscuit recipe (above, right). *Filling:* Wash and cut 4 cups of rhubarb. Mix with $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon and $\frac{1}{4}$ cup water. Let stand 15 minutes. Bring to boil. Cook 3 minutes longer. Cool. Add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup grated pineapple. Serve with cream.



STRAWBERRY SURPRISE SHORTCAKE (and a master biscuit recipe for delicious shortcakes)

2 cups flour 4 teaspoons baking powder $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Crisco 1 egg milk or water
Sift dry ingredients. Work in Crisco, the pure digestible shortening. Beat egg in measuring cup, add liquid to fill three-fourths full. Stir in. Pat dough into 2 rounds to fit Criscoed pie-plate. Brush one round with melted Crisco. Put second round on top. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) 20 to 25 minutes.

Filling: Wash and hull 3 cups strawberries. Add 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon lemon juice. Stand 15 minutes. Save a few perfect berries. Crush the rest. Spread between shortcake layers and over top. Garnish with whole berries. Serve with plain or whipped cream. As a surprise, add cottage cheese or cream cheese to whipped cream. This brings out the strawberry flavor!



PEACH PECAN SHORTCAKE

To above Crisco biscuit recipe add $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped pecans (or other nuts) before adding liquid.

Filling: To 3 cups sliced canned peaches, add 2 tablespoons lemon juice. Serve with plain or whipped cream.

All measurements level—Crisco is the registered trade-mark of a shortening manufactured by the Procter & Gamble Co.

© 1932, P. & G. Co.

Why does Crisco digest easily? Its pure, sweet taste will tell you



Illustrated by
Joseph Farrelly

Rhea's husky voice spoke in Margaret's ear as the two women leaned over the stove.
"What is he doing here?" "He and Verna are going to be married" said Margaret.

them about it. You've always talked of a big wedding."

"Oh, mother, I'd love that."

"Phone Rod and ask him. Whatever put it into your head, silly girl, that you must run away to be married?"

"Rod thought . . ."

"Go and talk to him now. Is this what's been worrying you and making you act so strange?"

She heard the child's voice, apologetic, coaxing.

"He'll come, mother, if you have the party tonight. He's putting himself out to stay over. But he'll come."

"All right, darling. Go back to the telephone and ask your friends. I'll make arrangements and tell your father."

"Anyone I like, mother?" The child was transformed. "Shall I tell them it's my engagement party?"

"Ask them all, old and young. But don't tell them what the party is for. Say mother's giving you a surprise party. Then you can announce your engagement at supper."

"I must feed them," thought Margaret. She began to reckon her resources. Plenty of ham for sandwiches. The doughnut crock was full. She would bake a sheet of white cake and one of dark. Verna could cut and ice them. There wasn't time for chicken salad, she would make Waldorf. Lots of cream and eggs for ice cream. Douglas would turn the freezer. Miss Phillips would set the tables with the best linen cloths and the best dishes and silver. She knew how and where to lay down a fork, that girl. No flowers, but the geraniums were in bloom in the south windows. She must phone to town for a woman to wait on table and wash dishes. She must tell John—he would be difficult.

She stood planning, thinking, her firm hands gripping the edge of the yellow mixing bowl. What was that one scarlet thread that ran through the drab mass of gossip she had heard about Rod Whitney?

She looked at the clock—two o'clock. Plenty of time.

"Verna May, when you have taken off your best dress, run down cellar for more eggs."

When she was alone, she went to the telephone.

JOHN came in at four o'clock to drink a cup of the cocoa she always prepared for the children's homecoming from school. Rumors of the festivities had reached his ears.

"What's this, Marge? A party? What are you women folks up to?"

She caught his eye above the heads of the excited children, looked toward the door and followed him out. She led him to the milk-house, shut the door behind her and stood against it. That would hold him prisoner until she was through with him.

John was difficult; more so than she had ever known him. He jumped up and down and cracked his big fists together and blasphemed. She said, when she could make him hear her:

"I'm having Rhea Rochelle to help me."

"That's the capsheaf! You give a party to announce that your daughter is going to marry Rod Whitney and then you bring in Rhea Rochelle to wait on our guests. Don't you know she's his . . ."

"John, hush! Listen to me."

"The woman's mad! Do you know what this man is?"

"I know, John . . ."

"A loose liver, a bully, a brute to man and beast, who comes from nobody knows where and steals our daughters from under our noses. I'll lock the girl up!"

"John, she's our own breed. You can't drive her. You must show her. I have a plan . . ."

"So have I. I'm going to load the rifle . . ."

"You don't go out of this milk-house until you promise me there'll be no violence. She'd slip away from us to him for sure. She's bewitched. She trusts him, John, against us. Listen to me."

He listened, shaking his head, blinking the tears of reaction from his eyes.

"It might work, Marge, but will you have the chance?"

"I think so. I'll make the chance. I'll watch every moment. I tell you she must stay of her own accord, not

by our forcing. Promise me, John."

"I'd rather meet him at the door with my bare fists. Isn't it the way with children? Look at this house we built, bigger than we could afford so that the children would have room to bring in their friends instead of seeking them outside. Look how we pinched and saved to send her for two years to agricultural school, so she could meet the finest boys and girls of the land. And now she picks on a horse-thief!"

"John, if my plan fails, I leave everything in your hands. But let me have my way until the last minute."

He kissed her smooth-parted hair where the first grey strands showed.

"You're a good woman, Margie, and a wise one. I promise."

HE CAME in, insolent, confident, enjoying the stares and nudges of the guests. The young men bristled, but waited for their hosts to take the first step. If John and Doug Lewis let him stay, why, all right, but just let him make one false move. The women whispered: "Margaret has that Rochelle girl to help her. Maybe she's all right, but someone else would have been better, don't you think?"

Rhea Rochelle, a tall, voluptuous girl, with a dash

of some hot blood in her ancestry, cut cake, piled plates, measured coffee, deft of hand, strong as an ox. Ten years hence she would be a shapeless sack of a woman, but now her heavy limbs curved under her sleazy garments, her dark eyes showed gleams of fire under their lowered lids. Margaret was kind to her. She had promised her two dollars, and a basket of bread and meat and cake for the swarm of younger children at home.

She heaped food at which she sickened, smiled smiles she did not mean, laughed in mockery of her own heartbreak. The long tables stood ready in the great shining kitchen. The young folks stripped the dining room and the "front" room, and wound the phonograph. Douglas tuned in on the radio. You could waltz to the music of a New York orchestra in the front room, or slip through the wide doors into a square dance where flying feet kept time to "Sailing, Sailing, Over the Bounding Main." The old folks lined the walls and talked and looked on. How she would have enjoyed it, any other time.

Rhea stalked from pantry to cellar to table, and back again. Rod Whitney stared, startled, at her from the door. Verna May's light hand lay on his arm. Rhea's husky voice spoke in Margaret's ear as the two women leaned over the steaming boiler of coffee:

"What is he doing here?"

"Why, don't you know," said Margaret, quickly, "that he and Verna May are going to be married?"

The wooden spoon in Rhea's hand beat a tattoo against the metal wall of the boiler. The brown liquid splashed and sizzled on the hot stove. She turned away, her black brows drawn low over smoldering eyes, her mouth a red gash across her white face. The man's stare showed the defiant fear of the trapped fox, the wolf at bay. He swung away from Rhea's approach, his arm, in a last gesture of bravado, resting for an instant across Verna May's shoulders.

Then he stood suddenly beside Margaret, his thin lips stretched across shining teeth.

"Great little party you threw for me tonight, Mrs. Lewis. Not many folks have done that much for me—" But his eyes betrayed him—What did she say? What has she done?

[Continued on page 34]

"Will you wash the dishes for me, Verna? Then I can get the bedrooms done up before noon."

MARGARET LEWIS went upstairs with a heavy heart. How should she deal with this sullen, dissatisfied girl? Should she tell John? Not yet, she thought. Besides, what had she to tell him? A child's naughtiness, which she should know how to reprove. She knew the homely remedies that John would propose. He would smile at her nameless suspicions, picked out by the instinctive craft of motherhood, and those strange, intangible memories of a woman's heart, harking back to the dreams and uncertainties of her own adolescence.

She stripped and remade the beds in the boys' room, hung up dropped garments, framing a reproof and a correction for her son James, the chief offender against the rule of tidiness which she constantly enforced.

Miss Phillips' room, prim, neat, the bed made. A sensible girl—with a thought for the adoring Douglas. Hope he gets a good girl like her. Her own room and John's—the oldest furniture, the faded curtains, the worn rug. She noticed these things today because her heart was troubled that Verna May no longer took her into her confidence. She and John had put up with the poorest things as a matter of course, because Verna May wanted a fur coat, because Douglas wanted a radio. She smoothed the thin spread with deft hands. If she had time this winter, she'd like to embroider one of those new spreads . . .

She lapsed into the girls' room—Verna's room—the sunniest room in the house, with a broad white bed, ruffled curtains, gay rugs on the polished floor, all the little gewgaws dear to girlish hearts. It was a room that Verna May was proud to bring her girl friends into, for nose powderings, and skirt twitchings and mysterious whisperings.

Here, perhaps, in the intimacies of her daughter's life she might find some key to the troubled room of the spirit closed against her. On the high white bureau stood a photograph of a young man in conventional cowboy dress.

Rod Whitney! Where had she heard some vague rumor, noticed sudden silences at her entrance into gossiping rooms? She studied the face that her daughter had set up in her inmost shrine. An old-young face, handsome beyond reason, with thin lips, bold eyes; not like the round, kind, weather-browned faces of the boys Verna May should know. Rod Whitney, the wastrel, the idler, the hero of unsavory tales; a man of neither name nor home, who came no one knew whence, who lived no one knew how, tolerated only in this new, hospitable, careless land. He posed as a rider, holding the stage at stampedes; presiding, on his own initiative, at the country dances, the bully of the pool-halls, disliked, feared but unmolested. How had he gained admittance to this guarded shrine? The hard face smiled back at her, defiantly, triumphantly.

She pressed her aching head between cold hands. Why must she alone decide what to do? All the cares of her household, the responsibility for the seven lives bound so closely to hers, rose before her appallingly. She must manage everything. A hundred different crafts and arts, the knowledge and practice of which entered into her daily round, a hundred daily problems to be solved, a hundred judgments to deliver. Lord, but it's hard work being a mother! If it were only their bodies to bear and feed and cherish, but their souls . . .

So she did not snatch away the offending photograph, tear it in pieces and cast it in the fire. Instead she dusted it carefully, and set it on a fresh doily, exactly as she had found it.

VERNA hadn't washed the dishes, but Margaret made no comment and began the task herself. The girl stirred restlessly about the kitchen.

"Mother, I think I'll go riding. My head aches so."

"Very well, but eat something before you go, and be back by noon or your father'll wonder."

The girl shrugged her shoulders and went off to her room. "Gone to see if I moved that photograph, I'll be bound."

Eleven-thirty, and John and Dougars would be home, ravenous as wolves, by noon. She inspected her pantry. Verna hadn't helped her, and she was late.

"I'll give them pancakes for lunch and a hot dinner tonight. They're not working so hard now."

Verna came down in her riding clothes, her thin face lovely between grey sombrero and crimson sweater.

"I'm going to ride toward Richvale."

The drumming of Prince's hoofs on the hard driveway, striking her sore heart. The sorrel colt melted into the golden fawns of the dry meadows, but the crimson sweater floated like a drop of blood. She has gone to meet him; that's where she always meets him. Verna, who loved horses, and the rider riding his way into her generous, innocent heart. Prince, the sorrel colt, flattening his ears at the man who had broken the heart of so many gallant horses. "Wait till I tame you, my beauties,"—woman and horse. The heavy mixing spoon became a weapon in Margaret's hand; the batter foamed over the edge of the bowl.

The empty stock wagons rolled into the yard. The creamy batter took form and smoked in golden brown moons on the baking sheet. Hungry men to feed, and an

ear open for the beat of Prince's hoofs.

"Where's Verna May? Here's a letter for her."

"She's gone for a ride. I think her eyes need tending. Her head aches so much." Saying over and over in her heart, "Oh, forget about Verna May. Give me time—let me think."

THE men departed with the hay wagons to draw up hay from the stacks in the meadows. The empty afternoon loomed ominous before her. She saw the switching of Prince's long yellow tail as he minced into his stable, heard footsteps on the stairs, distant doors opened and closed. The clothes basket was piled high with tightly rolled and sprinkled clothes for the ironing. But the hot kitchen oppressed her. She went into the sitting-room and sat down with a basket of mending, listening, worrying, as the long needle wove in and out.

She rose and met the girl at the foot of the kitchen stairs. She had crossed to the kitchen ell of the house and come softly down.

"Where are you going, Verna May?"

"I'm going away, mother. You can't stop me."

"I wouldn't try to stop you, Verna May, if you must go though I'm stronger than you and could hold you. But tell me."

"I'm going to be married."

"To Rod Whitney?"

"Yes."

"What do you know about him?"

It burst forth in a passionate stream. He had been bad, but what had made him so? A poor boy, no mother, no friends—give a dog a bad name. No good woman had loved him until she had come into his life. She was going away with him on a great adventure, away from dull Richvale where nobody ever thought of anything but wheat and hogs, and the young men knew nothing but ploughing and dancing stupid square dances at the community clubs. She would take Prince—he was her very own horse—follow the sunset trail over the mountains, down to the sea, south to the golden hills of California. A man and a girl, two lovers following the sun through forest and by sea—romance, love, redemption through her thin, childish hands for this dark man.

"Darling, I know. It is all very lovely and romantic. But listen to mother. I love you as well as Rod does, and I want you to be happy. And life is a longer ride than to California."

"You think of nothing but money and work."

"Verna May, how often have you met him?"

"All summer."

"Have you ever met him any other place than out riding?"

"No, mother; I'm telling you the truth. I'm not ashamed of it."

"I suppose it wouldn't do any good to tell you what I've heard about him?"

"Not a bit. Besides, he has told me everything himself, and I know how appearances have been against him. Now, don't try to keep me any longer, mother. If you locked me up on bread and water, we'd still find a way."



The man's stare showed the defiant fear of the trapped fox, the wolf at bay. In a last gesture of bravado, he rested his arms on Verna's thin shoulders.

"Now you're not being fair to your father and me. Can you remember when we have ever lifted our hands against any of you children? If you must go, you must. You are a woman grown. But do not shame us by leaving our house by stealth."

"Mother! I'm not hiding anything from you."

"Do you think your father would want his daughter to go to her marriage out of the back door?"

Anything to keep her a minute, an hour longer. Something might happen, she might think of a way.

"Just what do you mean by that, mother?"

"If you will marry this man, marry him openly, decently. Bring him to the house, let us know him. Perhaps we, too, have misjudged him. Why have you not come to us and told us about him? It isn't like you, Verna, to be underhanded."

"I wanted him to come, but he was afraid he would be misunderstood, as he always is."

"What has he to be afraid of? Sit down, daughter, and let us talk it over."

"I can't, mother. Rod is waiting for me."

Margaret lowered herself one passionate outburst.

"We have loved and tended you for nineteen years. Can't you spare us five minutes from this stranger?"

"I love him, mother."

"I know, my dear, I know—but wouldn't it be better if you waited a day, even. I hate this secrecy, Verna, and I know that when you think it over, you will be ashamed of it, too. If you love Rod, if you honor him . . ."

"I do love him, I do honor him—"

"Then I beg you to show it to your friends and neighbors. They will say that Verna Lewis was ashamed of her husband, and stole off out by the back door lest anyone see her. Do the honorable thing and be married from your father's house. It will help your husband more than you realize. See here; let me give you a wedding, an engagement party. Bring Rod to the house and we'll ask in our friends and tell

Kenneth, his chair atilt, fiddle under his chin, scraping out reels and strathspeys. And Mrs. MacKay herself, knitting in the candlelight, silent, but with her toe tapping and a remembering smile on her wise, wrinkled old face. And Meron's own rich young voice rising and falling in the old Gaelic songs that had come with their fathers across the seas.

Presently she would set out a plate of oatcakes and cups of cold milk that Kenneth brought in from the spring-house. And chairs would be pulled up. While the old clock on the shelf tick-tocked in mellow content.

THEN by a trivial change everything went awry. A distant cousin of Meron fell sick, and she had small children.

"You'll go, Meron, and help the poor body for a month. And could I not get on alone?" scoffed Mrs. MacKay.

And Meron, ashamed of her unwillingness, went. But the month lingered into two. Then blasting news came to her across the concessions. Mrs. MacKay had died after three days of pneumonia, and she had not heard in time to go to the funeral. The hurt of that twisted like a knife even yet.

But then an irrational hope began to stir within her. Kenneth was alone now, but for old Alan. Would he not need a wife? In a tremulous expectancy she waited for some word, some sign. But in vain. Her lips tightened with the long humiliation of that deferred hope.

And then, devastatingly, three months ago, came the casual information that Kenneth had married Elspeth Gordon. As casually as it had come she had taken the news, none seeing her despair, nor the bitterness that now lay continually deep in her heart.

Nevertheless, she must walk the white road past the stone house on her way to Alastair Ban Munro's, and it was not limping with a blister she would be.

Definitely she shook the water from her foot, wiped it on her petticoat, and drawing the knit stocking up over her firm white leg, tied the garter snugly at the knee. Then grimly pulled on the shoe, smoothed her hair, and made her garments neat. Then walked steadily up the hill, looking only out of the tail of her eye at the house to her right, and bearing down relentlessly on the blister.

Then: "*Cia mar tha sibh 'n diugh?*"

And her heart leaped into her throat. Kenneth. Coming down the lane with long strides. Tall and laughing in the sunshine. Carelessly friendly. A pulse beat heavily in Meron's throat.

"Is it passing the house you are?" as he came nearer.

"Aye!" Her voice was husky. "To Alastair Munro's."

"Come away in. You've not seen my Elspeth? She's in the orchard making soap. Come." His voice impelled her. Meron rallied her resources.

The familiar path wound round the woodshed out to the orchard. A sweet place, the orchard, where friendly old apple-trees grew in rows, and wild cherries veiled the stone fences in a delicate-leaved profusion. Warm earth and leaves and soft sunshine and a thin wraith of wood smoke that rose between the trees.

And coming toward them was Elspeth.

Pretty, thought Meron bitterly. She was. In one, swift, photographic glance Meron took her in. Demurely parted old-gold hair, amber eyes, a creamy skin, a red, sweet, childish mouth, a white throat, and the young curves of her slender body trimly enclosed in a dress of yellow linsey.

Meron felt suddenly large and coarse.

Then Kenneth was introducing them, proudly, fatuously.

"I used to work here," Meron heard herself saying, explaining herself and putting it bluntly.

"Oh, I know. I've heard about you. Your songs and your stories."

"Och, old songs and old stories. No one would remember them."

"Remember them!" Kenneth laughed. "We'll have them tonight. Come, Meron, and see if Elspeth's soap is right. First time she's made it alone."

Did Elspeth's soft mouth tighten at that? The lashes swept down over the brown eyes. And in the pause Meron's spirits abruptly rose. It was to her that Kenneth was appealing, and Elspeth resented it. Let her, then.

Over a crackling fire of small branches and chips the great, black kettle was slung, and all three peered into its bubbling contents.

"What makes it so light?" demanded Meron critically.

"Oh," explained Kenneth, "Elspeth didn't use lye out of the old leech. She bought some in a tin can."

"Then it isn't soft soap you're making?" incredulously,

Elspeth shook her head. "No, it will be hard and white and will cut in blocks. Nicer to handle."

"Och!" Meron fell back a step, oddly discomfited. Soft soap was not good enough for her. Honest soft soap, made from fat and lye leached out of hardwood ashes, the way it had always been done.

Extravagant she was, and Meron was in a measure comforted by the thought. Kenneth would rue the day.

Or would he? Inside, the broad boards of the floor were scoured clean, the stove shone, and frilled curtains fluttered at the windows. And for supper, baked potatoes and butter, eggs, home-made cheese and scones and honey, and scalding green tea. And ever so often, warm, happy, intimate glances that sped from Kenneth to Elspeth and back again.

Meron choked suddenly on her food, and wished she had not yielded to Elspeth's invitation for the night. Old Alan sat opposite her. Old and wise and, she thought, watching her. So she lifted her black head and hid her hurt in laughter.

"So you're going to Alastair Munro's." Kenneth was passing her the butter. "Two fine sons he has. No doubt you'll be bidding there."

And again: "If it were not for the sons at Munro's I'd tell you that Donald Breac, next farm here, is looking for help for his wife."

Meron looked at him kindly. Did he care where she went or stayed?

"But I'll be going on to Munro's in the morning," she announced sombrely.

"Aye, so! Six-foot one of them is, and the other bigger. Fine lads, and needing a wife. Two hundred acres—"

"Kenneth!" laughed Elspeth. "Don't mind him, Meron."

"Mind him! You may both dance at the wedding."

That was better. More like the old Meron of the careless, bantering tongue.

AND then supper was over and the milking done, and it was evening in the shadowy, old kitchen. Soft summer noises came in through the open door, and the warm perfume of Elspeth's mignonette. A neighbor boy sat on the doorstep in the dusk, and behind his pipe old Alan's face shone out now and then in a glow.

Elspeth sat on a low chair where Kenneth's mother used to sit, the lamp spilling a halo of light on her golden head. And Kenneth, as of old, had his fiddle. None of the quavering old Gaelic tunes now, however, but laughing, unfamiliar ones that made Elspeth and him look warmly, happily, into each other's eyes. Meron sat in the shadows.

And then, over and over again [Continued on page 32]

Meron felt herself suddenly large and coarse. Then Kenneth was introducing them proudly. "I used to work here," said Meron, explaining herself, and putting it bluntly.



JACK KEAY

"Guard it," her grandmother had said "and you may have any lover you want. And while you are alone keep a straight path for your feet, and walk bravely on it"

The Charm

by

GRACE E. CAMPBELL

MERON MACNEILL halted in the dusty road, pushed back the heavy hair from her hot, young face, and looked sharply about her in every direction.

Then climbing the stone fence, she sank down on the grass beside a creek, pulled off her knitted stocking and explored an angry blister on her heel.

Gratefully she plunged her foot into the stream. The clear water played over her white, blue-veined instep, and the burning heel rested on a cushion of soft, submerged grasses. She sighed and let her body slide back against the bank, and lay staring steadily up through the branches at the blue sky.

She rested. Gradually her face emptied itself of all expression. Her fine, strongly molded body, thrown into bold relief as she lay, her deep blue eyes, the heavy black hair, the quiet breathing, the honest earthy beauty of her face—all was inert.

Then her hand crept to the neck of her grey, homespun dress, and fingered a silver chain at her throat. Turning smoothly on her side, she drew forth a small flat object, curiously shaped and enclosed in silver. A moss agate, veined and marked with green. With bright, intent eyes she gazed at it, polishing the surface with a strong forefinger, then thrust it cherishingly back into her bosom.

It was her charm, her great treasure. Seven years ago she had got it from her grandmother on her deathbed. Her grandmother who had the second sight and was wise in the old knowledge, but was now at the end.

The tired voice had strengthened in farewell.

"Be a brave lass, Meron. Keep a straight path for your feet and walk proudly on it. You who are alone."

Then, fumbling beneath her pillow, she produced the moss agate, cupping it in her shaking hands.

"It's the old love-charm of the MacNeills," she explained. "Keep it, child, against the time you are grown, and you may have any lover you want. It may not seem so at first. But keep the charm aye by you, wish strongly, and the way will come."

"Does it never fail?" whispered Meron half tearfully.

"Never. Though some there have been who regretted—" Her mouth twisted on a bitter memory, then:

"Take it," she sighed. "It's all I have to give. An old charm, and very strong."

She murmured mumbly and sank into the long grey silence that had ended in death.

Meron sighed tumultuously among the grasses and buttercups, and her eyes sought the stone chimney that showed over the rise of the hill.

A year ago she had lived there. Helping old Mrs. MacKay in the house, in the garden, with her chickens, helping sometimes young Kenneth in the fields. Spending ardently her young strength, her vigor of body and spirit, and finding it good. Because of Kenneth; whom she loved.

True, he never courted her. He treated her rather with a brotherly casualness, or with the large friendliness he had for every one.

But love would have come, Meron felt. How could it be otherwise? She was so young, so made for love, with her blue zestful eyes, her mouth soft and red as a geranium flower, and her black head set like a queen's on the column of her throat. Meron had her pride and her reticences, but no false modesty. She was young and comely, and she knew it. And Kenneth was her man.

A masculine man. Masculine in the very crinkle of his black hair, the timbre of his deep voice and the great, heaving, wrestling strength of him. They were two of a kind, mates.

The evenings in the stone house. It was the memory of them that haunted her more than anything else. She leaned her head on her crossed arms with a long, Gaelic *Ochone* of misery, and remembered.

Winter evenings. Cold, and wailing of wind in the pine branches without. Warmth and peace within. The dusky kitchen lit with flickering candles and by the crackling wood fire. Old Allan—who had worked on the place, man and boy—sitting smoking in the corner.

Coming toward them was Elspeth. She was pretty, with demurely parted old-gold hair, amber eyes, and a creamy skin. Her slender body was trimly enclosed in a dress of old yellow tinsey.

Illustrated by
JACK KEAY



Illustrated by R. W. Major

A shiver of apprehension ran over me, for it was the same step that had crept along the passage on the other side of the partition the night before.

Myrtle returned a sheepish grin, and twitched the waistband of her apron. "Yes'm. That is, I'm not for you entirely, like. I have to do some work mornings for Mrs. Haight. But I can manage both."

Vicky looked annoyed. "I wrote distinctly that I wanted an experienced maid for ourselves."

"Well, I'm experienced-like," said Myrtle. "I've been hired out since I was twelve, and I'm somewheres about twenty-four now. I can milk and make butter, and hoe and weed, and many's the time I've worked in the fields all day. If need be, I can handle a team of oxen, and I've spread gurrie all day long."

Theo broke into laughter, and, seating herself at the table, began to cut for herself a slice of bread.

"It's very strange," pursued Vicky. "I am very much annoyed."

Myrtle looked crestfallen. "Captain Haight said," she explained, "that you'd soon be going like. He thinks you'll not fancy it here. Mrs. Haight, she does what he says. But as for experience—ain't the tray laid right? Ain't the eggs biled right?" She turned her head with a peculiar slant toward me as though in appeal.

"It looks very nice," I acknowledged.

Vicky had poured herself a cup of tea. The taste of it melted her. "Everything is tempting. A good cup of tea. Now, Myrtle, you may go upstairs. In the box marked bed linen you will find the things you will need to make the beds. Here is the key. Tuck the clothes in well at the foot. Are there three bedrooms?"

"Yes'm," replied Myrtle, her eyes fixed in glittering admiration on the gold of Vicky's hair. "There's three of everythink, so there'll be no cause for a quarrel like."

The door had scarcely closed behind her when we succumbed to uncontrolled merriment. Once more the sense of adventure thrilled us. We laughed and talked, all

at once, as we ate. Vicky's head was quite better, she said. Theo, though hoarse, was in one of her wild moods of gaiety. The firelight danced up and down the room, playing on the prisms of the candelabra, brightening the blue of the admiral's uniform, kissing into beauty Theo's dark glowing face.

It was late when we dismissed Myrtle and prepared to go to bed.

We found in our wing downstairs, beside the parlor, a dining room and a clothes cupboard under the stairs. Above them were three bedrooms. We gave Vicky the front room because she had admired the old, red mahogany four-poster, and the china shepherd and shepherdess on the mantelpiece. I could see that Theo wanted the room next to her with the connecting door, a small chamber but comfortable, with a tree pressing so close to the window that when we opened it, the moist, sweet-smelling branches thrust back the curtains like eager hands. "I like the tree," said Theo. "I like this room."

I was investigating the back room which one entered by going down two steps and bending one's head; the doorway was so low. "Well, take it, then," I called. "I have a fancy for this queer, long, low one with the sloping roof."

My cousins came to the door. They had taken off their black frocks and let down their hair.

"Oh, no, Joan," cried Vicky. "It's a wretched little room. Come and sleep with me in that huge four-poster. I shall be lost in it."

"Nonsense," I answered. "I like this. Besides see what I have found—a relic at last."

I held up a pipe that I had discovered in the top drawer of the dresser. I had a short, curved stem, and on the silver band were engraved the letters G. E.

"My father's pipe," I said. "So what more natural than that I should take his room. Perhaps I shall dream about

him here. He may have dreamed of me in this very bed."

We embraced and said good night, all three clinging together for a moment. A sweet odor arose from Vicky of orris root and some sort of headache cologne she had used. Theo smelled as she always did, of cigarettes, and her own sweet, olive skin.

WHEN I had got into bed, I found that the sky had cleared, and a crescent moon was visible at intervals through a wrack of slowly moving clouds. Its fitful beams lighted the walls and sloping ceiling of the narrow room, the chest of drawers, the washing stand, the little table at the head of the bed where I had laid my father's pipe. I put my hand out and touched it. Why had he left it there, his good companion of many a quiet hour? Had he forgotten it in his hurry to do something for Uncle Richard? The Lashbrooks must always be waited on! I pictured him clapping his hands to his pockets in dismay when he discovered his loss. Well, I had it safely now and would not be parted from it.

I wondered why my father had slept in this poor room when there were two such comfortable ones. Perhaps there had been some other guest. Yet Uncle Richard had never spoken of taking a third person on those hunting and fishing trips.

My bed stood against the partition that separated the new wing from the old house. As I lay on my back staring upward I suddenly discovered that the partition stopped about two feet below the ceiling. It was of narrow wooden strips not plastered over. Then I perceived that the flickering light on the ceiling was not cast by the moon but came from some light beyond the partition.

I did not like the discovery. Moonlight, even though it be weird and flickering, is all very well in one's room, but lamplight cast over a thin partition from an unseen lamp, in an unknown house, was uncomfortable, disturbing. I turned restlessly in my bed, closing my eyes, trying to forget the unpleasant nearness of the Haight household. I had half a mind to get up and go in to Vicky. But I should only disturb her. Both she and Theo were probably asleep. I alone kept watch, with my dead father's pipe on one side, and the light that had already become sinister in my fancy, on the other.

There I lay, trying to be tranquil. I heard the sound of a footfall moving with incredible slowness through a room or along a passage. It was apparently the step of some one very heavy, yet oppressed by weakness. The space between the placing of each foot was so protracted that I was filled with wonder and a sort of fear. Would the man never reach his bed or whatever place he was steering his wretched body toward? Could it be old Alonzo Haight himself?

At last I distinctly heard his breathing. He was drawing nearer. Four more of those cumbrous steps and then a shuffle, the creaking of a mattress. He had seated himself upon his bed. Soon, thank goodness, he would extinguish the light.

There was silence for a space; then a deep voice said, in tones surprisingly sonorous, [Continued on page 41]

THE THUNDER OF NEW WINGS

by MAZO DE LA ROCHE

The girls find five strangely contrasted men in their new home—and a strange expectancy of mysterious adventure

WHEN Richard Lashbrook died, he left a strangely incongruous group of people behind on his English estate. There were his two daughters, Vicky and Theo—and his second wife, Clara, and Ayrton, the son of his second marriage. There was also Joan, his niece, who had come from Canada in childhood to live with her uncle on the death of her father.

Clara hated her stepdaughters, Vicky and Theo, bitterly; and when Richard Lashbrook's will announced that they were to have a home on the estate for life, she made no attempt to conceal her dislike of them. The situation became so intolerable that the three girls decided to leave for Canada and the little farm in Nova Scotia which Richard Lashbrook had bought during his residence in Canada.

With many misgivings the girls set sail for their new home. They landed in Halifax, and after a railway trip, arrived late at night at Balmeny. It was a foggy night, and as the trio jolted down the steep road to the farm by the sea, Joan heard for the first time the sound of a hoarse horn on the lighthouse. It was inky dark. The driver, intent on guiding his horse over the dangerous road, sat silent. Presently the headlights shone upon a clearing, then upon the walls of a house; then, with throbbing engine, the car climbed a grassy steep and jolted to a stop before the door.

IN THE glare of the headlight a girl appeared, coming suddenly out of the darkness as though she had been waiting for us. Her lank, black hair hung untidily over her cheeks. She wore a white apron, the waistband of which was at a precarious slant because of a great lump on one of her hips. She carried a key with an air of great importance.

The driver knew her, for he asked, "Well, Myrtle, how's everything?"

"Fine," she replied, with a pleased smile. "All but Toby. He's been in trouble again."

The man laughed. "He's always in trouble. What is it this time?"

"Lobsters," she answered laconically.

She took up several of our bags and carried them to a low doorway almost hidden by a dripping creeper. Pushing the heavy green foliage aside, she found the keyhole, and, in a moment, the door creaked slowly inward. A lamp burned palely on a bracket on the wall of a long, narrow passage. Through this she conducted us ceremoniously into a high-ceilinged room with white walls, lighted by candelabra with hanging glass prisms that stood on either end of a black marble mantelpiece. Our little group in black clothes was reflected with cruel distinctness in a pier glass, the gilt frame of which was veiled by white gauze. Long, white curtains hung starkly at the four windows, and a table



There was a crude sort of power in his personality, as though he had been accustomed for many years to rule the lives of others.

with a white marble top was surrounded by straight-backed black chairs. An ormolu clock on the mantelpiece had stopped at three o'clock—an uncomfortable hour of either day or night—heaven knew how many years before!

"Ladies," said the driver, his eyes transfixed by admiration, "this is a beautiful room. I'd no idea. My goodness! You ought to be comfortable here. I'd always heard that it was grand but I'd really no idea."

I heard Vicky ordering the girl to lay a fire and to bring some tea. I paid the driver and arranged to have the case of ale delivered next day. A moment more and we were alone.



It was a singular room, and while we were looking round it, there came a slow shuffling sound.

"Oh, dear!" cried Theo, dropping into a chair. "Is this the farm-house, the hunting-lodge, the primitive new-world sanctuary? Joan, did you ever see such a room? It's like a vault."

"Darling, keep your fur about your throat till the fire is lighted," said Vicky. "You have no idea what can be done with this room. I have things in one of my boxes that will do wonders. You'll see."

"But to think," Theo said, "that father and uncle George came here, year after year, and left no trace!"

"I expect that they brought nothing but their clothes and guns. Surely you're not disappointed, Theo; it is so much larger and airier than I hoped for."

"Not disappointed. Simply staggered."

I was standing before the only picture in the room, a life-size portrait of a naval officer in a wig and uniform of an admiral. It was unframed, and stood against the dim wall—a pale-eyed, cynical ghost of the past, his delicate hands crossed on the hilt of his sword, his neck-cloth, still snowy, supporting his pointed chin.

"If he could speak!" cried Theo.

THE door opened and Myrtle re-entered, carrying an armful of wood. She was brisker than one would expect of her and soon had a fire snapping in the grate. Once more she disappeared, returning this time with a tray heavy with tea-things, boiled eggs, plates of bread and cake, and a square of yellow cheese.

Vicky asked, "Are you the maid I asked Mr. Haight to get for me? I wrote to him about one, you know."



Men cannot understand the fun of wearing a hat over the left eyebrow, when for months it has clung to the back of the head.

Illustrated by E. St. JOHN

WOMEN have taste. Obstinately, ruthlessly, ambitiously, even tenaciously do we declare it.

By that is meant all women. By taste is meant the umpteenth sense which recognizes—and the tact which applies—beauty.

When first this challenge was hurled in the teeth of womankind, I looked at it with interest, and read it *in toto*. Women are like that. Unlike men—who stoutly maintain their own principles in spite of what the other man is saying, only to discover after an hour of talking that both were on the same side to start with—women listen first and talk afterward.

So I took Mr. Harrison's argument and read it, and recounted it to several of my sisters, and we thought about it. And now, very gently and very firmly, we pass it back to Mr. Harrison, rejected. Women, we would like to tell him, not only have taste but seem to have a great deal more than men.

Women don't glimpse Mount Olympus, true. They live there. Their men are gods to them, their children cherubs. They never stop dramatizing themselves, their men, their lives. The maiden lady decked in odds and ends of crumpled frills and ribbons is striving for an artistic vision far beyond the ken of the man who looks at her in wonder—clad himself in worsteds and a watch chain, and the primitive contraption he calls a hat; just as the craftsman sees in his mind's eye a vision of beauty that keeps him feverishly working on some quite unworthy object. The poverty-stricken wife who takes down the plush curtains to make herself an evening wrap is driven by the same sort of inspiration that drove the early artists to spend their bread money on paints.

It is this artistic fire, exclusive to artists among men, which makes women so successful in artistic professions, according to the art director of one of Canada's biggest schools of applied art. In the arena of business careers, he pointed out, women are seldom good bank managers, auditors, brokers or building contractors. They take rather to interior decorating, dress designing and fashion drawing.

In the realm of interior decorating they show more taste than men. For this reason, in the School of Applied Art, they are trained in the fundamentals of color harmony.

It has been found, the director explained, that in after life it is the wife, not the husband, who furnishes the home. The man, absorbed in his outside interests, doesn't care much. Left to himself, he leaves the walls bare, throws a blanket of sorts over the couch and his tobacco ash on the floor. Possessed with the vague idea that it is "the thing" to curtain the windows, he goes down town in search of the sort of stuff one usually hangs in windows, buys what the salesgirl suggests, takes it home and drapes it on a string. It sags in the middle and gaps at the edges, but he doesn't notice. Convention is satisfied, and so is he.

Women, on the other hand strive for effect. They have a subtler perception of what is suitable, and a more sympathetic attitude to people. At least, this is the steadfast belief of several interior decorators who thus explain their policy of keeping the men in the studio, and sending the women out as advisers.

On The Contrary—

After a careful questioning of reliable judges, it appears that women seem to have a great deal more taste than men

Says CONSTANCE TEMPLETON

ACCORDING to these authorities, women have a natural aptitude for discovering what people like, and giving it to them, appropriately. It is, they say, an art in itself, and the essence of good taste. They described the case of a couple who find themselves growing richer.

The couple have money to spend on the house, but don't know where to begin. Neither is quite sure of the other's good taste, and they agree to send for an interior decorator. They do so, and whom do they get? A young lady. She is, she says, the Adviser. There is something about her that suggests her advice may be worth having. She smiles in the right way and at the right place. Her clothes do things to her that Good Lady Wife would like to have done to herself. She looks at friend husband, and he glows like a rose. She tells them their home should be a background to their personalities, and skilfully shows them what their personalities are. The couple are enchanted. They agree to everything. They are not so much refurnishing their homes as rediscovering themselves.

In similar rôles, declare the decorators, men are not so successful. Immersed in their own knowledge, they are inclined to be ridden with Ideas. They take their Ideas in with them, and apply them like poultices to the patient. If he squirms and kicks a little, they use some sticking plaster. Sometimes the treatment is successful, but quite often it burns badly and always leaves a red rash that is most uncomfortable. It is not, say the decorators, good taste, which involves not only a recognition of beauty but discrimination in the use of it.

Man, being a creature of science and civilization, is hidebound by theories. Woman, less subjected and more primitive, follows her natural tastes. She is the mistress of fashion where man is its slave.

You have but to look at their evening clothes, a buyer in a very big store suggested, to be convinced of it. She asked me to picture a more servile object than a man getting into a stiff shirt before an evening out. I closed my eyes and tried, and saw a man in mufti at a dressed-up party. Married or single, it makes no difference.

This informant has studied the textile world as it applies both to women and to men. She told me that fashion to women is a plaything, but to men the whip of a cruel taskmaster. That is why men pity women in the throes of a new fashion. They think that women have to follow it. They cannot understand the fun of wearing a hat over the left eyebrow, when for months it has clung to the back of the head, nor the entertainment there is in remaking a torso foreordained by Venus. Given a daily dish of porridge, and a sweet orgy of whipped cream and chocolates, and the 1933 curves may yet make men remodel their automobiles, and talk of the good old days of the diet.

Men are much more serious about their food, the lady stylist, who is herself a married woman, thinks. They look upon their shapes as something sent by heaven to be borne with meekness. Fashion to them centres in the size of a lapel, and six inches of belt in the back may be a sufficient reason for buying a new spring coat.

A society woman tells me that her husband has worn the same type of tweed suit, of approximately the same shade of grey ever since she married him twenty years ago. It is not, she thinks a sign of good taste, so much as a sort of mental laziness. He saves himself the trouble of making any decision about his appearance beyond the fact of letting out the waistcoat a little in the back.

She, on the other hand, has presented before him an ever-changing succession of pictures, sometimes bobbed and sometimes bunned, sometimes tailored and sometimes chifoned. Her theory is that everybody needs diversion, and that to be many women in herself is the best way to hold his love. "To vamp," she told me, which I didn't know, "means really to change." It seems to work.

Recently, she says, she was called into consultation over her husband's hat. Rather excited at having a part in it, she looked at the hat judicially. It seemed a good hat to her, as men's hats go. It was bified in the top, and left about the usual amount of head and ears bare. She was all for the hat, but it seemed the crown was too high, and the ribbon

not high enough. She gave it to the old clothes man with an aching sympathy, and thought of being thirty. It must be the same, she thought, to be a last year's man's hat, as to wake up in the morning and be thirty. Such a little difference, to mean so much!

With women's hats, she said, it is very different. Their life is a short but merry one. They come, they conquer and they go. They are expressions of moods, and as such, creations of art, symbols of taste whether good or bad. A men's hat is a mere isolated convention, protecting neither the wearer nor the unfortunate beholder. A man's hat shows all the worst of him, except his baldness, and that, her husband tells her, it aggravates.

THE Schools of Design held up their hands in horror at the suggestion of masculine dress designers. In the New York dress houses all the leading designers are women—every one! In Paris, too, it seems, the creations which men from all over the world flock to copy are designed by women. Even if the establishment is owned by and named for a man, great doubt is expressed as to whether the actual designing is done by them. One or two notable exceptions were quoted—one or two men create their own designs, "and," said the Schools of Design, "they look it."

Man-designed clothes they described, not as artistic or masterful, but as "messy."

When a man designs a dress, according to them, he just designs a dress. With several yards of fabric he makes a gesture to propriety, a covering for the female form. As a concession to fashion he adds a frill around the bottom, or a novelty in fastenings. It is to him a mathematical problem—so many inches, so many seams, so many fashion points, Q.E.D.

When a woman makes a dress, she creates a poem. She is inspired perhaps by the sky, or the tumbling notes of a trumpet as the troops march by the sunlight. So with good taste, which includes tact, she designs a dress, called Claire de Lune, or a well-fitted coat with brass buttons on it, and her sisters everywhere catch the spirit of it and build on the romance she started.

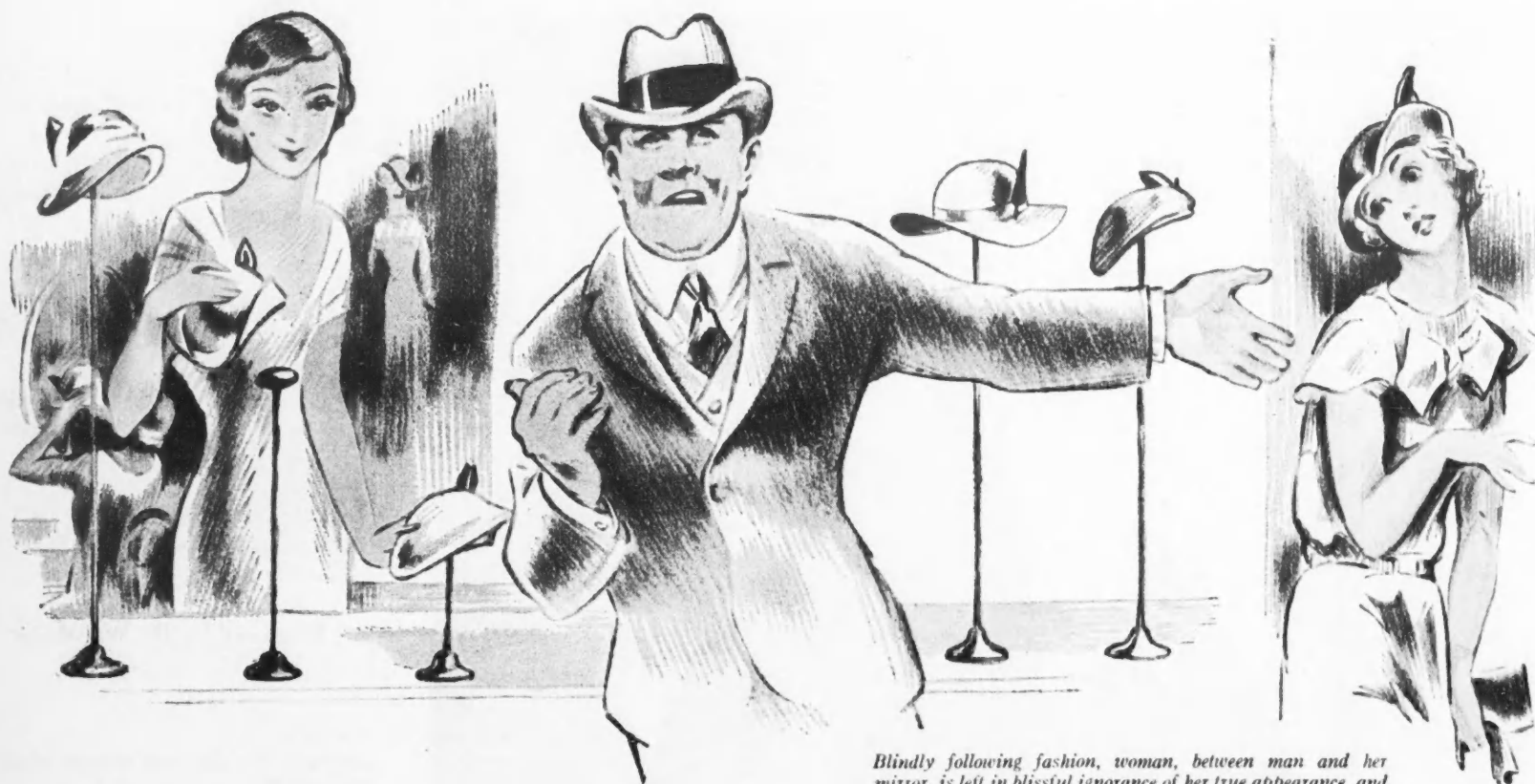
Doubtless, they go to excess sometimes. The moon is perhaps a little too full; or the nautical buttons may remind one of *mal de mer*. Such things are the accidents that beset the path of all artists. Never yet was there a painter who didn't spoil a few canvases, or a critic whose pen has not been influenced by his dinner.

Women have taste. Even the artists say so. Women show a refinement in the use of color, said one, that might well be copied by men.

Like all true children of Nature, women love color. So do men, but they conceal it. Convention-ridden, they cling to the outward semblance of dun-colored sophistication and indulge their love for color in secret. Consequently, as Dr. Freud would say, the suppressed desire becomes an inhibition and leads to frightful atrocities.

Women have never been guilty, said this lady artist, of wall paper patterns on their underwear, or sleeping suits suggestive of a tropical storm at sea. Never in their most misguided moments have they repaired to shrouded societies to parade in gilt braid and purple. All such things are a misuse of color, and in the poorest possible taste. Men were not intended to sleep in the midst of a tropical storm at sea, nor were their faces designed for a frame of gilt braid and purple. Under the circumstances, this lady artist feels it a good thing that the masculine taste for color should be indulged in private, and urged me to avoid a controversy that might drag it into the light of every day.

WOMAN has taste. Moreover, she is the supreme artist. Quite happily she gives up her career and independence to absorb herself in man's background. Meekly she accepts his decisions as to what gown he likes and what he doesn't like, while he himself maintains the outward semblance of a weed in late November. She lets him paint his pictures and write his books, and gather up his little sheaves of flattery, keeping him happy with his minor triumphs, so that, unhampered, she [Continued on page 28]



Blindly following fashion, woman, between man and her mirror, is left in blissful ignorance of her true appearance, and retains her peculiar idea of a "becoming effect".

Women Have No Taste!

Look at their hats—their fashions—their art achievements. How can they even think they are tasteful?

Says VAN HARRISON

WOMEN have no taste! That is a sweeping statement to make in these modern days, so before going further, it would be as well to analyze it.

By women I mean all women. By taste I mean the umpteenth sense by which we recognize the beautiful. In other words, woman does not possess the artistic faculty; when she was made, that umpteenth sense was left out of her composition.

Mark you, I admire women. Especially do I admire their obstinacy, ruthlessness, ambition and tenacity. Above all do I admire their unique power of blinding themselves to the obvious. And as I look around me, that admiration becomes unqualified wonder that woman can even think she is tasteful.

Art is the greatest force in life. It is the goad which pricks human clay into a shambling run toward the divine; toward the sunset, and Olympus, and the gods.

Men, legions of men, have shambled along that road. Through poverty and starvation; by the bitter ways of loneliness, censure, ostracism and self-denial; by the light of a candle in garrets they have struggled to express that umpteenth sense in music, literature, painting, stone or steel. Their only guide through the slough was spent endeavor; their only aid over the ruts the beacon of Art at the top of the hill lit by their few successful predecessors, and burning steadily before tired eyes. They stumbled on until they dropped, and most have died forgotten in the middle of the road.

Did ever a woman travel that way?

I think not. Woman will go so far; she will hire a studio, typewriter or piano, and gleefully begin the uphill journey. But never will she endure to the end of her capabilities, money or commonsense. Sooner or later she will be influenced by friends, circumstances or man. She will be "sensible," and either take a job or marry that she may live, clothe and feed decently.

She does not mean to give up her art. "Of course not, my dear, it means everything to me!"

But new influences are too strong, and Art is a jealous god. He does not smile on a part-time worship between periods of wage earning. He scowls at four meals a day, social duties, babies and respectability. The disciple has denied him.

In short, woman being more animal than man; more primitive, comfort-loving, and prone to take the easy path of least resistance in life, will fly to shelter on realizing that success is remote and time is slipping sideways. Camouflage

it with what words you may, the stark fact remains that woman has not the faith to endure; she lacks that glimpse of the sunset and Olympus and the gods. She has not the artistic faculty.

So much for art proper, and out of the dilettante, play-time and picturesque stages.

LET us look at art as applied to the everyday things of the everyday life of the everyday woman. It is then generally known as "taste," and many are the artistic crimes committed in its name.

Let us begin with hats. I choose hats because they form the criterion of woman's taste. Because a new hat to a woman is as the proverbial ha'porth of tar to a ship. It makes or mars.

Any daughter of Eve will admit that the lid is the principal question of her public appearance, and that she spends more time and care on its selection than on any other detail. Therefore to prove my iconoclastic assertion, to smash the ancient fallacy of "the deft feminine touch," and all similar bunk, I start logically with Eve's strongest point—her hat.

In itself it is shrieking proof that women have no taste. Take a walk along any of the fashionable avenues of Toronto, Montreal, Winnipeg or Vancouver at the fashionable shopping hour of the day, and you will see lovely woman at her best. Look at her hat! You will, depending on your temperament, either laugh or shudder.

Now I don't pretend to know anything about hats, which is probably why I can look at a woman's headgear without prejudice. My wife tells me that is the correct perspective, but being of The Sex, she puts the wrong construction on my word. I mean prejudice of price, material or fashionable style.

From the artistic standpoint—which is allowing the assumption they are worn as crowning glories to beauty—women's hats are bad jokes in the worst possible taste.

Some days ago I was drifting along Yonge Street bound nowhere in particular. As a matter of fact my wife was buying something frilly, and had previously informed me

of the very elastic amount of time she would need. At the expiration of that indefinite period I was to return and meet her on the threshold of somewhere. All married men know . . . So I had plenty of leisure in which to study the female of our species on her own stamping-ground.

The first thing to make me sit up and take notice was a hat worn by an alluring damsel who was the last word fashion had uttered.

I remember once seeing a very old print of Salome bearing the head of St. John the Baptist on a charger. The hat worn by the alluring last-word damsel reminded me irresistibly of the halo worn by St. John. It was the same shape, and stuck on at the same incongruous perpendicular. From the front it looked like a gramophone record spiked to the back of her head. From the flank it resembled a tin-hat at the vin blanc angle. From the rear it was like nothing else on earth. It was neither useful, ornamental nor even gaily bizarre. Yet it must have been a hat, for it was bobbing about above the damsel's ears.

The next artistic outrage disgraced the head of a jolly-looking matron. The fact that she could look jolly with that curse overhanging her is sufficient evidence of the blind dumbness of women to art. This was a more ostentatious effort than the damsel's. It was a red and green enormity which might have been built from rejected plans of the Arena Gardens. It brooded over that jolly lady's comfortable figure with the gruesome satisfaction of an accident that has found a place to happen.

I passed hurriedly on to the next exhibit, which proved to be a vision of sargasso weed afloat on a golden sea. That sounds like a Turner sunset, but it wasn't. Compared with the tame lunatic who devised the color scheme for this vision, Turner couldn't have whitewashed a ceiling. The weed hung on a bit of straw, which was perched precariously over its proud wearer's right ear. Both the vari-colored straw and the green weed scorned touching the forehead, or three-quarters of the golden waves that were the lady's hair.

There was not much of that hat, but what there was of it packed a terrible punch. How it stayed on was as amazing as why it was put on. It was the final shout, not only of fashion but of sheer ugliness, which is the direct opposite of art. It gave the head and face of its wearer a lopsided and strained appearance, as though her neck muscles had suddenly become paralyzed. The hair it so generously revealed had been hideously tortured into artificial waves and curls, and obviously dyed to a golden gold of goldiness that never was before on sea or land. [Continued on page 37]



Illustrated by Carl Shreve

He clapped his servitor on the back. "Bless your soul, Timmins!" he cried, his good humor entirely restored, "you're a philosopher! I don't know what I'd do without you. Get yourself some breakfast and have the car at the side entrance in half an hour."

Forty-five minutes later, having inveigled his own out of a drowsy kitchen force, he and Timmins were skimming up quiet mountain glens fragrant with sweet fern and the morning incense of cool, moist woods.

At the edge of a clearing, Renny stopped the car, sprang out and collected his equipment. "Five o'clock at Davidson's," he said to Timmins, and waved him away.

As the drone of the motor sank to a tiny hum and was lost down the valley, a sense of depression came over Renny. He suddenly felt lonely and forlorn.

Then, as his lungs filled with the mountain air and his blood quickened, the mood passed as suddenly as it had come. He slung his creel over one shoulder, the knapsack across the other, and swung off, whistling, down an old logging road.

A smart walk of half a mile brought him to a wooden bridge spanning a small brook. Here he stopped, tightened his leggings and the laces of his hobnailed boots and let himself down into the bed of the little stream.

Renny scorned waders, and the cool, almost icy, water set up a pleasurable tingling all over him. Splashing and whistling, he followed the brook down until presently it debouched into a large stream of tumbling white water at the head of a great pool.

Renny stood on the bank and jointed his rod. His eyes sparkled. His heart sang. Jilted? What did it matter when he could have all this!

He stepped out on a rock and cast. There was an instant's pause, a slight twitching of the flies, then a flash of silver in the pale light! And Renny slipped a sleek, half-pound trout into his creel to start the day's work. "Go to it, old crock!" He flourished a hand at a kingfisher scolding at him from the top of a pine, and went his way—it being Renny's rule to take only one fish from each pool. Renny was a sportsman.

AS THE morning wore on, however, it became increasingly plain, in spite of this auspicious start, that the trout weren't rising as they should; and Renny began to suspect that there was somebody ahead of him.

Moist footprints on a jutting sand bar at length confirmed his suspicions. He stooped to examine them. They had been made by small rubber boots.

"A kid!" said Renny aloud, and swore disgustedly.

Reeling in his line, he hurried on, impatient to catch and pass the offender.

Rounding suddenly a wooded promontory he saw him, a straight, slender figure in hip boots and knickerbockers, creel over one shoulder, tan-colored canvas hat perched on the top of his head, standing in the shadow of a bank not fifty yards away. Rod and leader glistened as he snapped the line back and forth.

Renny chuckled. The kid was a fly-fisherman after all, the little beggar!

He climbed down over the rocks. The rushing of the water drowned the noise of his approach and the boy did not turn his head.

"Hullo!" said Renny.

The slender figure faced about. It was a girl!

Renny gasped.

"Oh, I say," he stammered, "I'm sorry!"

The girl gathered her line to her rod. "That's all right," she said quietly. "I saw you behind me. I slowed down so you could catch up. I didn't want to spoil your fishing."

"No, no, of course not," said Renny. "That is to say, I mean—"

"But would you mind," she went on evenly, giving him a straight look from under the brim of her hat, "if I had another try back of that log? I had a nice rise down there. Then I'll let you by and we can keep out of each other's way." She appeared to be unaware of his embarrassment.

"Of course—certainly not," said Renny.

She waded out into the quick water, and Renny, having regained some of his composure, watched her with interest.

[Continued on page 26]

SQUARE KNOTS

A charming love story which proves that in fishing, in emergencies and in marriage, they are the only kind guaranteed to hold fast

by ARTHUR CROSBY

WADE RENDHAM—Renny to his friends—sat bolt upright in bed with that sudden wide-awakeness which comes to a man with the dawning consciousness that the day is, somehow, a significant one in his life.

For several seconds he frowned at the bedposts.

Then it came to him.

Wrenching himself out of bed, he strode to the window, where he stared gloomily at the distant mountains just turning pink in the sunrise, and thought of things that might have been.

The silvery tinkle of a small travelling clock on the dresser recalled him to reality. He turned and retired resolutely to the bath.

Emerging a few minutes later shaved and bathed, he flung on his fishing togs, snatched up a rod and creel, and hurried out to the hotel garage.

Timmins was ahead of him. He had the roadster on the floor and was giving it oil and gas.

The plump little chauffeur grinned and touched his cap. "I've fixed up your knapsack and put it in the car, sir," he said.

"Thank you, Timmins," replied Renny mechanically.

He lifted the rear deck and stowed away the rod and creel. Then he leaned against the luggage-carrier and for a moment gazed sombrely at his chauffeur.

"Timmins!"

"Yes, sir?"

"This was to have been the day."

Timmins stood up from an inspection of the motor and wiped his brow with the back of his hand. "I know it, sir. And I was only just a-thinking—" He hesitated.

"Yes?" prompted Renny curiously. "You were thinking what, Timmins?"

"Well, sir, asking your pardon and with all due respect to the young lady—for she was always kindness itself to me—still, I can't help as thinking that it's all for the best, sir."

Renny walked round the car and rubbed a smudge off a door panel with his handkerchief. "Do you know, Timmins," he said, with a quizzical glance at his retainer, "several of my friends have told me the same thing?"

"Well, it's very true, sir. The missus and I were talking of it only the other day. In a manner of speaking, sir, it wouldn't have been a square knot."

"Meaning by that, Timmins?" said Renny, considerably amused.

The chauffeur became a little red in the face. But he was an old servitor and enjoyed privileges. "What I mean, sir, if I may make so bold, is that you and the young lady didn't really have a great deal in common, sir."

Renny reflected. "You're right—in a sense, Timmins. We didn't seem to care a great deal for what the other liked. That's true. But we were very fond of each other."

"Oh, indeed, everybody could see that, sir." Timmins lowered the hood and snapped the clamps. "But, if I may speak out of my own experience, sir, having been under the sad need of burying two Mrs. Timmins, marriage is a good deal like a pair of shoes. They may look very fine and pleasing, but if they don't fit a person, they'll give him nothing but discomfort and worry, sir."

Renny burst out laughing.

She looked at him, and Renny had the queer feeling that he was under inspection. His gaze met hers, and neither flinched. "How," she said, "are we going to arrange this?"





"Letty Lynton," with Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery and Nils Asther is billed as being "A romantic film of a rich girl's redemption."



The most arresting picture of the season is "Grand Hotel," with an all-star cast, including Greta Garbo as the dancer, John Barrymore as the Baron.



A dramatic story of a woman's life is told in "The Strange Case of Clara Deane," in which Wynne Gibson gives a fine performance as the young mother.



This picture gives Miss Lombard an opportunity to wear some stunning clothes.

And there are some unbelievable situations for the movies. Consider this, for instance. Florian, the handsome young Austrian, and his beautiful young wife have been great friends with an Italian, who, of course, during the war, becomes an enemy. Florian is set to hold the mountain peak Collato, which is high over his little village. The Italians occupy the village, and his Italian friend is billeted in Florian's home. Believe it or not, there is never the slightest suggestion of love-making between the young wife and her enemy friend! I don't believe in all the movies I have seen, that such a thing has happened before.

Don't miss "The Doomed Battalion." It brings a record of noble men, of high adventure, and dauntless courage. And it brings some of the most beautiful photography you will see for many moons.

SOME months ago, you may remember, this department reviewed with pleasure the acting of Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." In this picture Miss Hayes gave a portrait of a woman from her happy girlhood, through her harrowing life, to her old age; a beautiful piece of work.

Since then, as has been the case since Madame X first wrung the hearts of an audience, there seems to have been a number of this type of picture, in which a noble woman—one feels it should be no-bul—falls in love with a man who is unworthy of her devotion, and who, to put it mildly and slangily, leads her a pretty dance thereafter. Barbara Stanwyck did it, and did it most effectively in "Forbidden." And now a few weeks afterward comes another interpretation of this favorite feminine rôle—Wynne Gibson in "The Strange Case of Clara Deane."

The story is a dramatic one and gives Wynne Gibson an opportunity to do some remarkable character-acting and to show some astonishing make-up tricks. Clara Deane, a young dress designer, rejects a number of eligible suitors to marry the man of her choice—played by Pat O'Brien. On her wedding day, a policeman comes to arrest him for embezzlement, but Clara insists on going on with the wedding, and afterward pays the money back to her husband's firm. Four years later, the same policeman

comes to arrest him again, and falls in love with Clara's baby daughter. Being of a kindly disposition he warns Clara of what is going to happen and advises her to take her husband and get out of the city.

On the way to their new home, the husband stages a hold-up, and, through incriminating evidence, Clara is convicted of being part of the plot and with her husband is sent to jail for fifteen years. The sequence in which she leaves her little daughter at the Children's Home is one of the most harrowing ones I have seen—with the child running frantically along on the other side of the high railing, shrieking, "Don't leave me, Mummy!"

Leaving prison an old woman, Clara finds that her child has been adopted and that she cannot trace her, as the rule insists that all back connections be dropped on adoption. She goes to her old policeman friend, who is now an Inspector, and begs for help; but he refuses—because he has adopted Clara's daughter himself. When the husband comes out and plans to blackmail his daughter's wealthy fiancé, the situation becomes a very dramatic one indeed. But I'm not going to spoil the story by telling what happens.

While it is a well-told story, expertly acted and directed, I could not help feeling that it stirred one's emotions rather unnecessarily. There is so much of sadness and trouble in the world these days that manufactured hard luck stories seem rather out of place. However, I can report a story that will keep you interested.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD, who has not had very good pictures, is appearing in "Thunder Below," a rather morbid story laid in the tropical mysteries of Central America. Tallulah, the only white woman in the village, is married to Charles Bickford, manager of an oil company, but she is in love with his assistant, Paul Lukas. They are planning to tell Bickford, when he has an accident and begins to lose his sight. Pity for him holds Tallulah, but she realizes that she and Lukas cannot go on with their intrigue. She feels that Lukas will eventually hate her; and so, after much emotion and remorse, walks over a cliff and out of the picture. What Tallulah Bankhead with her sinister magnetism will do to the picture remains to be seen.

British pictures have been having a notable success this year. "Sunshine Susie" has set everybody humming her pert little tune. "Michael and Mary," with Herbert Marshall and Edna Best, is proving very popular, as is "Lady Panniford's Folly" and "Carnival," with Matheson Lang. Jack Hulbert, the clever comedian in "Sunshine Susie," has an equally effective part [Continued on page 36]

title. The amazing and phenomenal success of "Sunshine Susie" shows the type of entertainment people are wanting these days.

There is nothing gloomy in "The Doomed Battalion." It is a beautiful record of a noble group of men. There is a dramatic love story—and there are some of the most beautiful scenic effects that I have ever seen.

Again there is no single featured star; the players, most of them quite unknown to the public, enact their rôles with a refreshing simplicity that makes them very real characters.

At the MOVIES

A page of monthly news and notes,
of previews and reviews—for
movie fans everywhere



Fans say that Tallulah Bankhead has a particularly appealing rôle in her new picture "Thunder Below" with Charles Bickford and Paul Lukas.

by BYRNE HOPE SANDERS

THIS movie department has been revised a dozen times this month, for so much has been happening that our problem was how to keep up with it. And I quite expect that as the presses are thundering out this issue, I shall be frantically wishing the script back in my typewriter, so that I could change my whole thesis to report something entirely different.

First of all, I wrote enthusiastically about "Grand Hotel" and the magnificent characterizations it attains through its all-star cast, thoroughly trained, and working together with the skill of experts, and with the drama focused into the narrow confines of a small hotel.

And then I saw a preview of "The Doomed Battalion"—another magnificent film, which attains its power with an absolutely unknown cast, and with the mighty mountains of Central Europe as setting. Terrific vistas of the top of the world—and a strange cast—it rather threw my reasons for the success of "Grand Hotel" into the proverbial cocked hat.

But I'm positive that "Grand Hotel" will make movie history, and that, in years to come, it will mark the definite decline of the featured star system. Economic conditions in Hollywood have had something to do with it, and so has public taste. Nothing can ruin the most popular idol of the screen so much as one or two bad pictures; and one day, people will laugh at memories of lavishly gowned and press-agented lady stars posing and posturing their much advertised tricks opposite some rather wooden leading man who can be guaranteed not to steal the picture from the star. We are moving into a period of "the play's the thing"—acted by a group of men and women, trained thoroughly in their profession.

"Grand Hotel" is a remarkable film, and it will surely be revived again and again in the years to come. For it is not merely a well-told story of contemporary life; it has an allegorical quality that will make its appeal the same, whatever civilization may do to temporary conditions. For whatever else may change, the human interest will remain the dominant factor, and folks will always wonder at what goes on behind the polite masks of men and women as we all move through the world. There will always be women tragically facing lost youth; debonair scoundrels in search of some means of livelihood; young girls struggling to make ends meet; business men rising to revolt after years of unimaginative, plodding service; and money kings who must fight ruthlessly to keep their fortune. All these are in "Grand Hotel."

Greta Garbo as the dancer Grusinskaya is superb. To



A new portrait of Anne Grey, the English actress, whose pensive beauty is one of the contributing factors to the success of the British picture, "Lady Panniford's Folly."

me, it is her greatest performance. Her voice, her expressive eyes, all her movements are exquisitely lovely. Here is no cold, mechanical Garbo, such as the one who moved through the sets of Mata Hari, but an impulsive, tender, exquisite woman, finding love and hope again after bitter disappointment.

Every one by this time knows the cast—John Barrymore as the lovable scoundrelly Baron; Lionel Barrymore as the factory slave suddenly finding he has only a few weeks to live; Joan Crawford as Flaemmchen, the stenographer; Lewis Stone the war-broken doctor, and Wallace Beery as Preysing, the bullet-headed business man fighting to save his fortune.

I found it an enthralling story, beautifully presented. And yet, as the curtains swung across the stage, I heard a woman behind me sigh heavily and say, "And to think I might have been walking about the streets—and I came to see that!" It was only centuries of civilization that prevented my turning on her savagely. . . . For to me, "Grand Hotel" is the biggest picture of the year to date; and I have counted ten before I allowed my enthusiasm to reach cold type!

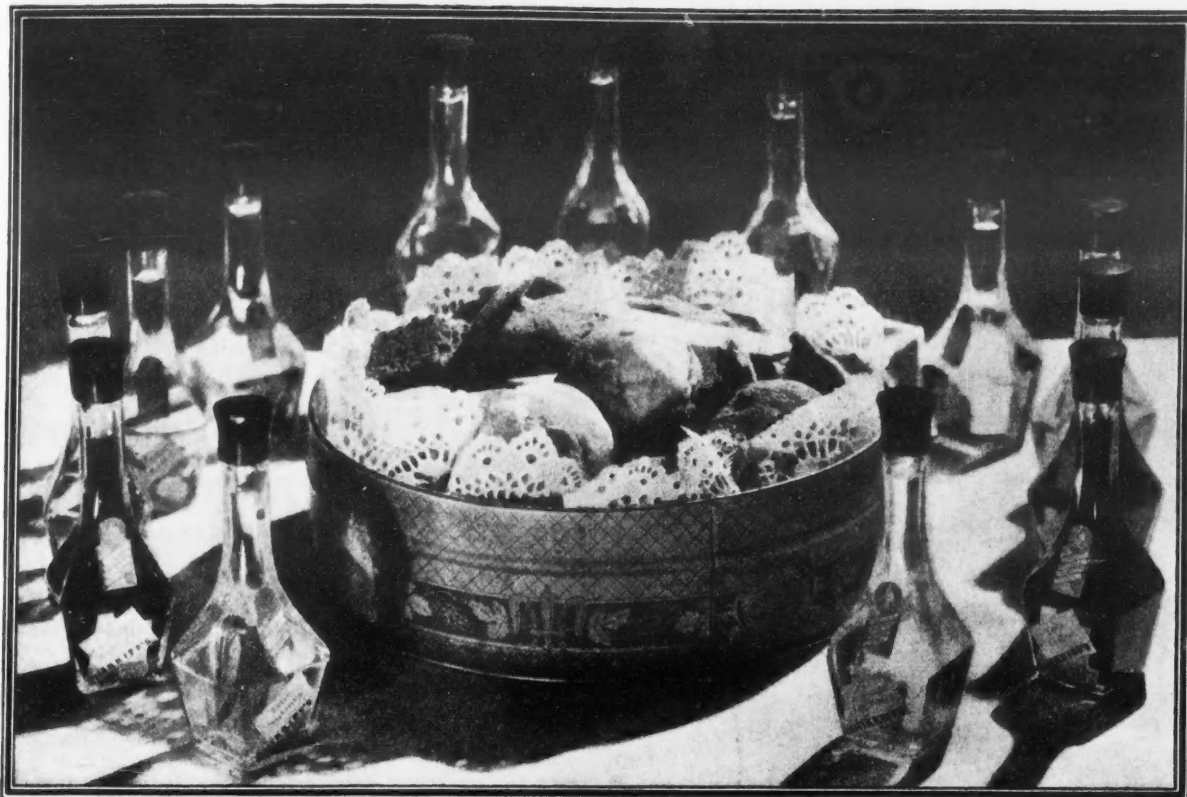
"The Doomed Battalion" has some of the most beautiful and thrilling photographic sequences I have seen. Remember the beauty of the Arab forces winding their way across the desert spaces in "Beau Geste?" And the magnificent pictures of airplanes sweeping through the heavens in "Hell Divers?" There's a new sensation in "The Doomed Battalion"—that of skiing at an incredible



"Sinners in the Sun" is the new picture starring Carole Lombard.

speed for miles, down the Alps. The photography is breathtaking in its impressiveness, and again I can heartily recommend this film as one for the entire family.

Practically the entire picture was made in Europe, on the Alps, with only a few interiors done in Hollywood. The story concerns the heroic holding by a battalion of Austrians, of the mountain peak Collato during the war. But this is not a war picture in the ordinary sense of the word; and I am only afraid that the public, wearying of gloomy war pictures, will stay away from this picture because of its



The Fine Art of Flavoring

It's right use can bring new culinary triumphs

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Director of The Chatelaine Institute

IT'S a great thing to be a good plain cook. Better far to content ourselves with well made, perfectly flavored dishes than to serve fussy foods which do not live up to their appearance when we bite into them. Certainly plain cooking needs no apology, but prosaic, monotonous meals are quite another matter. There is really no excuse for them either. Often all that is necessary to turn a familiar dish into something surprisingly and enticingly different are a few more unusual flavoring materials and a little imagination in using them.

Are you one of those who over work vanilla, or put your whole trust in the nutmeg grater when you set out to give the finishing touch to your dish? Many do. Yet, with an array of extracts and spices on your pantry shelf, a whole new field of culinary triumphs is open to you.

The best of it is that you can give this novel touch, this interesting variety, without changing the basic recipe, without added expense or extra time in preparation. In some cases, by merely substituting a few drops of almond, strawberry, pistachio or another essence for the usual vanilla or some other spice for nutmeg, you have a delightfully different product. Sometimes it is not quite so simple, but with a little testing and tasting you can soon learn the right amount. So if you have among your group of friends a reputation for the best Sunshine Cake, make it often but use different flavorings for the sake of variety. There are endless opportunities to give new taste appeal. Similarly you may keep up the family's interest in everyday dishes by the occasional use of the less usual flavors. Surely an advantage in these days when thrift is important!

But do not think this question of flavoring is one to be taken lightly. It is a serious business; so much depends on it. And isn't a little experimenting to arrive at perfection one of the things which makes cooking an adventure rather than a humdrum affair?

Really successful flavoring is an art which calls for a nice sense of values, a fine discriminating taste,

and an appreciation of good food. The French cook excels in this phase of food preparation. Madame knows just what goes with what, and skilfully accents the natural flavors of the other ingredients by using the right extract in the best proportions. She has a little trick of combining two or three varieties in such a way that no one predominates, but all blend harmoniously to produce a subtle appetizing flavor and bouquet.

Of all the essences, vanilla stands at the top in popularity.

nphs It deserves to, for it goes with so many foods and saves so many dishes from mediocrity. It has the advantage of blending with other extracts and flavors, bringing out the best in those with which it combines. Next come lemon and orange, with almond and maple fairly high in favor and peppermint well liked in certain combinations. There is a long list of others, quite delicious when discreetly used and offering many opportunities for pleasing variations. Pineapple, banana, raspberry, cherry, rose, wintergreen and many others are among the less usual flavorings with which one might do well to become better acquainted.

Until comparatively recently, fruit extracts were rather nondescript in flavor, but improved methods of manufacture have made it possible to extract the essential oils from the most delicate fruits without destroying the natural taste. Rose and violet are made from the petals of the flowers and retain something of their delicate fragrance. Peppermint and wintergreen oils are distilled from dried plants.

Spices have been prized by epicures the world over. Indeed their commercial importance resulted in the discovery of America, for Columbus, you remember, set sail on a quest for new spice groves.

These products—the dried seeds, bark, roots, flower buds of tropical trees—are available whole, powdered, or in extract form. They have endless uses in cookery; many an otherwise insipid dish takes on character and tastiness when spice is added.

Salt is one of the most common flavoring materials used by the cook and is indispensable in a wide range of dishes. A very little improves all batters and doughs, many stewed fruits, cakes, certain beverages and many other combinations—even candy and icings—as we find out to our disappointment if it is omitted. Add only enough to bring out the flavor and sweetness. Ability to do this is one of the characteristics which makes salt so useful in food preparation.

In choosing flavoring extracts, it pays to buy the best. We are particular as to the quality of other ingredients [Continued on page 47]



THE CHATELAINES INSTITUTE

Helen G. Campbell, *Director*

THAT COOKIE JAR!

*It's a wise mother who knows
how to keep it a treasure-
house of healthful "goodies"*

by

HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Director of the Chatelaine Institute

THE modern kitchen with its labor-saving equipment, its color, its air of efficiency and general spick and spanness is different from the kitchen in which our grandmother did the weekly baking for her large family. Many time-honored customs have been replaced by quicker methods of doing things; many familiar utensils have been superseded by convenient labor-saving devices, and many old favorite dishes are seen no more or appear disguised in modern dress.

But through all of this evolution the cookie jar has retained its popularity. It may be different in shape or size but is still a treasurehouse of "goodies" for all occasions—plain ginger snaps for the children's lunch, crisp wafers and drop cookies to accompany the light dessert, elaborate and fancy confections with a distinctly sophisticated air. The simple dessert so high in favor today often demands the accompaniment of little home-made biscuits; no tea table is quite complete without a variety of these toothsome dainties, and for more formal functions they are equally appropriate and appealing.

The preparation of small cakes really presents few difficulties and very little risk of failure. They are often among the first attempts of the amateur in culinary art and continue one of her "standbys" after she has become quite at home with the mixing bowl and has mastered the technique of making a wide variety of delicious oven products.

Prime essentials are materials of first-class quality and careful attention to directions for mixing and baking. Basic ingredients are the same as for a large cake but it is well to have on hand various flavors and spices. Nuts, chocolate, coconut, honey, candied and dried fruits are suitable additions, and extra attractiveness can be achieved by the use of a variety of colorings. Different flours, prepared cereals, and syrups of all sorts may often be used to advantage.

Along with the changes in housekeeping methods and practices has come a new perspective on this business of cooking. We all admit that the preparation of food is worthy of thought and attention, but we refuse to spend needless hours mixing, stirring, rolling and baking if there



*Through all the modern evolution in the up-to-date kitchen,
the cookie jar retains its ancient popularity.*

are short cuts by which we may accomplish the same end. We are interested in simple recipes and in cookies and cakes which can be prepared with ease in a comparatively short time. Just the same we seek for novelty—a new twist in flavor or appearance or a new combination of materials. Anything to make them "different."

Drop cookies of various sorts are popular because they are easily made and because they represent so many delicious products. Hermits, rocks and macaroons belong to this class and range from the simplest mixture to the most elaborate.

There is an endless array of recipes which offer variety enough—in flavor, texture and appearance—to delight an enthusiastic cook and to please the taste of the whole family. The mixture should be stiff enough to hold its shape when placed by small spoonfuls on a buttered baking sheet, but allowance should be made for slight spreading as the cookies are heated in the oven. A pastry bag is sometimes used to shape drop cookies; the dough is forced through the tube and the finished product has a very dainty appearance. Another plan is to spread the mixture in a shallow pan and cut in fancy shapes as soon as it comes from the oven.

Cookies which are rolled out and cut in shapes with a cutter before being baked should be made from a somewhat stiffer dough. Better results will be obtained if the dough is chilled for an hour or two, for in this way less flour is required and the dough can be more easily handled. Roll carefully and lightly, using no more flour than necessary

Wafers are rolled very thin and should be short and crisp when cooked. Sometimes the dough for rolled cookies and wafers is shaped into a roll or packed into a loaf pan and placed in the refrigerator until thoroughly chilled. It may then be sliced with a sharp knife and no rolling is necessary. The dough for these ice-box cookies will keep for a considerable time ready for use as required, and nowadays there is hardly a kitchen which boasts an ice or electric refrigerator, where one does not find such a roll wrapped in waxed paper, ready for slicing at a moment's notice. It is a boon when unexpected guests drop in, and particularly handy in the hot weather or "hurry-up" meal. Slice only what is required at the time, and return the dough to the refrigerator as soon as possible in order that it be kept firm and cold.

A cookie press is a convenient device for shaping cookies from a fairly stiff, rich dough. It will give uniform and attractive designs which often add to our enjoyment of the product.

The temperature of the oven is as important in this case as when baking any other dish. To have your cookies and wafers crisp, your drop cakes the desired texture, your cup cakes light and tender, pay attention to this most essential detail. If you are using an unfamiliar recipe, it is often a good plan to test the result by baking one or two at first. Then, if the mixture spreads too much, add a little more flour. If necessary, adjust the heat.

You do not need to collect a large number of recipes in order to have variety in cookies or [Continued on page 47]

This article in The Institute's Home Baking Series tells you how to make

Honey drop cookies

Brownies

Filled cornflake cookies

Scotties

Ginger snaps

Almond slices

Lemon cup cakes

Lemon icing

Butterscotch icebox cookies

Cocoanut macaroons

Orange circles

Cocoanut caramel macaroons



Soup gives zest and tang to summer meals!

21 kinds to choose from . . .

Asparagus
Bean
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken with Rice
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vegetable-Beef
Vermicelli-Tomato

12 cents a can
(including Chicken with Rice)



LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

MADE IN CANADA BY THE CAMPBELL SOUP COMPANY LTD, NEW TORONTO, ONTARIO

Bracing, invigorating, tongue-tempting soup! What new sparkle it gives to summer meals! Cold foods take on a new charm and flavor after soup has stirred and sharpened the appetite. And the digestion is all the better for the aid which hot soup always gives.

How convenient, too — what a help in summer housekeeping—to have such a soup as Campbell's Tomato Soup always at your elbow! It's available wherever you are. And how refreshing it is, with all the sunny wholesomeness and racy flavor of our finest Canadian tomatoes! You'll serve it often, too, as Cream of Tomato, according to the easy directions on the label.

EAT SOUP
AND KEEP WELL



On Campbell's Soup
I always dine
And do my bit
To make things shine!

Your Electric Refrigerator

by HELEN G. CAMPBELL
Director of The Chatelaine Institute

Choosing it, and using it in the right way will lessen work, save money, and help you serve more appetizing meals



The proper placing of food is necessary to get the best service from your refrigerator. It is well worth learning just what order you should follow.

LAST month we took you on a sight-seeing trip to Canadian manufacturing plants where mechanical refrigerators are built for Canadian kitchens. We saw, at every step, evidence of the skill with which they are designed, the precision with which they are put together, and the painstaking care with which they are tested—in short, the thoroughness all along the way, in order that when you purchase one of these modern machines it will serve you faithfully and well.

The rest, of course, is up to us. And this time I want you to go on a shopping tour with me, so to speak.

Is a mechanical refrigerator a good investment? In the Chatelaine institute here, where we are constantly studying the home management problems of our readers, experimenting and investigating to find the solution for you, the electric refrigerator is well nigh indispensable. It costs next to nothing to run and it cuts the food bills, as it allows us to market in large quantities and to take advantage of special prices. It prevents waste, as it keeps perishable supplies in good condition and there is no throwing away of left-overs. Indeed we estimate a considerable saving in food—surely an important point to keep in mind when considering equipment costs.

Then, it pays real dividends in extra leisure hours, for meal preparation is simplified with time and effort saved. Last but not least, it makes possible and practicable more varied and more interesting menus, new culinary achievements, short-cuts in cookery, good things to eat and drink. You can plan and cook ahead, and the knowledge that your meal is partly prepared, ready in your refrigerator, leaves you with a free mind if you come home late or when unexpected guests arrive.

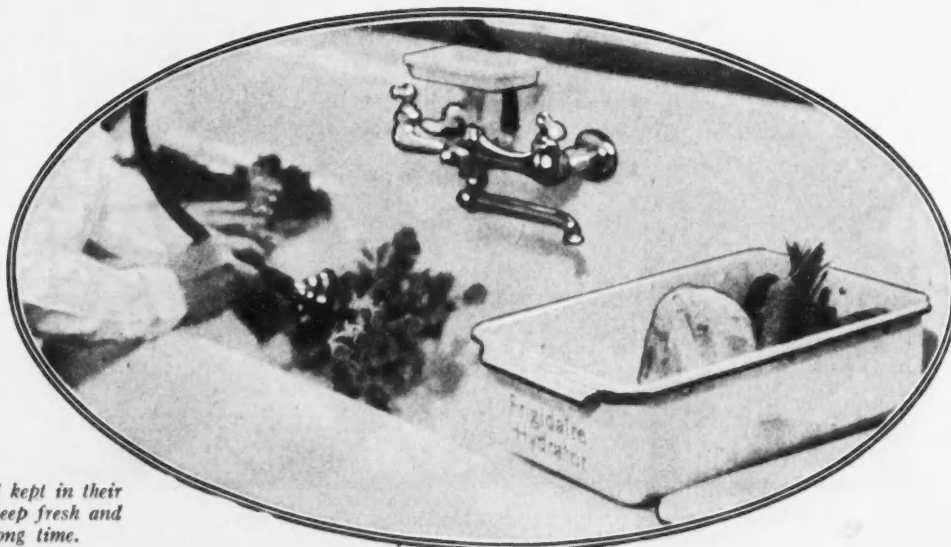
Yes, the electric refrigerator is a boon to the modern housekeeper and a worth-while investment for her home.

So let us look at some of the models on display in the shops and find the one best suited to our particular needs. There are many makes and a range of prices, but we

recognize the advantage of choosing a product of an established manufacturer, jealous enough of his reputation to maintain consistently high standards; one whose guarantee counts. We'll feel better about it if we know he is going to be in business for some years and can give us service any time we need it.

In the first place, we want a rigid, sturdily built cabinet, efficiently insulated, well finished inside and out with smooth-rounded corners for easy cleaning. We want strong fittings, properly balanced doors, a silent steady motor and good appearance achieved by beauty of line and artistic trimmings.

The proper size will depend upon the number in your family and the amount of entertaining you do. It should be as commodious as you can afford, for you will want it to take care of the regular food supply and to accommodate extras for company meals. The price of a larger machine is, of course, higher than a small one but it costs very little more to run and the additional storage space can usually be put to very good advantage. Don't be tempted to buy a bigger model than your space or your purse will allow, but remember that many people feel they can "get along" with a smaller one than they should have, and regret the slight saving when they discover all the time and labor-saving possibilities.



Fresh vegetables well washed and kept in their compact covered container will keep fresh and crisp for an unbelievably long time.

You may select one with either one or two doors and with the special features discussed last month, which offer extra convenience in storing foods and in refrigerator cookery. It is well to consider these in relation to your house-keeping and choose a model which just suits you, which best meets your preferences and your needs.

Let us follow the new purchase into your kitchen. Have it installed in a location close to your work centres, for good routing of kitchen equipment minimizes steps and makes for ease and greater speed. If you are going to get the best service from your refrigerator, read and follow the manufacturer's directions for taking care of it. He will tell you how and when to oil it, and this point must not be neglected. Some do not require oiling, others only once a year or so, but there will be directions which apply to your machine.

Defrost when the frost is about one quarter of an inch thick, as a coating this thickness acts as an insulator and lowers the efficiency of the machine. Just how often this will be necessary depends on whether the weather is dry or damp, the number of times the door is opened, the amount of food stored and the way it is placed. Defrosting is easy to do; simply pull out the plug and allow the ice to melt. Never attempt to hasten the process by the use of a knife or any sharp instrument as you may pierce the coil, damaging the machine and allowing the escape of refrigerant. Some housekeepers like to do this at night, then in the morning turn on the electricity, clean and dry the chilling unit, empty the drip pan and the ice trays. Wash and scald the trays and refill with fresh water, drying them on the outside before replacing. Wipe out the food compartment with a clean wet cloth. Wash the racks, the food containers and set back in their proper places. The daily care of a refrigerator means only the wiping up of spilled foods, should little accidents occur, and keeping the inside surface thoroughly clean in order to prevent odors.

In storing food, there are some "do's" and "don'ts" which it is well to remember. Do not crowd the dishes on the shelves and do not put foods up against the sides of the cabinet. Do not use paper bags and do not put in waste portions of food like carrot tops, cauliflower leaves, and so on. Do not put in a large tray or baking sheet across the shelf, for this blocks the circulation of air. Do not use larger dishes than necessary; they occupy too much room. Sets of refrigerator dishes, well designed to save space are inexpensive and will be found handy for storing food.

Cover all foods which do not have their own protective covering—bowls of left-overs, butter, fruit, fresh vegetables—if they do not go in a special container for the purpose. The covering protects them and keeps the air dry. An open pitcher of water or other liquid will evaporate somewhat and make it necessary to defrost more often. Wrap cooked meat in waxed paper to prevent drying out; a baked ham, if left for some time uncovered, may taste salty, due to the evaporation of some of the moisture.

There is usually a special place for milk and other tall bottles, so take advantage of the accommodation provided, wiping the bottles clean before putting them in place. Set the most perishable foods in the coldest section; the arrangement illustrated is satisfactory for this model. There is not more than a few degrees difference in the temperature of the food chamber but, of course, the most delicate foods should [Continued on page 30]

"It's so easy to keep your skin lovely at home..."

MRS JOHN DAVIS LODGE

New York society leader shows you how she gives herself a beauty treatment . . .

FRESH and flawless as a tea rose, Mrs. Lodge's complexion is as uniquely lovely as her long golden hair, like *Mélisande's*.

She gives herself her daily beauty treatment in her own home.

"Cleansing, first," she emphasizes. "Yes, and here's what gets the skin really clean—Pond's Cold Cream. No matter what price you pay, nothing else cleanses so marvelously!

"Relax . . . Now wipe away the cream. How? With Pond's Cleansing Tissues! They are much softer. Pond's Cold Cream and Cleansing Tissues are all you need for exquisite cleanliness.

"But the skin needs stimulating, too. At least if you want to keep it looking fresh and young—and don't we all? Pat, pat with Pond's Skin Freshener. To refine pores—pep up your color.

"Finished? Not yet! No fastidious woman puts powder right on her face without a protecting foundation. *Protecting*—that's what our skin needs—to keep it fine and smooth.

"Pond's Vanishing Cream gives just this nec-

essary protection against wind and sun. Invisibly! It gives the loveliest peach-bloom finish, and you needn't powder again for hours.

"That's all. Just powder and lipstick . . . There! I'm beautiful? Ah, you're too kind. People say flattering things—but the credit is Pond's. All I do is—never neglect this simple routine. And always repeat it after exposure.

"AND, of course, at bedtime! That's a special ritual. Cleansing always with Cold Cream and Tissues. Then smooth in fresh Cold Cream to soften and lubricate. Leave on overnight.

"You see, the skin needs four things to keep it lovely—Cleansing, Lubricating, Stimulating, Protecting. Just these four preparations are all you need. It's so easy—just in your own home!"

For 25 years in the most scientifically equipped laboratories, Pond's has been making and testing preparations to beautify the skin. Be sure that you get Pond's Creams—they are the most reliable that your money can buy—you can trust Pond's authority on beautifying the skin.



MRS. LODGE, as she applies Cold Cream over face and neck . . . lets it sink into pores to float out dust and grime. Wipes away with Cleansing Tissues.



SATURATES COTTON with Skin Freshener and pat-pat-pats until the skin glows . . . that refines pores, tones, firms and brings fresh natural color.



BEFORE POWDERING, smooths a film of Vanishing Cream over face and neck—arms and shoulders, too, when dressing for evening.



MRS. JOHN DAVIS LODGE, AFTER HER HOME BEAUTY TREATMENT • Photographs by Nicholas Muray

TUNE IN on Pond's every Friday—9:30 P. M., E.D.S.T. The program of continuous dance music rhythmied for actual dancing. Leo Reisman and his Orchestra—WEAF and N.B.C. Network.

SEND 10¢ FOR POND'S 4 PREPARATIONS

MADE IN CANADA

POND'S EXTRACT CO. OF CANADA, LTD. • DEPT. G • 167 BROCK AVE. • TORONTO, ONT.

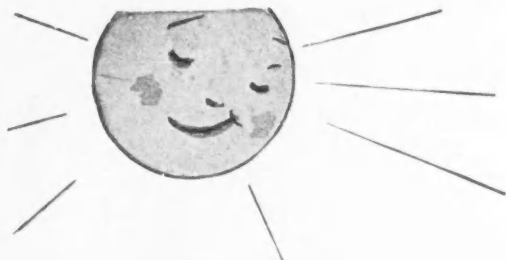
NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

PROVINCE _____

All rights reserved by Pond's Extract Co., of Canada, Ltd.



LET YOUR HOLIDAY DREAMS COME TRUE!

Some cautionary advice before you leave for lakes, mountains, sea, or the homely sun-porch

by ANNABELLE LEE



Include in Your Travel Kit:

Cleansing Cream	Cleansing Tissues
Skin Tonic	Nourishing Cream
Sunburn Oil	Protective Powder
	Protective Foundation Cream
Waterproof Rouge	Indelible Lipstick
Hand Lotion	Manicure Set
Eye Lotion	Brilliantine
Deodorant	Depilatory

OF COURSE, the place is as heavenly as ever," raved a friend of mine who deserted the city two weeks ago for a cottage beside one of the loveliest of little blue lakes. "And the weather so far has been more perfect even than we hoped. But, my dear, you should see what I look like!"

I could imagine very easily, for she is one of those fragile-looking creatures with fair, delicate skin and fine corn-color hair, but she adores the open spaces. Adores them, in fact, a bit too impetuously for the good of her skin, which doesn't take kindly to generous doses of sun and wind unless it is well protected first.

"Do be an angel," the letter continued, "and send me up anything you think I'll need to prevent complete ruination. I promise to sit under a tree until they arrive."

And this is what I sent her, together with a note of an entirely unangelic nature, railing against any one who could be so mad as to isolate herself for the summer with no more heed to her complexion than if it had been made of elephant's hide.

First, a special sunburn oil that, if it is rubbed into the skin before sun-bathing, takes the burn out of the sunshine and gives instead a nice, even tan.

Second, a protective cream that is specially suitable for dry skins that don't like the sun, to wear underneath one's powder.

Third, a special summertime powder that protects the skin from the too strong sun.

Fourth, a waterproof rouge and indelible lipstick—very handy when a person's in and out of the water a great deal.

Her usual toiletries, of course, she had with her—her cleansing creams and tissues, her skin tonic, and her night nourishing cream.

And I'm expecting a very different-looking person to arrive back this September from the one who sacrificed her winter coat for a series of expensive face renovating treatments last fall.

So, when you're putting the finishing touches to your vacation plans, take warning. Whether you're going to taste the salt spray of the sea, breathe the glorious odor of pine-scented woods, walk with the gods on mountain tops, or simply stroll around the corner to the tennis club, remember those summer dreams you've dreamed, and help them come true! They're waiting over the hillside for those long, lazy hours when sunlight and friendship and loveliness and timelessness are caught up in a glamorous golden haze. Make the most of them, for they may bring more than a passing beauty.

Going away is escape. You probably will be leaving all your old ties and associations behind and meeting an entirely new group of people in an entirely different atmosphere. Perhaps you are just a bit dissatisfied with the old, everyday self you are carrying around with you—would like to try a different personality for a change. Then by all means choose your vacation to experiment in. But, as a foundation for any of the half-dozen different selves you have tied up inside you, you will need one unchanging quality—confidence. Confidence in your own individuality, in the rightness of your appearance, in the happiness of your destiny, and in the essential goodness and loveliness of people and things around you.

All which, of course, is an attitude of mind. And, for a woman, a great deal of it comes from a knowledge that she is looking her very best. So, you see, my moralizing doesn't digress so very far from the path of health and beauty after all!

Just suppose, then, that you have all your things laid out ready to pack. I hope you have at least two impossibly impractical things among them—gauzy, fluffy, ridiculous femininities you can ill afford. Even if you're going to a log cabin, there'll be the odd occasion when your soul craves sophistication! And if a summer resort is your choice, then instinct will have told you to be quite lavish about your clothes. Enlist the aid of tissue paper when you pack your things so that they will emerge fresh and unwrinkled at the end of your journey. Stuff the sleeves of your frocks with it, and lay a piece between the folds. Pin pleats and scarfs in place. Wrap your shoes, either in special little shoe bags or in tissue paper. Remember that a waterproof bag is the handiest thing imaginable for anything that may be damp. And a little electric iron or a tiny spirit iron and miniature ironing board will speedily smooth away the wrinkles in your best chiffon.

For your toiletries, you can, if you want to, buy special travel kits, complete in every detail and containing all the essential preparations for your own particular type of skin. Or you can, if you must economize, fit out a beauty kit of your own. Get an empty gift box—or perhaps you already

have one around the house if you are blessed with the habit of hoarding from one Christmas to another. Make a list of the preparations you will want to take away with you, and pack them in the box, surrounding each bottle and jar with cotton wool. You will find a kit like this to be extraordinarily useful, no matter where you are going. If you are travelling far by train, motor or boat, it will be there, compact and handy, for you to use each day. If you are visiting friends, there will be no need to borrow your hostess's night cream which probably won't suit your skin at all. If you are camping, with little or no drawer room and no dressing table to litter with your things, the box can sit regally on a shelf, and the sunburn lotion or the foundation cream will always be ready when they are wanted. A travelling kit, whether it is bought ready for your use or assembled yourself at home, should be one of the principal responsibilities of your packing.

What shall we put in the travel kit? Well, in the first place, there is cleansing cream, cleansing tissues, a skin tonic, and a nourishing cream for use every night before you go to bed. Soap will go into a little waterproof bag containing, besides your face cloth, tooth brush and tooth paste. Nourishing cream is a most important summertime necessity for skins that are inclined to be dry. The sun will accentuate this tendency, and it should be counteracted with a generous application of skin food each night.

If your skin is oily rather than dry, get a large bottle of skin tonic and a small jar of nourishing cream.

For your daytime make-up, you will require the preparations I have already mentioned, unless you are "running wild" and going [Continued on page 35]



NUMBER FOUR IN A SERIES OF FRANK TALKS BY LEADING WOMEN PHYSICIANS

"The fear that blights romance and ages women prematurely"



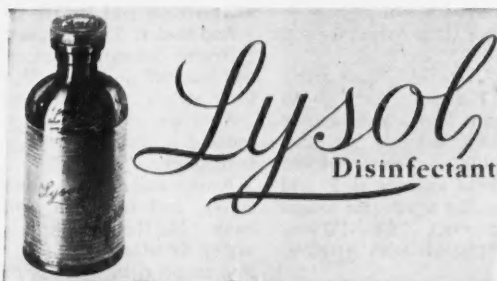
Photographed by
Man Ray in Vienna

Dr. Auguste Popper, Graduated in Vienna; formerly with the second university women's clinic of Vienna.
At present clinical physician with the Vienna children's clinic of Professor Pirquet.

Have you a young married daughter or
friend who should know these facts?

For your own guidance, as well as for the enlightenment of any girl or woman who is near and dear to you . . . may we send you a copy of our interesting brochure—"The Facts About Feminine Hygiene"? Written by a woman physician, it handles the vital subject of marriage hygiene with rare delicacy and charm. Merely mail the coupon, and your copy will be sent, postpaid, in plain wrapper.

Be careful! Counterfeits of "Lysol" are being offered. Genuine "Lysol" is in brown bottle and yellow carton marked "Lysol".



TRADE MARK "LYSOL" REGISTERED IN CANADA

"Even in the early days of medicine, a Russian Scientist, Pavlov by name, proved that FEAR is a dangerous toxin. He demonstrated that fright dries up valuable secretions, increases the acidity of the stomach, and sometimes disturbs the bodily functions generally.

"So it is that FEAR grays the hair . . . etches lines in the face, and hastens the toll of old age.

"Yet many women suffer needless fear . . . fear from minor feminine ails and irregularities that might easily be prevented. Fear caused by lapses in normal feminine health which could be averted readily by proper feminine hygiene and antisepsis.

"Not only for general health, but for peace of mind and mental poise, every married woman should practice intimate feminine cleanliness. That is a safeguard to youth, charm . . . and, often, happiness.

"But care should be taken in choosing the right germicide for healthful marriage hygiene. It is not safe to accept the counsels of the tea-table, or the advice of a well-meaning, but uninformed relative or friend. Some antiseptics are too mild to be effective, decomposing in contact with organic matter. Others are caustic and harsh, irritating, and often injurious to sensitive tissue.

"The safe antiseptic is "Lysol" disinfectant. There is no doubt about "Lysol." It has been recommended for many years by the gynecologists of Vienna . . . where medical science is very exacting. It is the standard antiseptic used in the delicate ministrations of childbirth. "Lysol" is penetrating and destroys undesirable germ-life lurking in hidden folds and crevices . . . yet it is healing and soothing to tender membranes. The comfort of this thorough and gentle antiseptic does much to banish those feminine apprehensions that so frequently blight beauty and destroy marital happiness."

(Signed)

DR. AUGUSTE POPPER

Lysol (Canada) Limited, Dept. V7
9 Davies Ave., Toronto 8, Canada

Please send me free, postpaid, a copy of "The Facts About Feminine Hygiene".

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Province _____

Square Knots

Continued from page 17

He could see she certainly was no novice. To be sure, her rod was very light and short. Nevertheless, she handled it with a deftness and skill that even he could hardly have improved on. And he perceived how round and strong her arms were. She wore a man's outing shirt of light grey flannel, of a shade to match the knickerbockers. The collar was rolled down and the sleeves up. Sensible rig. Later, when the sun had dropped over the rim of the mountains, she would need all the protection collar and sleeves would afford against the flies and mosquitoes.

She edged a bit farther out and carefully laid her flies down on the foam-flecked river, drew them back, and cast again. But, while she methodically searched each ripple and eddy, there came no gleam of silvery scales to reward her efforts.

"May I suggest?" offered Renny at last. She reeled in and turned toward him, enquiringly.

"He's probably sulking. Try the other side of the log. Cast 'way out and let your flies drift round the end. You'll have to look sharp, though, because if he takes it, he'll sprint for the branches."

She caught the idea and nodded.

Expertly drawing out the line with her left hand, she gradually lengthened her cast until she was able to reach the far side of the glittering foamway. Then, and not till then, did she let the flies drop. And as they floated, scarcely discernible, round the end of the log, a curving shape hurled itself out of the froth. She struck, and the tip of her rod snapped forward.

Renny had the wit not to offer advice and clearly she needed none.

With cool assurance she played the fish, holding his nose out of water when he weakened, giving him line when he ran; but always, and with the most delicate skill, checking those savage, bull-like rushes short of the protecting tangle of branches.

While Renny watched, scarcely breathing, she gradually worked the trout toward the shore, until at length, as he came gliding in, spent and almost lifeless, she slid him, with a quick movement of her wrist, through the shallow water and up on the little beach, almost at Renny's feet.

With a last spasm of strength, the fish flopped free of the hook and back toward the water.

But she was quicker. A merciful thump of a stick on the skull, and she held up her catch, the plump sides bejewelled with iridescent spots as yet undimmed.

Renny was standing in front of her, his eyes dancing. But they were not on the trout. "That was great!" he whispered. "My hat's off to you!"

She was panting a little, and a bit excited. But she kept her poise, and for the first time Renny got a good look at her.

Those steady eyes were a quiet grey. The mouth was, perhaps, a little too straight for a woman; but its firmness was relieved by a round chin and a nose up-tilted ever so slightly. Her hair, caught up under the brim of her hat, was brown, with just a suggestion of red when the sunlight shone on it. Fair-complexioned, her skin was clear and smooth, with no embellishments other than what wind and sun can supply. A critic might possibly have hesitated to call her pretty. But there was no question, as she stood there straight and well formed like a boy, that she was extremely gratifying to the eye. Renny gazed at her quite frankly with pleasure.

"Why didn't you grab him for me?" she was asking.

"He was your fish," replied Renny. "I didn't want to spoil your fun."

She flashed him a quick look of understanding. "Thanks."

She opened her creel to put in the fish, which was too large to go through the hole in the top, and showed Renny her catch. He in turn showed her his. It was just like

two veteran fishermen meeting casually to compare their luck.

"You've twice as many as I have," she said, peering into his creel.

Renny laughed. "No, not quite that—and they average smaller."

"But I've had the cream of the fishing. You've had to take what was left."

Renny liked her for that. It was a sporting way to put it.

She set her creel on the clean gravel and leaned back against a flat boulder. She looked at him, and Renny had the queer feeling that he was under inspection. His own straight gaze met hers, and neither of them flinched.

"Now," she said, in a businesslike tone, "how are we going to arrange this?"

"I haven't an idea," said Renny. Which was quite true. For the more he looked at her, the more did his brain refuse to record any other impressions.

She frowned slightly. "But we've got to fix it up some way. I think the best scheme is for you to go ahead. I'll wait here until you've had time to get well downstream. Then we shan't interfere with each other, because you fish so much faster than I do."

For some reason that he didn't stop to

"In a sense. But something seems to have brought us together. I think it must be fate. Anyhow," said Renny with conviction, "things are different from what they were twenty minutes ago—you must grant that."

"I grant nothing of the sort."

"But they are, just the same. Please," urged Renny, "be reasonable. I tell you, it would weigh horribly on my conscience if I should leave you here, now. Really it would. You don't understand. I'm just trying to look at this thing as though you were my sister—"

"Oh, I see. And you'd want your sister to go along with a perfectly strange man?" The danger signals were out and flying, but Renny ignored them.

"Pardon me! My name is Wade Rendham—Renny to my friends." He made her an elaborate bow.

The grey eyes became steely. "Are you going ahead?"

"Oh, come," he pleaded, "can't we just have lunch together? Afterward, if you insist—"

"I asked you if you were going ahead."

"No," said Renny recklessly.

"Very well, then."

down. She studied the cooking operations. "I didn't go very far," she said. "Then it came over me that what I was doing was very unnecessary—"

Renny grunted.

"—And rather foolish."

Renny turned the fish again and sprinkled it with salt.

"—And I smelt the bacon."

Renny said nothing.

The girl leaned a little forward. "You're not making it very easy for me," she said. Renny made a gesture with a pinch of pepper. He produced a piece of birch bark, laid the fish out on it, garnished it with bacon and potatoes and proceeded to eat. The girl watched him and her eyebrows drew a little together.

"Had your lunch?" said Renny, pleasantly, between mouthfuls.

"No."

"Didn't you want to eat?"

"I've some sandwiches here."

"Why don't you eat 'em?"

"Oh!"

Turning her back on him, the girl unstrapped a small package fastened to the bottom of her creel, opened it and began munching.

It was too much for Renny. He burst out laughing. "See here," he said, getting up from the rock on which he had been sitting. "I quit. I'm not a good actor anyway, and cruelty isn't in my nature. Here's half of this fish that I haven't touched. I'd feel honored if you'd accept it, Miss—Miss—?"

"Joan Brown," said the girl simply.

"Thanks," said Renny. "I feel more nearly your equal now."

His eyes were twinkling, as he laid the rest of the fish on a clean piece of bark and handed it to her, together with a fork. "Help yourself to the bacon and potatoes while I start another fish."

Over the second trout there was a formidable sort of silence.

At length the girl straightened up. "I don't know when I've enjoyed a meal so," she said sincerely.

Renny beamed. "That's the highest possible compliment. I'm sure the chef appreciates it."

The girl laughed.

"Will you please tell me," said Renny, "truly, why you are out here all alone?"

"I have told you—solitude."

Renny shook his head. "No, that's not a sufficient answer."

"You must be a lawyer. Why do you want to know?"

"Because I've never heard of such a thing before."

The girl's eyes danced. "Aunt Matilda thinks I'm crazy."

"Aunt Matilda?"

"I'm on a motor trip with her."

"Well, I'm not sure but what I agree with her."

"Thanks," laughed the girl. "But Aunt Matilda's a very timid sort. Are you like that?"

"I hope not. Still, I can't see any rhyme or reason in your being out here all alone."

"Well, you see, it's this way." She folded her hands in her lap and spoke with great demureness. "I always take my rod and tackle with me when Aunt Matilda invites me on a motor trip, because you never can tell when you may strike good trout water. You see, I was brought up with a fly rod in my hand. My father and two older brothers were experts. It's bred in the bone. So, when we stopped overnight at Davidson's and I saw the river, I just naturally concluded that Aunt Matilda's arthritis would bother her if she didn't rest today. Then I borrowed these waders from one of the Davidson boys and got him to drive me up here. It's really quite simple."

"It wouldn't be," said Renny, "if you should slip and break a leg."

"What a gruesome thought!"

She took off her hat and stretched, arms over her head, boylike, straight as a young

SUMMER TWILIGHT

by Elizabeth Donaldson

I see afar, the softly shadowed lines,
Misted and blue, across the wooded hills,
And scent the cool, sweet fragrance of the pines,
Whose censer now delicious balm distils.
The yellow fires of sunset burn away,
Trailing their smoky veils across the west,
And gleaming through the curtains of the day
Shines one bright star more fair than all the rest.
Beyond the hazy marshes, damp and still,
Like a faint echo of an old refrain,
The plaintive calling of the whippoorwill
Thrills with its notes again, and yet again.
The night winds whisper to the drowsy trees
Their little secrets we may never share,
And darkness falls, as though on bended knees,
A silent worshipper in evening prayer.
So still it is that on the dewy grasses
I almost hear God's footstep as He passes.

analyze, that seemed to Renny the worst possible plan. He shook his head.

"What do you mean?" queried the girl, a little sharply.

"Are you alone?"

"Yes."

Renny drew a deep breath. "Well, don't you see, now that I've discovered you, I can't leave you alone in this howling wilderness?"

The pucker in her forehead deepened. "I can take care of myself, thank you. Besides, this isn't a howling wilderness."

"Well, it's a long way from the main road and I don't think it's right. What are you doing out here all alone, anyway?"

"Seeking solitude."

Renny winced. But he was not to be daunted. "It makes no difference," he asserted. "It's not right."

"But that's ridiculous," she said. "I've been alone all the morning."

"I didn't know you then."

"How absurd! You don't know me now."

She slung her creel over her shoulder, picked up her rod, and splashed on down stream.

Renny's face went crimson. He stared mutely after her until she was lost to view among the boulders. Then he let out a long, low whistle.

A PLUMP young trout sizzled importantly in a small spider. Strips of bacon curled appetizingly on forked sticks stuck in the sand. On a smoking stone, potatoes were turning a deep rich brown. Renny, contemplating all this, sighed and bent forward to test the firm white meat with a fork.

"May I come in?" said a small voice.

Renny looked up.

Somehow, it seemed the most natural thing in the world for the girl to be there. Renny turned the fish in the pan.

"I've come back."

"So I see."

The girl circled the flat boulder and sat

Truly Revolutionary

this improvement in sanitary protection

the new Phantom★Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(Can. Pat. applied for)

designed to fit so perfectly it leaves
no telltale lines or wrinkles under the
thinnest, the smoothest-fitting frocks.

NO LONGER the haunting dread of telltale outlines, of revealing wrinkles under that close-fitting gown! A new Kotex pad is here. As remarkable an improvement as was Kotex itself in 1920.

It is called the new PHANTOM KOTEX. For it is truly imperceptible, self-concealing . . . even when your frock has the most extreme modern lines.

Ends of this new Kotex sanitary napkin are skilfully flattened and tapered. They leave absolutely no outline; not the slightest bulk. You yourself are almost unaware of the new PHANTOM KOTEX. It actually molds itself to the contours of the body . . . brings new comfort as well as peace of mind.

This new PHANTOM KOTEX is in every way as effective as the Kotex you know. Soft, even after hours of use; wonderfully absorbent; treated to deodorize; disposable. Kotex, originator of the modern sanitary napkin, alone gives you this astounding improvement. Every original Kotex feature is retained.

Months of research . . . thousands of practical tests participated in

by more than 600 women . . . led to this new design. Fashion authorities acclaim it. Now more than ever it will pay you to demand genuine Kotex.

Kotex that you know is made of pure materials, under hygienic conditions. More than twice as many Kotex pads are used as all other sanitary pads combined. Millions of Kotex pads are used each year in Canada's leading hospitals alone. Your assurance that the new Kotex represents immaculate protection.

Buy the New Kotex Today!

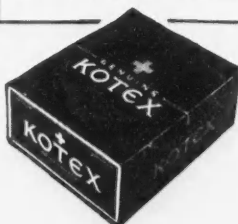
Try it and compare. Only so can you fully appreciate all that this remarkable improvement means. This improved Kotex is brought you at no increase in price. Never in its history has Kotex cost you so little!

Make sure when buying Kotex wrapped that you do get the genuine. For your protection, each end of this new PHANTOM KOTEX is now plainly stamped "Kotex."

It is on sale at all drug, dry goods, and department stores. Kotex Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

How shall I tell my daughter?

Many a mother wonders. Now you simply hand your daughter the little booklet entitled "Preparing for Womanhood." For free copy address Moyra Monk, R.N., Dept. 6-7-2, Room 1103, 330 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.



The new Kotex is called
PHANTOM★KOTEX
because—you scarcely realize
you are wearing it!

No revealing outlines—The new PHANTOM KOTEX is flattened and tapered so that ends are completely inconspicuous.

Greater security—The smooth, snug fit gives greater wearing ease than you've ever before experienced.

Lastingly soft—disposable—The same softness and absorbency for which Kotex is famous. Disposable always.

Kotex boxes marked "Form Fitting Kotex" contain the new PHANTOM KOTEX.

For 3 FREE KOTEX Samples

Send Coupon to—Moyra Monk, R.N., Dept. 6-7-2, Room 1103, 330 Bay St., Toronto, Ont.

You may send 3 Samples of PHANTOM KOTEX and book, "Preparing for Womanhood," in plain envelope.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... Prov.....

sapling. The sunlight, glancing through the trees, touched her hair and turned it to burnished bronze. Renny felt a sudden urge to run his fingers through it!

This emotion startled him.

He pulled out his pipe and lit it; smoked furiously for some moments; then, soothed, watched her more calmly.

She rose and began to gather up the cooking utensils.

"What are you doing?" said Renny.

"Making myself useful," she replied, and took them to the water's edge.

"But you mustn't!" cried Renny, scrambling after her.

"Oh, please, mayn't I?" she said, with an appealing look. "I don't want to be just ornamental."

Renny acquiesced. He sat down on a rock and puffed and watched her silently. His thoughts wandered back to Sybil. Poor Sybil!—soft, plump child of luxury!—To her the great outdoors had meant simply bugs and sunburn and general discomfort. He tried to picture her washing dishes in a mountain stream, and grinned to himself.

A flock of chickadees descended from a thicket and fluttered about. Across the river, a conclave of crows discussed affairs of the moment from a clump of maples. Presently they adjourned and flew away; and an aboriginal silence fell upon river and woods, broken only by the splash and murmur of the water and the polite rustling of the quaint little grey birds.

"CAN you tie a square knot?" said Renny abruptly, out of this ponderable silence.

The girl stood up from her last rinsing, the pan dripping clean and white. "What a funny question!"

Renny started. His face became a deep red. "Really," he stammered, "you mustn't pay any attention to what I say. Sometimes I have a way of talking to myself. It's the woods, I suppose."

He packed the cooking utensils into his knapsack. Then he went over to the fire, scattered the coals with his foot, and stamped them out.

He slung the knapsack over his shoulder and, stooping, picked up his creel. He went over to the tree against which he had leaned the rods and carried them back to where she stood. He gave her hers. "We ought to be going," he said wistfully. "Do you still think that—you ought to—fish alone?"

The girl hesitated. She glanced down irresolutely. And at that instant a sudden crash of thunder rolled down the valley. It reverberated from mountain wall to mountain wall, and the very ground at their feet seemed to tremble.

Startled, they looked at each other.

The day had rapidly increased in sultriness, but, fanned by the river breeze, they had not noticed it.

Now, however, they saw, over in the west, above the range of mountains where the river had its source, a great mass of cumulus cloud. Sunlight flashed in long streamers from its upper edges; but below, black torrents of rain lashed the mountain slopes.

For a moment they watched, spellbound. Then Renny spoke.

"That's the answer," he said in a low voice. "Don't you see? I can't leave you now, not with that storm coming up. What do you say? We can either hit the road back to Davidson's or keep on fishing? Until the rain comes, the trout will be rising like tigers!"

Something that was stirring in him must have struck a responsive chord in the girl. Her face was flushed. Her eyes caught and held part of that vivid glow from cloud and sky. Her breast rose and fell as if with a strange, inward excitement. She might in truth have been some creature of the wild, at one with the elements.

She turned to him, her lips parted . . . Let's fish!"

Another crash of thunder, sullen, reverberating. The great mushroom of clouds lifted higher. A weird, unnatural shadow crept down the valley. The air grew cool and deathly still.

They stepped to the river's edge and cast simultaneously, as though with mute understanding.

Scales flashed in the half-light. The trout were striking even before the flies could touch the water. "Tigers!" It was the girl who whispered it, with an eerie, half-cry of triumph.

They took no heed of the coming storm. Casting, reeling in, unhooking, and casting again, they worked their way down the stream.

A half-hour went by.

A wind sighed in the trees and broken clouds galloped overhead, like stampeding horses. Raindrops, flung from their dark manes, pattered into the faces of Renny and the girl; but they laughed and kept on. They did not see, so absorbed were they in their fishing, that the valley behind them was thickening in a black mist. Nor did they hear that distant, ominous murmur.

After a little, however, Renny heard it, and sudden misgivings assailed him.

"I think," he said to the girl, "we'd better get out of the river." He spoke quietly so as not to alarm her.

They were halfway down a narrow gorge. Granite ledges rose almost straight from the river bed. Renny, surveying the rocky walls, worn smooth by countless freshets, felt a chill of apprehension and blamed himself for having brought the girl there. He took her rod and together they hurried along a strip of sand and pebbles that made a little beach at the base of the ledges.

The distant murmur had grown to a harsh rumble. The girl heard it now. "What's that noise?" she said.

"Wind in the trees," lied Renny, pulling at her arm.

But the girl was not to be deceived. "No, it isn't," she said, and stopped, head on one side, listening. Then, suddenly, she stiffened and her face went white. "Look!" she cried, and pointed upstream.

Renny looked.

Around a bend it came, a great, twisting, curling thing, a monstrous yellow wave that stretched from shore to shore, that bent and tore at the trees along the banks and picked them up and tossed them fantastically ahead of it like chaff. It came faster than a man could run, and as it swept down on them the gorge filled and echoed with its roar.

For an instant Renny stood transfixed.

Then he whirled. "Quick!" he cried, seizing the girl's arm. "That bank! It's our only chance!"

Splashing and scrambling, Renny half dragging her over rocks and through pools, they made for a cleft in the ledges where silt and gravel had packed in to form a narrow, curling bank. It was twice as high as a man's head. It was almost as sheer as the rock walls that bound it. But, as Renny's desperately searching eyes had seen, it was the only possible way out.

They reached it just ahead of the flood.

Renny pushed the girl up. She clutched the roots of a tree and scrambled to safety. Renny flung the rods after her and leaped.

As he grabbed a trailing root, the wall of water caught him.

He felt himself tossed up and out. A stinging pain shot through his left shoulder. The arm went limp. But the fingers of his right hand twined about the root and hung grimly on.

He got his head, somehow, out of water and saw that he was not more than two feet below the top of the bank. The flood, however, racing down the gorge, was holding him straight out, like a flag in the wind, and he dared not shift that precarious grip an instant.

The girl, on her knees, was waiting to give him a hand up, her face strained and anxious.

"I can't make it," he said. "Left arm's gone—log hit me, I guess. You go to Davidson's, just below here. I remember this place—wood road runs into his back pasture. Get help. I'll—" The river lifted in a great swell, like a gigantic sigh, and Renny's head went under again. He fought back and spat the water out—"I'll—I'll wait here. Hurry!" he gasped, with a queer, twisting smile.

The girl's white face bent down toward him. She reached over in an effort to grasp his collar, and the edge of the bank let go. She saved herself only by a desperate clutch at an overhanging branch.

Renny watched her in an agony of suspense, as she pulled herself back. "You can't do it!" he cried. "You couldn't hold me—not against this current. We'd both be swept away. Do as I say—go to Davidson's!"

She seemed to study the situation an instant. Then she sat down. He could see her head and shoulders bobbing over the top of the bank. Turning, she crawled forward on her stomach. In one hand she held her stockings, tied together.

Reaching down, she fastened one end of this improvised rope about his wrist, the other end to the root to which he was clinging.

She crawled back and stood up. "I won't be long!" And was gone.

A SICKENING void filled Renny's soul. There was a roaring in his ears. Muddy water splashed in his nose, mouth, eyes. All the debris of destruction went swirling by—logs; planks; part of a bridge, a hen coop, hens perched on top squawking out their terror; the carcass of a cow.

The river lifted again. On the new crest a great uprooted tree bore down on him, its branches sweeping across the flood like a huge broom. Renny watched it, fascinated. It swept by without touching him, and he breathed once more. His creel, whipping back and forth in the current, tugged at his neck like a dog on a leash. The top worked open and the trout went floating away, bellies up and gleaming strangely white against the yellow of the flood.

Then the rain came. Out of great swirling masses of black cloud. With it, lightning. A vivid, continuous incandescence that half blinded him. Crash on crash of thunder, tearing and ripping the valley.

The river, swelling to this fresh deluge, plucked at him, jerking him back and forth. Sucking about his shoulders, it laid eager fingers along his back, as though it would tear him each instant from that slender hand hold; and eddied away, hissing, from his feet.

How long could he hold on? Not much longer, he knew. His fingers were growing numb. He watched them curiously, impersonally, almost as if they didn't belong to him. They would open a little and tighten again spasmodically, as though obeying some impulse of their own. He observed this phenomenon with a sort of benumbed curiosity. Everything was growing so dark! Then, intermittently, as light flashed again into his consciousness, he found himself gazing at those fingers. They assumed enormous, Gargantuan, proportions. They became, absolutely, the most important things he had ever known. Oddly enough, he never thought of the crude rope about his wrist.

Suddenly, the fingers let go!

He was quite taken by surprise and his brain registered a feebly querulous protest. It was rather indecently abrupt of them.

As they untwined, Renny's head went under. He felt the sag back into the current, and wondered vaguely, and without particular interest, how many rocks he would strike going down the gorge.

Then his head came up again.

He saw that he was still anchored to the root.

This unexpected development startled him to his senses for an instant. He gazed fearfully. It was very puzzling, for there was certainly no hand there . . .

And then it came to him . . .

Renny opened his mouth and laughed and laughed and laughed! Knots! Knots! Look at 'em! Square knots! . . .

A great swirling dirty-brown wave sneaked in under the bank, and everything went black.

Renny was dimly conscious of faces and voices, and hands dragging him up the bank. He thought he heard a girl's voice saying something about his arm. He sensed in a vague, detached way that he was being

wrapped in a robe and bundled into a motor car. He remembered muttering something incoherent to a young woman standing at the running-board. And knew nothing more until he found himself blinking into a golden glow of sunshine.

Renny's first thought was that perhaps he was in heaven.

Perceiving, however, that he was lying between sheets with his head on a pillow and not on a cloud, he decided that this was not possible; and opened his eyes wide. In front of him were familiar bedposts and beyond them an opened window through which the sun was streaming. At one side a figure was stooped over a tray from which arose a tiny thread of steam. The pleasant aroma of hot coffee greeted his nostrils.

Renny stared and turned over, the better to apprehend this mystery. As he did so, pain pricked his left shoulder.

Ah! Memory came marching back.

He glanced down. His left arm was strapped tightly to his side.

"Timmins!"

"Yes, sir!" The figure wheeled and a wide grin divided the rubicund countenance. "Oh! So you're awake, sir—"

"Of course I'm awake. What on earth are you doing there?"

Timmins grinned more broadly. "Acting as your valet—getting your breakfast ready, sir."

Renny lay back, pondering this.

"How do you feel, sir?" went on his servitor, making a cheerful rattle with a cup and saucer.

"Shaky, Timmins, shaky."

"Yes, indeed, of course. But you'll feel better, sir, when you've taken nourishment." "Then why the devil don't you push some over here?" said Renny impatiently. "What are you so long about?"

"Only waiting for the eggs to boil, sir. There you are, sir. Will you wash first?"

"Wash!" Renny's features twisted into an expression of abhorrence. "No. I've had all the water I want for a long time. I'm hungry."

"Very good, sir."

Timmins helped his master to sit up and propped another pillow behind him. Then he moved the tray over and set it down on Renny's lap. "Soft-boiled eggs, sir, toast and coffee, and a little jam if you like. The doctor said you'd best not eat too hearty, sir."

"Doctor?" Renny put down his coffee cup. "Doctor! What doctor?"

"Why, the hotel physician, sir. Don't you remember? He fixed your arm when you got back—it was only a muscle bruise, he said—and then we put you to bed. The doctor gave you a powder and you fell asleep just like a baby, sir." Timmins beamed at the recollection. "He said you'd be all right in a day or two, sir."

"I see." Renny munched a piece of toast. "Timmins, it was a pretty close call, eh?"

Timmins nodded gravely. "Very close call indeed, sir, I'd say. If it hadn't a-been for the young lady—"

"I'd have been swept down that gorge, Timmins."

"Without a doubt, sir."

"And in that event, Timmins, I shouldn't be here now."

"If you please, sir, I'd rather not think about it."

"M-m." Renny munched silently for several moments. Then he said, "Did you bring me down?"

"Yes, sir. You see, I'd driven up early thinking you'd not be fishing as late as you'd expected, on account of the storm, and I was standing in the garage talking with some of Davidson's men, when the young lady came running out of the woods. We were all tremendously startled, sir, and—"

"The young lady, Timmins, was she all right? I don't seem perfectly clear as to just what happened."

"Oh, yes indeed, sir," answered Timmins, appearing a little aggrieved at being stopped in the full flow of his narrative. "Outside of being drenched with the rain—as we all were, sir—she was as spry and chipper as a cricket."

Continued on page 50

I WANT YOU

TO KNOW WHY I

SELL FRIGIDAIRE *



* This is a personal message and an actual photograph of a well-known Frigidaire dealer. His name and that of the dealer nearest you will be supplied upon request.

here's why

I'VE been selling Frigidaire for a good many years now, and believe me, Frigidaire is a product I'm *proud* to sell! And the reasons why I chose this General Motors product *to sell* are mighty good reasons why you should choose it *to buy*. Because the *extra value* that makes it sell easily makes it worth more to you.

Take, for instance, these new Moraine Model Frigidaires that the new Canadian Frigidaire factory is turning out. They're offered at the lowest prices at which I've ever been able to sell a Frigidaire electric refrigerator. Yet they've got superiorities of design that you can't get in any other electric refrigerator at *any* price.

Compact cabinet design! Engineers have perfected a new type of refrigerator insulation that possesses unusual insulating qualities, yet occupies less space. That's why these new Frigidaires take up much less room in the kitchen.

Of course, the big reason I became a Frigidaire dealer was because Frigidaire leads, and always has led, in the refrigeration field. Giant company behind it. Great engineering facilities. Long exper-

ience. A *safe* refrigerator to sell and buy. And Frigidaire has more than lived up to my expectations. Look at some of the Frigidaire features: *two-cylinder* surplus-powered compressors in every model to ensure dependable refrigeration on hottest days; the famous Cold Control for faster freezing of ice cubes and the making of unusual frozen desserts; roomier cabinets with elevated front-to-back, bar-type shelves; patented self-sealing ice trays; beautiful cabinets of gleaming white finish.

And I could go on telling you *many* reasons why Frigidaire is the world's leading refrigeration value today—many reasons why I chose it from amongst *many* electric refrigerators as the one I could safely sell to my best friends.

★ ★ ★

On behalf of the Frigidaire dealer in your community, we invite you to stop in and see the new Canadian-made models that are now on display. Your dealer will be pleased to show them to you, to explain the unusual features that insure extra value and extra satisfaction.

FRIGIDAIRE

Moraine MODEL

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

FACTORY AND OFFICES: 35 FRASER AVE., TORONTO

Frigidaire is also the largest manufacturer of commercial refrigeration equipment . . . to meet the specific needs of Stores, Apartments, Restaurants, Hotels and Institutions . . . Water Coolers . . . Ice Cream Cabinets . . . Milk Cooling Equipment . . . Air Conditioners.

AMAZING FOOD VALUE

*To-day's thrift dinner
with*

HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI

57¢ serves this delicious dinner for 4

HEINZ COOKED SPAGHETTI
BACON PEAS
BRAN MUFFINS and BUTTER
CUP CUSTARD TEA



YOU can place a generous, well balanced meal for four on your table—with Heinz Cooked Spaghetti—for just 57c. Thrifty but nourishing!

Heinz Spaghetti is cooked to a melting tenderness in a savoury sauce of fresh tomatoes, special cheese and rich cream. The recipe is one that came from a famous Italian chef. Heinz Cooked Spaghetti deserves a frequent and regular place on your luncheon and dinner menus. A real, tasty treat. A meal in itself!

Extra flavour and extra quality are cooked and sealed into every tin—in the true Heinz fashion. Order a supply of Heinz Cooked Spaghetti today—convenient sizes—very reasonably priced.

Made by Heinz, Leamington, Ont. Estab. 1909

ONE
OF THE
57

HEINZ

COOKED SPAGHETTI

READY TO SERVE

Your Electric Refrigerator

Continued from page 22

receive the preference in location. Salad greens keep best in the compact covered container available for the purpose, for if they are crisp they retain their freshness and, even if wilted, they revive surprisingly.

Make the fullest use of your refrigerator in the planning of menus and the preparation of appetizing meals. All sorts of delightful dishes which were unheard of a few years ago are now quite familiar and very welcome on our tables. All sorts of short-cuts in cookery are possible. For instance, you can prepare the dough for pastry, rolls, biscuits, cookies and so forth, days ahead and keep it chilled until required. Then, it is the work of only a few moments to prepare it for the oven, and your dish is ready in no time. Other foods may be made in quantities and stored there—sugar, syrup, fruit, coffee and cocoa, syrups for sauces and a variety of other uses. Dishes for every course may be made up in advance—gelatine salads, entrées and desserts, meat and fish loaves, tomato cocktail, salad dressing, ice box cakes and other cold puddings, fruit cups, and an endless number of others popular in the three meals a day.

Refrigerator desserts, frozen or merely chilled, have become so important and so well liked that, in our next article, we shall give you some useful hints on their preparation and offer you delicious recipes for this course.

With our electric refrigerator keeping us supplied with ice cubes, we can have any time frosty, thirst-quenching drinks so much appreciated at this season. The cubes tinkle merrily in our glasses and how cool and delightful they look! They can be most attractive with a little added decoration—a cherry, a seeded grape, a sliver of lemon peel, a sprig of mint imprisoned in the centre to make a bright spot of color. To do this, fill the squares one third full of water, freeze not too solidly, then put in the fruit or green leaves and add a little more water, let freeze, then fill the trays with water and freeze again. Colored ice cubes may be made by adding to the water enough pure food coloring to give the desired tint. Stir well and pour into the freezing tray. Rather tart, strongly flavored fruit juices may be frozen in cubes and used in summer beverages. Rubber trays make it easy to remove one cube or a dozen whenever you want them.

Some machines have a dish or container for storing a supply of ice cubes or frozen foods which require extra low temperature. The device for regulating and controlling the temperature in the freezing compartment is a convenience when making ice cubes and frozen dishes of all sorts. It is simply adjusted and responds at once. It should ordinarily be set at the point which keeps the temperature of the cabinet below 50 degrees Fahr., but not lower than 38 degrees Fahr. This device is standard equipment on most of the newer machines.

The electric refrigerator is, decidedly, a convenience—almost a necessity—and a constant source of satisfaction to the housekeeper who takes the proper care of it and uses it to the fullest advantage. It keeps food safe, lessens work, saves money, and helps you serve more appetizing meals.

Stuffed Eggs in Tomato Jelly

- 1 1/4 Tablespoonfuls of gelatine
- 1/4 Cupful of cold water
- 2 Cupfuls of tomato juice
- 1 Teaspoonful of sugar
- 1 Tablespoonful of vinegar
- 3/8 Teaspoonful of salt
- 6 Eggs (hard cooked)
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of mustard
- 1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice
- 4 Stuffed olives

Soak the gelatine in the cold water and dissolve in the hot tomato juice. Add the sugar, vinegar and salt and allow to chill. Split the hard-cooked eggs, remove the

yolks, mash and mix with the mustard, lemon juice, and the stuffed olives which have been chopped very finely. Refill the whites. When the jelly begins to thicken, pour half of it into wet molds. Add the stuffed eggs and chill until the jelly is set. Then add the remainder of the jelly and place again in the refrigerator to set and chill thoroughly. Unmold and serve on lettuce with mayonnaise. Serves six.

Lamb and Pineapple Mold

- 1 1/2 Cupfuls of cold cooked lamb
- 3 Slices of canned pineapple
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of gelatine
- 1 Cupful of cold water
- 1 1/2 Cupfuls of boiling water
- 1/2 Cupful of pineapple juice
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1/2 Cupful of sugar
- 1/2 Cupful of mild vinegar

Use left-over lamb roast and cut it into small uniform pieces. Cut the pineapple into small cubes. Soak the gelatine in the cold water and dissolve it in the boiling water. Add the sugar and salt and stir until dissolved. Add the vinegar and fruit juice and chill the mixture until it begins to set. Then fold in the meat and pineapple and turn into a cold wet mold. Chill in the electric refrigerator until firm and cold. Serve unmolded with a garnish of fresh mint leaves.

Jellied Vegetable Salad

- 1 Package of lemon jelly powder
- 2 Cupfuls of boiling water
- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Tablespoonful of vinegar
- 1 1/2 Cupfuls of chopped cucumber
- 1 Cupful of chopped green onions
- 1/2 Cupful of grated raw carrot
- 1/2 Cupful of chopped celery

Dissolve the jelly powder in the boiling water, add the salt and vinegar and a few drops of green food coloring if desired. Allow to cool and thicken slightly, then add the prepared vegetables and turn into chilled individual molds or one large mold. Leave in the refrigerator overnight to set, and chill and serve unmolded on lettuce with a garnish of radishes and mayonnaise. Six servings.

Pinechell Ice Box Cookies

- 1/2 Cupful of butter
- 1 Cupful of granulated sugar
- 1 Egg
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of milk
- 2 Cupfuls of sifted pastry flour
- 1/2 Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- 1 Teaspoonful of vanilla
- 1 Square of unsweetened chocolate

Cream the butter, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming. Beat the eggs, add the milk and combine with the creamed mixture. Add the flour, salt and baking powder which have been sifted together, and mix until thoroughly combined. Divide the dough into two equal portions. Into one half mix the melted chocolate. Roll out one-half of the chocolate dough into a rectangular sheet about one-half inch thick. Over this place one half of the white dough which has been rolled and patted to the same size. Beginning at the end, roll up like a jelly roll. Make another roll of the remaining parts of the dough but put the white on the bottom. Wrap the rolls in waxed paper and place in the refrigerator. Leave overnight and, when thoroughly chilled, slice very thinly with a sharp knife and bake on a greased baking sheet in a moderate oven, 350 degrees Fahr., for ten to twelve minutes.

Chiffonade Salad

The success of this salad depends on having all of the ingredients crisp and thoroughly chilled. Wash thoroughly a

the front support to drive. An anxious crease in her white forehead, and her lips tight. Nervous, Meron surmised, looking down at the black backs of the horses and seeing Shanlan roll a scornful eye over his shoulder. Once she drove over a coil of hay and nearly upset, so that Kenneth had to take the horses by the bridle, and at the next turn Meron took the reins. Elspeth bit her lip and was silent.

When the load was high, Kenneth scrambled up and drove to the barn. Meron and Elspeth lay half buried in the fragrant hay, while the sun poured warmly down and the winds blew fresh over them.

Meron laughed with pure animal delight, and Kenneth turned to her:

"What a fine farmer you'll be at Alastair Ban's!"

And Meron, for an instant, was on the point of telling him, "Not at Alastair's but at Donald Breac's," then refrained. She would tell him at noon, and watch his face.

Kenneth backed in on the barn floor. And Elspeth and Meron climbed up to the mow. Only five long steps on a firm ladder, but Meron noticed Elspeth close her eyes at the top and climb hastily over. Her lip curled. A fine mate for Kenneth, she thought.

Little golden pencils of sunlight slanted in from cracks and knot-holes in the wall.

Then, with the last forkful up, Kenneth swung over the edge of the mow and set about tramping down the loosely placed hay. And Meron gathered her skirts about her knees and marched up and down and across, planting her feet vigorously. Little drops of perspiration came out on her straight, white nose, her black hair was damp and curly, and her breast heaved beneath the tight grey homespun. And she laughed up at Kenneth beside her in the glamorous golden dusk. She hardly saw Elspeth, who sat on a beam, fanning herself. Her red, childish mouth drooped at the corners, and she leaned against the wall.



IN THIS ISSUE--- Grace B. Campbell

THE author of this picturesque love story "The Charm," is Grace B. Campbell of Mountain, Ontario.

Mrs. Campbell is a minister's wife. She is the mother of three sons—two of them twins—and she loves to find time, somehow to write.

She was born in Glengarry, and is a graduate of Queen's University. During the war she taught for three years, and when her soldier came home, married him, and has since lived in Saskatchewan, Northern Quebec, and Montreal.

When Mrs. Campbell was first married, three or four short stories were published. Then the twin sons and their brother postponed all literary work. However about three years ago literary ambition revived, and she has written a number of distinctive stories.

"That's right, dear," approved Kenneth as he passed. "Don't get tired." Then, "I'm going over to the other mow. You might as well wait on the wagon, Elspeth. You, too, Meron, if you like."

He ran lightly across the square, high beam that connected with the other mow. And as surely as himself, as straight and as fearless, Meron followed him.

Then turned. And all the pride and turbulence of her nature, and all the humiliation and hurt of the past twelve-month that had to be appeased, were in the flaunting insolence of her face and figure as she leaned against a post and looked at Elspeth hesitating on the other side. As clearly as if she had spoken, she dared her to walk the beam and told her derisively that she could not.

Elspeth flushed a sudden crimson, then hastily she gathered up her skirts and stepped out. Three, four uncertain steps, then flinging wide her arms, with a desolate cry she fell heavily to the floor and lay still.

For a convulsive moment Meron stood stiff with sudden horror, then felt herself flung violently aside as Kenneth threw himself over the edge of the mow and was at Elspeth's side. Meron slipped down after him, a coldness at her heart.

Kenneth had lifted Elspeth, but her white face lay limply against his shoulder. Breathing heavily, he laid her down again, and felt tenderly at the back of her head.

"Get something. Get water," he flung at Meron.

And she flew to the house and came back with a dipper.

Kenneth raised a haggard face as he took it. "She hit her head on that iron brace," he explained in a stiff agonized voice, and went on bathing her face.

Meron took her hands and chafed them, and her wrists. And would have prayed if she felt she had the right.

Suddenly there was a twitch in the hand she held, and the white eyelids flickered for a moment, then opened wide. And Elspeth looked with a clear, childlike gaze up at Kenneth.

"Elspeth," he cried chokingly. "You're not hurt?"

She moved herself experimentally. "I think not," she sighed. "Just my head."

He slipped an arm beneath her, and gathering her close, he rose and walked off toward the house.

Meron stood at the barn door and watched them go, Elspeth's yellow hair spilling over his shoulder and his black head bent over her.

And in his very gesture, that gesture of fiercely protective tenderness, and in Elspeth's trustful surrender to it, it came to Meron for the first time what marriage was.

Inviolate intimacy. "They twain shall be one flesh." "Whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder."

A great loneliness washed over her spirit as she stood there alone, but with it came a new understanding.

"Keep a straight road to your feet, and walk proudly on it," her grandmother had said. Proudly, not arrogantly, nor vain-gloriously, nor ruthlessly. But with a high heart and an inner steadfastness. And that inner steadfastness was of the essential stuff of life, more even than love.

Meron sighed deeply, and very slowly she followed them to the house.

EARLY in the afternoon she came and sat by Elspeth at the window.

"Think you, were you hurt?" she enquired gravely.

"No. Only stunned."

The two looked clearly into each other's eyes for a pellucid moment.

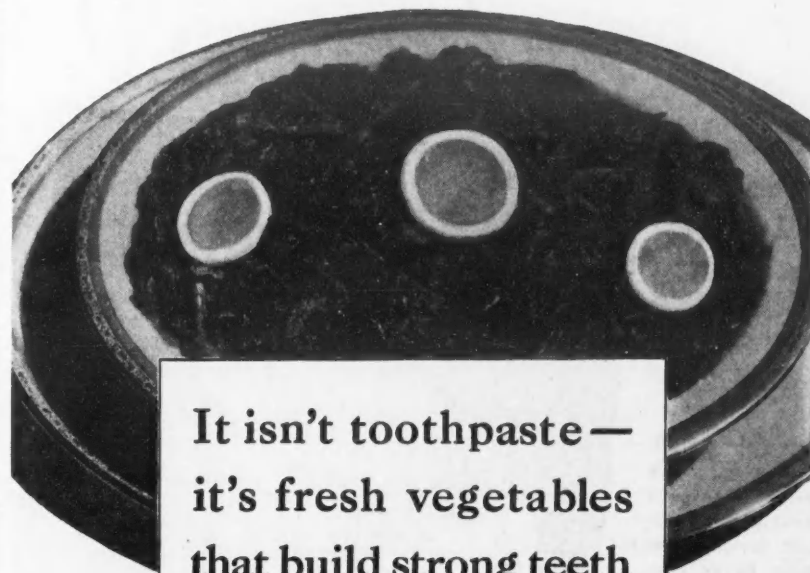
"Then I'm away to Alastair Munro's," said Meron.

"Kenneth will take you."

"No." She slipped her hand into her bosom and flung a silver chain over her head. Her fingers closed strongly, caressingly, on the smooth moss agate surface. Then, "It's an old charm. If you keep it by you, you'll aye have love."

She looked soberly, relinquishingly at it, then bent and laid it on Elspeth's knee.

We say it's Spinach!



It isn't toothpaste —
it's fresh vegetables
that build strong teeth

... but Pepsodent helps preserve them with this modern safety factor

TO build strong, hard teeth is the purpose of right diet. You must eat foods rich in essential minerals and in vitamins. But building teeth is only half! You must *preserve* teeth too. That is done by removing destructive film each day. To *preserve* teeth Pepsodent Toothpaste was especially developed.

Remove film from teeth

Film is the greatest single enemy of teeth. Film covers teeth with a gelatin-like coating. In it are germs glued against enamel... producing acids that dissolve the enamel, penetrate the tooth and finally reach the nerve.

Film absorbs the stain from food and smoking—and ruins the most charming smile. Film clings stubbornly to teeth—sticks so defiantly that toothpaste manufacturers have spent years in seeking the ideal material to remove it. Now Pepsodent has found it! A revolutionary cleansing and polishing material entirely new and different.

New safety for teeth

This new material removes film quickly and effectively. As it removes film-coats it polishes enamel to high brilliance.

Amos'n'Andy are brought to you
by Pepsodent every night except
Sunday over N. B. C. network

Above all, this cleansing and polishing material is *safe*—absolutely safe—and twice as *soft* as those in common use.

Eat the right foods. Use Pepsodent toothpaste. And one thing more: See your dentist periodically. For no toothpaste can truthfully guarantee immunity against diseases which only your dentist knows how to treat and overcome.

These are the 3 rules modern science lays down for lovely, healthy teeth. Observe them faithfully.



Film is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay... to cause unsightly discolorations on enamel. It must be removed twice daily.

USE PEPSODENT TWICE A DAY—
SEE YOUR DENTIST AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR



Give your Teeth this New Beauty Treatment

BEGIN to-day the Baking Soda way. Pour a little Cow Brand Baking Soda into your hand and pick up with the moistened brush. Brush the teeth briskly and after a few days consult your mirror—you'll marvel at the new beauty and brilliance of your teeth.

And this new way of beautifying teeth is so economical, for Cow Brand Baking Soda costs but a few cents a package. Keep a supply handy in the bath-room.

★ Delicious Biscuits from Sour Milk and Baking Soda



If you want biscuits that are light and digestible, try the Cow Brand Baking Soda recipe for good old-fashioned sour milk and soda biscuits. This is only one of the many delicious recipes given in the free booklet offered below. Send for it.



Cow Brand Baking Soda is pure Bicarbonate of Soda and is equally good for medicinal and cooking uses.

Send for these free booklets

CHURCH & DWIGHT LIMITED
2715 Reading Street Montreal, Que.

Please send me free booklets describing the medicinal and cooking uses of Cow Brand Baking Soda

NAME

ADDRESS

U3 PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS 26

collection of any greens in season—lettuce, endive, chicory, parsley, pepper grass, watercress—and place in the covered dish of the electric refrigerator to crisp. Arrange some of each lightly on each cold salad plate, and add if desired a little chopped cucumber and some small pieces of tomato. Serve at once with a well seasoned chilled French dressing. The following is very suitable:

Vinaigrette Dressing

- 1 Teaspoonful of salt
- White pepper
- 1/4 Teaspoonful of paprika
- 1 1/2 Tablespoonfuls of tarragon or malt vinegar
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of cider vinegar
- 1/2 Cupful of salad oil
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped sour pickles
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped parsley
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped green pepper
- 1 Tablespoonful of chopped onion or chives

The Charm

Continued from page 11

came lilting, teasing, cajoling, demanding. "There Grows a Bonnie Brier Bush."

Meron's lips set tight, but in spite of her, curved into a smile. Kenneth's face was turned laughingly to her. And suddenly she gave herself over to the music and to him.

Truly, sturdily, her rich throaty contralto gave them the whimsical old song of the kailyard courtship. And Meron felt her whole nature expanding, breaking down the restraints and the disappointments of the months, flowing out warm and strong and free.

Buttered scones and tea, and Elspeth's hospitality—tame and thin beside the fine, barbaric splendor of rich old tales and mighty songs. Meron went to her room that night with a high heart.

Life flowed too potently in her veins for sleep. She leaned at the open window and looked out at the great, drowning blackness of the night. And thoughts rose tumultuously to the surface of her mind. She would go in the morning not to Alastair Munro's but to the next farm. And she would be seeing Kenneth. And he would hear her rich voice again and see her young strong beauty. Triumph ran headily through her veins. Had she not stirred him while she sang?

She caught up the moss agate and looked searchingly at it.

A strong charm, was it? Then, sooner or later . . . Suddenly it came to her, was the charm at work even now? Leading her to Donald Breac's and eventually to Kenneth. As for Elspeth, could she help what might happen her? People died sometimes, did they not? And could one be blamed for wishing strongly? She pressed the moss agate against the warm flesh of her bosom.

She started at a step outside the door. It was Elspeth with a basin of warm water. "For your blister," she explained. "Let me help you."

Meron flushed slowly but drew off her stocking, and Elspeth made little clucking sounds of sympathy as she applied salve and a bandage. And after a little housewifely survey of the room, she smiled her good night and, candle in hand, shut the door behind her.

For a long moment Meron sat on the edge of the bed, her face a blank. Then, sighing grimly, she undressed and slipping her body between the cool, homespun linen sheets, she was immediately, healthily asleep.

MORNING broke like an anthem. Great white clouds swept and tumbled about the clean blue sky, and the wind played a high song in the tall pines on the hillside. It was a curiously live day and Meron felt its tingle in every nerve.

But old Alan was sick, a lameness in the back and shoulder.

"He's eighty," explained Elspeth, prepar-

Mix the seasonings, vinegars and oil and beat or shake vigorously until thoroughly blended. Add the remaining ingredients which should be chopped very fine, and chill thoroughly. Shake again before serving.

Fruit Juice Cocktail

- 2 Cupfuls of orange juice
- 1 Cupful of grapefruit juice
- 1 Cupful of pineapple juice
- Sugar syrup if desired

Combine the strained fruit juices and sweeten to taste with sugar syrup. Chill in the refrigerator and serve with rhubarb ice cubes. Cook red rhubarb in water until very soft, sweeten slightly and strain. Add red food coloring to obtain a deep red shade and pour into the ice cube tray of the electric refrigerator. Freeze solid. Grape juice may be diluted with water and frozen in the same way.

To make sugar syrup, boil together two cupfuls of sugar and two cupfuls of water for ten minutes. Cool, bottle and keep in the refrigerator for use as needed.

Make This Slip To Emphasize Slender Lines



BOILFAST
50 YARDS
COLORS

Here is a slip made to emphasize the graceful lines of your slimmest and most closely fitting evening gown. Make it of Crepe de Chine or Satin, plain or with lace edging. Use J. & P. Coats' Spool Silk to make a fine even seam with stitches barely noticeable.

With J. & P. Coats' Spool Silk any woman can make lovely and serviceable garments such as lingerie, negligees, dresses and pajamas. This fine thread makes sewing easy because it slips through the fabric without knotting or pulling. Over 100 BOILFAST SHADES enable you to match any material. J. & P. Coats' Silk Thread comes in the handy 50-yard spools at your favourite store.

Illustrated:
Butterick Pattern No. 4137.

J. & P. Coats' SPOOL SILK

MADE IN CANADA BY
THE CANADIAN SPOOL COTTON CO.,
MONTREAL

Makers of Coats' and Clark's Spool Cotton



You can buy delightful beauty kits for travelling equipped with preparations especially suited to your own particular skin. This is Helena Rubinstein's Bon Voyage beauty box.

Let Your Holiday Dreams Come True

Continued from page 24

without rouge and lipstick. In that event, you will simply need the sunburn oil, protective foundation cream, and powder. But if you are going to a place where appearance counts for a great deal of enjoyment, and you suffer from "shiny nose," then by all means include one of those inspired nose-shine lotions, for you'll be sure to need it in the heat of a summer's day. For excessive oiliness there are extra effective astringents that will prevent that uneasy feeling when you tee off or serve your first ball.

A hand lotion is a most important item to take away with you. It is not only soothing and softening for the hands and arms, but it can be used as a very effective powder foundation to protect the skin from exposure to sun and wind.

Then, in addition, you will require a complete home manicure set to keep your nails from going completely *au naturel*. For Nature can do some disastrous things to your appearance if you'll let her. And don't forget a depilatory or shaving set, and a deodorant—most important if you would always be certain of your charm.

Incidentally, I ran across a new type of deodorant the other day, and immediately I made a special note of it as a travel aid. It is small enough to put in the hand bag, and it can be used without any fuss and bother at any time, even after using a depilatory or shaving.

If you are travelling far, you will find an eye lotion will prove a wonderfully soothing nightcap for your dust-filled eyes. There are many delightful ones sold. Or the good, old-fashioned boracic solution is an excellent though clumsy travelling companion. For the train or automobile trip, when washing is such an awkward affair, you will find it very convenient to carry a liquid cleanser in your purse. A well-known make now comes in a small flask especially for this purpose.

If you are going to a summer resort and want to look well groomed all the time, even when the sun and wind are trying to do their worst with your hair, take along some brilliantine. It will not only help to keep your hair smoothly in place, but will afford some protection from the strong, drying rays of the sun and give the hair an added lustre.

If you are the possessor of one of those skins which seem to pick up a freckle for every sun ray that filters through to it, you'd be wiser to decide against tanning, and concentrate on protecting your skin with protective creams and powders instead. If you can get hold of some buttermilk, make a practice of bathing your face and neck in it each night—and your arms, too, if they freckle. It is a mild but effective bleach. One part of strained lemon juice to two parts of rosewater is another effective home-made bleach, if you cannot get buttermilk. And, of course, handier than either of these

are the specially prepared bleaches you can buy.

Many women use coconut oil to help their skins acquire a gentle, even tan, and it is most economical to have. Apply to your face, neck, back, shoulders and arms, and wipe off the surplus grease. There need be no occasion to go forth looking like an advertisement for sun-tan caution. Use just sufficient oil to form a smooth foundation for a powder finish. When you come in from the beach—and need I caution you not to stay out too long the first few times?—allow your skin to cool somewhat before removing with warm water and a mild, bland soap, and rinsing with lukewarm water. Afterwards, pat on a mild skin tonic, and you'll be well on the way to achieving the glory of a healthy, golden tan.

Your Beauty Questions

WHAT troubles me most is that my eyebrows grow in one straight line. They do not arch and I look as if I had been born with a frown on my face. Would you advise me to pluck them into shape? If once I pluck my eyebrows, can I let them grow in or do I have to keep on with the plucking?

Now for my hair. I can do nothing with it the first day after washing, and then, just when my hair begins to settle down into a wave, it is time for washing it again. It looks greasy and dirty three or four days after washing, which I do every nine or ten days. I am eighteen years old.

I have a queer skin. If I use one cream for about three weeks, then my face begins to break out, so you see I have to keep changing my cream, and it's beginning to get on my nerves. Can you help me?

IF YOU had sent me your name and address I would have been glad to write you personally concerning your problems. Considerable time must always elapse before answers can appear in the magazine, but I hope that the advice I am giving you will prove helpful.

I do not in the ordinary way advise plucking the eyebrows, but in your case this is really the most satisfactory thing you could do, unless you had the hairs removed by the electric needle process. When you tweeze those hairs across the bridge of the nose be certain to pull them out the same way they grow, so that they won't grow back in all directions. For they will come back, and you will have to keep after them with the tweezers as soon as one appears, unless you want them to grow back again. Dab the skin with peroxide after you have plucked the hairs out; it acts as an antiseptic.

The condition of your hair and that of your skin leads me to believe that your

• Just 35¢
would have saved
her very best DRESS...
and her very best BEAU



"One thing I've learned. It doesn't pay to take chances with underarm perspiration."

"A practically new dress—a darling—hopelessly stained and tainted with offensive odor finally woke me up. And I realized how nearly I'd lost Jim! But *that* worry is over. I need never take chances again—with any of my dresses—or with Jim. All thanks to Odorono."

You may be unconsciously guilty of underarm odor. That's the treacherous thing about perspiration in the confined armpit area. It cannot escape, as it does from other parts of the body. The result—unpleasant odor and spoiled dresses!

Odorono is a physician's formula that safely and surely prevents underarm perspiration and odor. Soap and water can't do it. Only a liquid can



prevent it. Odorono is a non-greasy preparation that harmlessly diverts this needless perspiration to other parts of the body where it escapes unnoticed.

Use either the familiar ruby-colored Odorono Regular or the colorless Instant Odorono. Both now come with the exclusive Odorono sanitary applicator attached to the bakelite cap. The three sizes are 35c, 60c and \$1.

I want...

Instant Odorono to use when I'm dressing in a hurry. It's so convenient, so quickly effective, so dependable.

I want...

Regular Odorono because it gives me complete protection for as long as 7 days. It has the applicator now, too.



**ODORONO
REGULAR**

(ruby-colored) is for use before retiring—it gives 3 to 7 days' complete protection.



**INSTANT
ODORONO**

(colorless) may be used any time at all—gives 1 to 3 days' complete protection.

RUTH MILLER, THE ODORONO CO., Inc.
Dept. 7-22, P.O. Box 2320, Montreal.

I enclose 10c. Please send me samples of Odorono Regular, Instant Odorono and Deodorant Crème Odorono.

Name
Address
City Prov.

ODO • RO • NO
MADE IN CANADA

Which star is 19... which is 39?

Joyce Compton

This 19-year-old screen star says: "I could never hope to look lovelier than Billie Burke does right now."



Billie Burke

"I am 39," says this radiantly lovely star. "To keep youthful charm you must guard complexion beauty. I use Lux Toilet Soap."



Screen stars know the secret of keeping youthful charm

ONE gloriously lovely at 19—the other radiantly beautiful at 39! Who could tell which is which? Years do not rob the stars. They keep youthful charm.

"I don't see why any woman should look her age," says Billie Burke. This radiantly youthful favourite has been dear to Broadway for many years, but who would guess it from this recent photograph! "One must be wise enough to keep the charm of youth right through the years," she says.

"I'm 19," says Joyce Compton. "But no matter what my age, I

could never hope to look lovelier than Billie Burke does right now. What a comfort to know her secret of complexion care!"

How does Billie Burke keep her adorable young charm? "To keep my skin clear and soft," she says, "I use Lux Toilet Soap regularly—and have for years."

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 guard complexion beauty with Lux Toilet Soap. It is the official soap in all the big film studios.

Gentle and so beautifully white that no other soap can rival it, Lux Toilet Soap is excellent for every type of skin. If you are not utterly satisfied with yours, why don't you try this fragrant white soap?

LUX Toilet Soap — 10¢

Lever Brothers Limited, Toronto

Soapmakers by appointment to Their Excellencies the Governor-General and Countess of Bessborough

The General Manager

Continued from page 9

Margaret forced a smile as thin as his own. "We want to know you better." Her heart drummed in her ears like a great drum, the laughter of the dancers sounded far away.

"I appreciate it, but it must have made you lots of work. Say, what can I do to help you?"

The moment rang in Margaret's ears like the bugle call to battle. Then voice and nerve steadied at the command of her strong will.

"Nothing, thanks—oh, but perhaps you wouldn't mind bringing me some fresh water. The dancers are asking for it, and Verna and the boys have deserted me for the moment."

"Sure; glad to oblige. Where's the well?"

"In the milk-house. The water's handy for cooling the milk in hot weather. It's the white building under the windmill; you can't miss it. And pump the water for a few minutes; it comes cooler then."

He went out. Margaret beckoned to the sullen eyes that had watched from across the room.

"Go to the milk-house, Rhea, please, and bring the cream for the coffee."

She watched the slow hands of the clock. Two minutes for the boiling coffee, then she drew it back. But for some time longer she left brewing over the fires of jealousy and reproach and betrayal that other cauldron which she had set boiling; then, with steady hand, she thrust her last pawn upon the board.

She beckoned to Verna May among the dancers.

"Verna May, I must have the cream for this coffee at once. Take a pitcher and go to the milk-house."

"Where's Rod, mother?"

"Why, Rod went to the milk-house, too, for some fresh water. Go softly, Verna May, and surprise him."

VERNA MAY, you're trembling like a leaf. Sit here by the stove. Mrs. Barker, what are we going to do with these girls who will run out from a hot dance into the cold? She interposed her broad figure between the girl and the startled neighbor. Heaven's sake, would the woman never leave off staring?

"Drink this, darling. You're taking cold."

"Oh, mother!"

Margaret's grey eyes met the eyes of her husband, sending a silent message. It was well with the child. His work-hardened fingers touched his daughter's bright hair.

"Honey, never mind. Your old man'll stand by you."

"Oh, daddy!"

Verna May, born of parents who had won a home and prosperity from a wild and unyielding land, gulped hot coffee, stared eye to eye with the interested Mrs. Barker, composed her shivering limbs and rose.

"Mother, I'm all right. I'm going to help you with the serving now. Give me those plates. It was wicked of me to run out of this dear house into the cold . . . And send some one out with Rhea's hat and coat. She's going home with Mister Whitney."

John Lewis turned to his eldest son, wishing to point out to him the moral of the tale. But he discovered that that voiceless personality had seen, followed, understood every detail.

Other times, other manners. Even as that wise king of old who smote his harp to sing the praises of the woman who looked well to the ways of her household, so this young prince of a later day, in slightly different metaphor and metre, raised his voice in song:

"Mother's some great little fixer," he triumphed. "She's our general manager. I'll tell the world!"

He left his male parent transfixed by this unparalleled display of verbosity, and went in and asked Miss Phillips for the supper waltz.

"NO KISS·until you wipe off that PAINT"



"THINK of my husband saying that! And he wasn't joking either. My lips repulsed him just when I was trying to look my prettiest!"

Have you that painted look? Perhaps you have—yet don't even know it! . . . Colors that look pretty by themselves or on other women may be actually revolting on your lips!

Correct this fault at once! Stop taking chances with your good looks! From now on . . . Tangee your lips.

Tangee can't possibly give you that painted look. It isn't paint. It's a marvelous new discovery that changes color on your lips to match your individual complexion. It brings you new beauty.

And it's permanent—won't smear. Its cold cream base soothes and heals your lips.

Get Tangee today at any druggist or cosmetic counter. It costs no more than ordinary lipsticks.

CHEEKS MUSTN'T LOOK PAINTED!



Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee Lipstick does on your lips. It gives the color most becoming to you . . . ends that "painted look". When you get Tangee Lipstick, ask for Tangee Rouge.



TRY TANGEE LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

Send 10¢ for Miracle Make-up Set

PALMERS LIMITED, DEPT. CT7
750 Vitre Street, West, Montreal, Canada

Gentlemen: I enclose 10¢. Please send your miracle make-up set to:

Name _____

Address _____



Illustrative of the interesting make-up achieved by Wynne Gibson, are these photographs of her as a young girl, and a mature woman in "The Strange Case of Clara Deane."

Women Have No Taste!

Continued from page 14

Unless the wisp of rainbow straw was glued to the tiny strip of temple it covered, I frankly cannot conceive how it stayed "put."

Later I asked my wife what, how and why? Rather pityingly she told me it must have been the "new Eugénie Model," and I saw how such a thing could be.

Have you at home that book of condensed horror and vain regret, a family album? If so, dig it out of happy obscurity, and among the thick, gilt-edged pictures, find the one of your great-aunt Amelia in the dress that knocked 'em cold 'way back in the 'sixties.

You will laugh, and probably think how funny women must have looked in the doggyish 'fifties and 'sixties. But put your hand across the faded photograph. Cover up great-aunt Amelia to the chin, and look again.

"Why, it's the image of Dorothy in her new hat!"

Only don't call Dorothy to show her; men have been knifed for less. Let sleeping dogs and silhouettes lie.

Incidentally, unless her eyes are opened by man, woman will remain superbly unconscious of the deplorable spectacle she cuts. She has been a fright of misapplied vanity since she discarded the fig-leaf; and left to her own designs will remain so until she asks a sister angel if her immortal halo is on straight.

NEXT in order of things-that-shouldn't-be comes her frock. I have observed dozens, and each was a slavish copy of the one before. It was a uniformity of shapelessness.

The placing of her waist is apparently the only individuality left to woman when she wriggles into a modern frock, and being her sole privilege it is naturally a stupid one. As a sporting chance, anywhere from the armpits to the knees will do. It must be speculative making up the mind where you'll wear the hips today!

How does she adjust other parts of her anatomy to the rise and fall of the middle? What happens if momentarily she forgets to keep the thumb in line with the seam of the trousers, and the chin well drawn in? And what does she sit down on when her waist is round her neck?

As well as unsightly and senseless, that one prerogative must be embarrassing at times.

SURPRISINGLY nobody laughs. It is a tribute to the philosophy of man, and his aptitude for getting used to almost anything, that he doesn't even smile. What's the use? Justice and vanity are blind.

Where today is the "female form divine" that we used to read and hear about? It cannot possibly be in those misshapen frocks. And it isn't! The answer is simple.

Woman herself is killing it, and soon there won't be any female form left at all.

The Venus de Milo is hopelessly out of date; so dreadfully rounded, plump and curvy, that modern woman shivers at such an old-fashioned idea of beauty.

The aim and object of woman today is the acquisition of a "slim svelte figure." If she is fat, she lives on orange juice, toast and tea, in heroic attempt to get bony and skinny. If she is naturally slim and svelte, she lives on orange juice, toast and tea, to remain bony and skinny. The bonier and skinnier, the more stylish she is. Woman's conception of a pleasing appearance should logically be an animated totem-pole surmounted by a jungle of discolored hair and nondescript hat.

Yet she will go further in her sublime blindness. In all seriousness will she preen herself, and ask husband, father, brother or friend, his opinion of her new hat or frock. Wise in his knowledge of the Eden tree, man forbears to give it. He opens his mouth and shuts his eyes, and tells her the old, old story.

Having been told all she wanted to hear—which might be a bit more but assuredly no less than she already knew about her ravishing appearance, milady proceeds, purring, to her mirror. Consequently, between man and her mirror, woman is left in blissful ignorance of her true appearance, and retains her peculiar idea of a "becoming effect."

Occasionally, away down in the depths of her, she may have doubts as to the suitability of the latest mode to her particular style. But even certainty of it not suiting her would not stop her wearing it. With the fatalism of a Frenchman's *C'est la guerre!*, is her acquiescent "It's the fashion." Individuality must be sunk.

Personally, I don't think she suffers doubts. She simply has no taste. It is extremely difficult to believe the alternative; that women are weak-willed, submissive, slaves, cringing before the arbitrary dictates of the fashion that caricatures them.

Now I am a man. If some fat arbiter of sartorial destiny miles away in London, Paris, or New York, happens to bang his podgy fist on his desk, and boom: "Man next fall shall wear a white polka-dot sailor blouse, short velvet pants and socks, pale-blue shoes with cerise rosettes, and carry a toy ship in his hand,"—do I worry? Do I rush frantically to my tailor and beg to be rigged out like that? No. I have a feeling it will not suit my type of beauty, so being made of stuff too stern to grovel before any fetish of fashion, I stick to my tweeds and brogues and let the rest of the world go by as it will.

That is why the fat arbiters of destiny leave us alone. They are aware of man's inherent good taste. They know he will refuse to make a scarecrow of himself just because he is told to. It is servile woman who keeps the fat arbiters in oysters and

You will win your BEAUTY CONTEST if your skin is lovely!

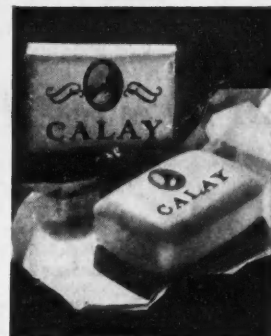
EACH new day enrolls you in another of life's Beauty Contests. People look at you—judge you—compare you with other women they know. If your skin is lovely, you win. Calay can keep your skin soft and immaculate. Get a dozen cakes today!



Men like to serve a pretty girl. This girl is winning her daily Beauty Contest with the help of her soft, clear skin. Let Calay keep your skin exquisite!



Your other beauty aids look smoother—more natural if your skin is clean and fresh beneath. Use mild, safe Calay . . . the Soap of Beautiful Women!



Calay is creamy-white, made of the purest ingredients. Its soft, gentle lather is soothing and refreshing. Delightful for your complexion and your bath.

LOOK at your skin now. Is it fresh as a May morning—or cloudy and rough? You can have a lovely complexion, you know, with Calay's gentle help. For Calay is so pure—so safe—that even the most delicate skin responds to its care. Calay is free of coloring matter—free from drying "chalkiness." Do this twice a day—apply Calay's creamy-white lather with a soft cloth and warm water. Rinse well with cold water. Then your skin will be deeply clean and velvet-smooth, lovelier than you've ever known it. And you'll win each day's Beauty Contest!

CALAY

Made in Canada

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

NEVER LET AN EVENING... OR A DRESS... BE RUINED BY PERSPIRATION

Many times a woman has gone to great trouble to make an impression of dainty loveliness and, when the party was over, come to the bitter realization that perspiration had ruined her appearance and permanently stained her gown.



YOU CAN DEPEND UPON DEW...THE ORIGINAL instant NON-PERSPIRANT

When you dress, remember this instant non-perspirant and deodorant. DEW is applied quickly with the improved, sanitary applicator. It dries quickly. It takes effect immediately. You and your clothes are completely protected from perspiration moisture and stains. • DEW has been the one choice of thousands of women for years because they know it will not irritate a tender skin or injure fragile fabrics when the simple directions are followed. DEW comes to you in a beautiful, new flask for your dressing table. At all drug and department stores.



DEW
CRYSTAL-PURE DEODORANT
INSTANT NON-PERSPIRANT



DEW instantly and completely deodorizes sanitary pads

MARION LAMBERT, INC.
(OF CANADA) LIMITED,
36 CALEDONIA RD., TORONTO.

MARION LAMBERT, INC. (of Canada) Limited,
Dept. N. 30, 36 Caledonia Rd., Toronto.

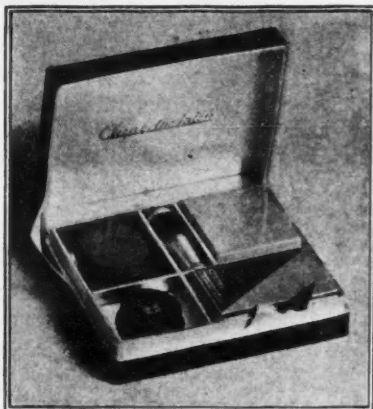
Enclosed is 15c. Please send DEW to:

Name

Full Address

health is not what it should be. I would suggest that you consult a doctor. It may be that you are just a bit run down and need to watch your diet and take a tonic. You can't go far wrong by concentrating on green vegetables and plenty of fresh fruit, whole wheat bread, and salads, with plenty of water between meals.

Shampoo your hair, as you have been doing, every nine or ten days. Later, when it is in better condition you can stretch this to two weeks. Brush it regularly for five minutes night and morning, and massage the scalp also every night. A good hair tonic will help the condition. And for the first day or two, when it is unmanageable, dampen it with a wave-setting lotion. I'm quite sure it isn't the fault of the creams you have been using that your face breaks out. It sounds to me as if you have a mild case of acne, and you should take steps to clear this condition up before you use ordinary creams and make-up. The sort of diet I have mentioned is part of the treatment, and so is exercise and fresh air. Cleanse at night with a pure, mild soap and lukewarm water, using the palms of the hands. Rinse with lukewarm and then with cold water. While the skin is still moist, pat on a very mild skin tonic with some absorbent cotton. Then apply an acne lotion or cream—either one of the excellent commercial products made especially for the purpose, or one that



To renew your complexion en route there are such charming make-up boxes as this one of Elizabeth Arden's

is prescribed by your doctor. Repeat the treatment in the morning. You can use the same cream or lotion as a powder base. Then, when your skin is entirely cleared up, choose a good line of creams and stick to it.

A Vacation Wardrobe

MY QUESTION is not one of the ordinary ones on beauty or clothes, but I am hoping to see it in print, as I am sure it will

help others besides me. I am a working girl and planning to go on a two weeks vacation this July to a girl friend's in Detroit. As I have never travelled much before, I should like to know the necessary clothes and toilet articles to take along. I am eighteen and enjoy the amusements of the ordinary girl of my age.

SINCE you did not give your address, I could not write you personally concerning your question. But I hope that the advice I am going to give you here will help you to plan a most enjoyable trip. Of course, I can give you nothing but the "bare bones" of your prospective wardrobe, because I have no idea how much you want to spend, or what your likes and dislikes are. Many people find that a two- or three-piece ensemble in a dark color is the best thing for summer travelling. It is cool and will emerge fresh and unspotted at the end of what might be a hot, smutty journey. Then you will need a light-weight coat, which you could carry in case you meet with cooler weather, with matching hat. The hat might be chosen to match both coat and ensemble. Kid shoes in black, navy or brown, rather than in patent or suede would be most suitable for the trip. Altogether, you will probably require one pair of general-wear shoes, a pair for afternoon, a pair of evening shoes, and a pair of sandals or light kid shoes. Three pairs of gloves should see you through the fortnight, if you get the washable suede or kid.

A couple of dainty summer frocks, and a sports frock or suit for tennis or golf; two afternoon frocks, one of which might be worn for informal evenings, and one evening frock with wrap should see you through the vacation nicely. Besides the travelling hat, you will need one other hat at least to wear with those summer frocks. You will find that felt is best for packing, or a crushable straw. Whatever you do, don't fall for one of those large, frail picture hats, for they are more bother than they're worth to travel with.

Regarding undies, three sets and a dance set will probably be sufficient, with a couple of slippers. Three pairs of pyjamas, a kimono and slippers will complete the list, and don't forget to place these at the top of your case when you're travelling overnight.

Make or buy a little waterproof bag for your face cloth, soap, comb, tooth brush and tooth paste. It's very handy for the train. Soap and towels will, of course, be provided by your hostess, and so probably will talcum powder and bath salts. Take along your usual toiletries—face powder, creams, lotions, etc., and your brush and comb. And just a final thought which has probably already occurred to you—it's a nice little gesture to take along a gift for your hostess, too.

At the Movies

Continued from page 19

in the new British picture, "The Ghost Train," in which, by the way, he plays with his wife.

"Reserved for Ladies" is another British picture that has won much advance praise. This film features the good-looking Leslie Howard, George Grossmith and Benita Hume, and is a light farce that promises much amusement. Leslie Howard appeared recently in "Prestige" with Ann Harding.

THERE'S genuine entertainment, to my way of thinking, in "The World and the Flesh," with George Bancroft and Miriam Hopkins. This is a story of the Russian revolution; and though there may seem to be too much that is reminiscent of the French Revolution, yet one can forgive that in the ardor of making the film effective. Miriam Hopkins is a Russian actress and dancer, who has worked her way up from humble ranks until she is accepted by the Russian nobility. George Bancroft is the pugnacious leader of a band of sailors, whose hand seems to be against all and sundry.

The story is a routine one, and Miriam Hopkins did not seem to become her rôle as much as she usually does. There is a definite sensation throughout the picture that one is watching something mechanical. But it has the virtue of being a swift-moving tale—the whole plot of the story revolves around one night in the Revolution—and is a satisfactory evening's entertainment.

The same cannot be said for "Letty Lynton," Joan Crawford's latest picture. This is the sort of picture that I find very wearisome. To begin with the whole plot is centred round an incident which has been enthusiastically cut by our censors, with the result that there are emotions and dramatics about something at which one can only guess. The whole basis for this sort of story is unpleasant—that of a wealthy, spoiled young woman who has not led a very pleasant life, who finds herself very much in love—a love that is the "real thing." She must needs murder her old lover; unintentionally, of course, and, through widespread lying is immune from punishment.

Muddy Skins "Fade Away"



Dull... drab complexions... blemishes and those annoying defects... Disappear... as your skin assumes a smooth, delicate appearance of exquisite Beauty. This new charm is yours NOW.... start to-day.

ORIENTAL CREAM

GOURAUD

White, Flesh and Rachel Shades

Send 10¢ for TRIAL SIZE

F. T. Hopkins & Son, Montreal



Blonde Beauty

The sheen and fineness of spun gold glorifies fair hair washed with Evan Williams "Camomile" Shampoo.

There is an Evan Williams Shampoo for every shade of hair. Ask your druggist.

Imported from England
SOLD EVERYWHERE
Sole Canadian Distributors
PALMERS LIMITED, MONTREAL

Evan Williams
HENNA
SHAMPOO

X-BAZIN

REMOVES
HAIR



X-Bazin is the safe and simple way to remove unwanted hair. Cream or powder of the highest quality... kind to the skin... discourages re-growth of hair.

Get genuine X-Bazin. The least costly depilatory obtainable.

Sole Canadian Distributors
PALMERS LIMITED, MONTREAL



To Match Your Sports Frocks

This crocheted beret can be adapted to varying color schemes and designs

By B. G. TODD

BERETS find their way into every sort of material—velvets, silks, wools, and now cottons. This is a summer of cottons and cotton meshes; there never was such an array of charming cotton frocks and suits. With them, or with the linen sports frock, a jaunty little beret in matching or cleverly contrasting color is just what is needed to complete an attractive ensemble.

The beret illustrated is made with pearl cotton in pretty shades of yellow and mauve. It can, of course, be adapted to any combination of color and treatment. For instance, one might start in with black, intending to make a strip one inch wide, to come to just where you start the eight rows at the roll of the brim. Or one could start in earlier and make strips of a different color of just one row each, carrying this to the roll of the brim or to where you start the eight rows for the head band. A white beret, started with single rows of seven different colors with one row of white between, would look most effective.

Two one ounce balls of yellow pearl cotton and one ball of mauve will make the beret illustrated. If you prefer to work it in wool, any of the sweater four-ply yarns will do.

Cast on and chain three, join, and into the hole work 6 single crochet.

2nd row—Crochet two into every 2nd stitch.

3rd row—Crochet two into every 3rd stitch.

4th row—Crochet two into every 4th stitch.

5th row—Crochet two into every 5th stitch.

And so on, increasing in the next stitch every time, until the work measures nine inches across. This is the crown of the cap. While crocheting, keep putting the work down flat on the table like a mat, every now and again, to see if it lies flat, as you want to increase only enough to do this. If it tends to flute, cut down on the increasing. Now you are ready for the roll of the brim.

When your work measures 9 inches across, or $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches if you want it fairly large, crochet 8 rows without increasing. This will tend to curl in and forms the roll of the brim. Now start to take in. Take in 8 times in each row, spacing it as evenly as you can for 4 rows, or till the work measures 3 inches from the edge of the crown when you press the cap flat. This will probably leave the edge about the right size for your head, say $22\frac{1}{2}$ inches. If wider than this, do another row of in-takes. Now, crochet 8 rows without increasing or decreasing for the head band, and finish off.

Coming . . in the AUGUST Chatelaine

JUNE GALE, by Alberta C. Trimble—another "Rennie and Bill" story that gives a powerful picture of western life.

HIGH TIDE! by Doris Hume—a dramatic love story of the summer sea-coast.

YOU CAN'T HAVE EVERYTHING by Joseph Lister Rutledge—a story of two kinds of wives.

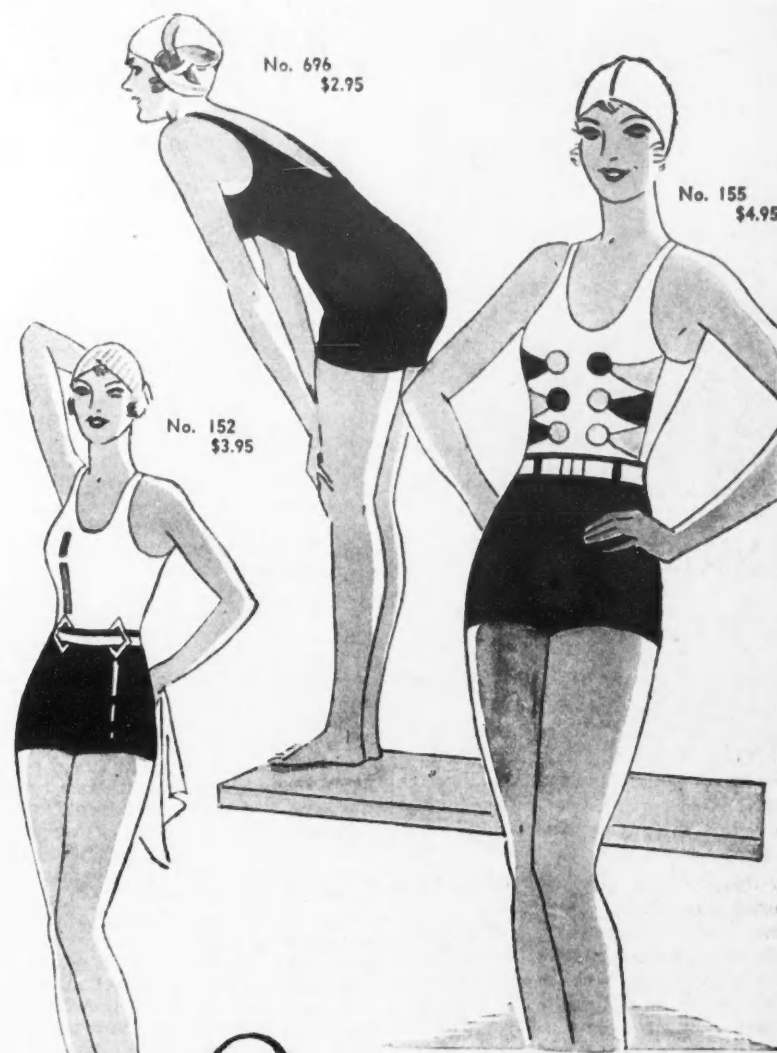
DANGER OF SPRING by Will R. Bird—a love story of early days in Canada.

THUNDER OF NEW WINGS by Mazo de la Roche—another thrilling installment of this modern novel.

ALSO

MID-SUMMER FASHIONS—by Mary Wyndham, our staff correspondent resident in Paris.

And extracts from replies to "The Vainer Sex."



Swim THIS SUMMER IN THESE SMART COSTUMES

No. 152

One-piece style with skirt, sun-tan back, in fine elastic rib material from pure wool . . . colors, violet top and purple skirt; green top and brown skirt; light blue top and dark blue skirt; scarlet top and black skirt; sizes 34-44; price \$3.95 each.

No. 155

Two-piece—vest and shorts, sun-tan back, fine elastic rib material from pure wool . . . colors, white vest, scarlet shorts; yellow vest, blue shorts; white vest, black shorts; white vest, brown shorts; sizes 34-40; price \$4.95 each.

No. 696

One-piece with skirt, sun-tan back, fine elastic rib material from pure wool . . . solid colors of scarlet, black, light green, orange, navy, powder blue; sizes 34-44; price \$2.95 each.

The suits illustrated above are just a few of the new Monarch-Knit Fitz-U Bathing Suits for 1932 — the loveliest beach fashions of this Season.

Perfect alike for the expert swimmer or for "sun bathing," Monarch-Knit Fitz-U Bathing Suits are made of pure wool, cut so smartly that they are outstandingly stylish in any company.

You may choose one-piece suits, with sun-tan backs, or smart two-piece, belted models — in a whole range of new, lovely color combinations and designs — at prices to suit even the most thrifty purse.

If your dealer cannot supply you, write us.

MONARCH-KNIT
FITZ - U
Bathing Suits

MONARCH KNITTING COMPANY, LIMITED
DUNNVILLE — ONTARIO

Knitted Outerwear — Makers of Hosiery — Hand Knitting Yarns



ROBERTA ROBINSON

Glamour "DIRTY FACE" fades with

About one woman in 100 is lucky—born with charm. The charm that lies in a radiant skin, clear, transparent, youthful. The other 99 are handicapped by dirt accumulations in the skin, unconsciously gathered over a period of years. Specialists call such a condition 'Dirty Face.' When it comes, glamour fades.

Keep your charm, and your good looks, with the regular aid of Daggett & Ramsdell's two wonderful creams. They cost much less than other creams in their class, and there are none better at any price.

● **EVERY NIGHT** use Perfect Cold Cream liberally to get rid of below-the-surface dirt. This marvelous cream provides the essentials every skin must have—lubrication, moisture, protection. Three groups of special ingredients supply them, all balanced properly of course. Famous for more than 40 years.

● **DURING THE DAY** whenever your skin needs freshening, cleanse it quickly with the new Perfect Cleansing Cream (liquefying). Melts instantly upon application, its fine oils cleanse in half the usual time.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL

Daggett & Ramsdell (Canada) Limited

Sweet Odors Kill

And Kill Quickly, Every

Fly or Mosquito

Science has discovered that a flower grown in Japan repels and kills winged insects. Now the extract of these flowers is employed to completely free your home—and keep it free—from these germ-bearing pests.

That flower extract is the basis of Fly-Tox, developed in Mellon Institute of Industrial Research by Rex Research Fellowship. Ten years and over \$100,000 have been spent by us in perfecting it.

The result is a perfumed mist, called Fly-Tox. Used as we direct, it creates in a room a pleasant cloud of vapor.

An all-pervading mist, harmless to people, stainless to walls or furnishings. But that mist kills every insect that it touches. And they can't escape.

Think what that means to your home. Complete and constant protection from these germ-bearing pests. These insects, by their feet or stings, carry the germs of over 30 diseases. They carry these germs to your food or to blood streams. Many thousands of people—especially children—die from these infections every year. Fly-Tox offers you an easy, certain, economical way to complete protection.

FLY-TOX ONLY

A Rex Research Product

Use Fly-Tox only, and always in the new-type Fly-Tox sprayer. Use it because of its marvelous efficiency. Every lot is tested on flies in our laboratory. Use it because its extra

strength means great economy to you. You cannot take chances in protection of your home. Get Fly-Tox at once. Sold everywhere. Harmless to people. Stainless. Fly-Tox is made in Canada.

champagne, and makes three chins grow where once was one.

So much for feminine clothing and its delight to the eyes of man, which is the primary reason of its being, and the artistic rock on which it perishes.

Take now another sphere in which woman parades her pet delusion of tasteful judgment—interior decorating.

Yet was ever a woman artistic enough to beautify a room?

Left to her own sweet devices, bless her, she will gather unto herself all the scraps of colored fabrics she can lay hands on, and strew them about in the weird and wonderful forms of coverings, cushions, curtains, hangings, shades, screens and what-nots. The effect, so charming to feminine eyes, is after the renaissance style of the backyard of an Irish lodging-house on the monthly wash-day.

Glance quickly at any woman's boudoir, sitting room or sewing den. Then, by way of sane contrast, rest your eyes in any man's smoke room or study.

Women have no taste. I repeat that heretical statement. I fling it in the teeth of Things Forbid, Things Accepted and Things Orthodox. Women have no taste. They may think they have, for through the ages gentle woman has possessed such peculiar facility for putting her dogmatic decrees into the mouths of the gods to increase their home-made potency that by now she may believe in them herself.

The truth is that woman lacks artistic imaginative creation to the tragic and pitiable extent of being unable even to dress herself gracefully. She tries hard and expensively, but look at the results on Yonge Street, St. Catherine Street, Portage Avenue or Granville Street tomorrow. Observe, perhaps for the first time, just how funny they are. You will then say with me, "Women have no taste!"

On the Contrary—

Continued from page 15

may pursue her primary art of being a woman.

What an art is that, and what an achievement! Never has a poem been granted such adulation as a lovely woman. Never has an artist's picture received one half the homage paid to his wife. However she gets her effect—with a green feather afloat on a golden sea, or a gramophone record spiked on behind—she gets it!

So her husband, startled, discovers something in her that he has been trying to find. He exalts her on a platform and tries to paint her. He writes a book about her and her sex, and what they do to men, and what he'd like to do to them. He builds her cities to play in, and tills the soil that she may eat. He even puts on a stiff shirt and takes her dancing, and makes himself a background for her scintillating self.

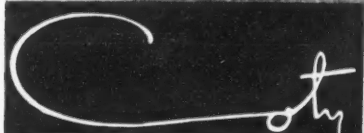
Picture Mr. Harrison let loose one afternoon in one of the great emporiums of the world. Here are all the achievements of man laid out for his inspection—miracles of architecture, spinning, weaving, dyeing and artistic display. They go for nothing. He observes them not. He spends his time looking at the ladies, in dumbfounded fascination.

Their mental processes are as completely beyond his ken as logarithmic tables to the child of five. Their subtleties of art and taste ensnare him, though he perceives it not. He writes an article about them, and gets an editor to publish it—all over the country men will be discussing them. What would not any artists give for such publicity!

COMING!

The beautiful companion piece to the famous Flower Garden quilt . . . a new Fruit Basket quilt, with 32 blocks to be worked in full colors—a very rich and handsome piece of work for any home.

Coming soon in CHATELAINE



Necessities to Summer loveliness

Powders of velvety coolness, beautifying, enfragrancing the basis of exquisiteness—COTY POWDERS and Rouges in the smartest shades of the season, to glorify the vogue of outdoor beauty or sheltered charm. Coty's Talc Powder and Dusting Powder to keep the body like a flower bed, fresh, smooth and perfumed.

So simple yet so safe and sure!

SANI-FLUSH keeps toilet bowls perfectly spotless and sanitary. You don't scrub. You don't scour. All the objectionable work is done for you in a few minutes. It's like having an extra servant in the house.

Just sprinkle a bit of this anti-septic, cleansing powder in the bowl (directions on the can). When you flush the toilet, porcelain will sparkle . . . odors go . . . and the hidden trap that no brush can clean is purified and safe. Sani-Flush can't harm the plumbing.

At grocery, drug and hardware stores, 35c. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Canada. (Another use for Sani-Flush—cleaning automobile radiators. See directions on can.)



The Thunder of New Wings

Continued from page 13

considering the apparent weakness of the body:

"First the tunnel. Then the rushing wind. Then . . . communicate with God."

The somnambulant solemnity of the tone and the singularity of the utterance coming from that unknown being made me spring from my pillow and sit in rigid attention for what might follow.

In a moment the voice repeated: "The dark, cold tunnel. The blinding, rushing wind. Then . . . to communicate with God"

I will communicate with Him, for I am the breath of His body, and I love Him with my whole heart."

It is impossible to describe the rolling vigor that was put into the last phrase. The voice vibrated with the strength of a strong personality independent of the shambling body.

Again it repeated the words, and again and again in increasing passion. No wonder it was not expected that we should remain long in this house, if such were the nocturnal pastimes of the Haight family.

Then another step came, a quick, light step, and the voice of a young man: "Look you here, Mr. Tegg. Dad says you've got to go to bed. You're keeping every one in the house awake, d'ye see."

"Bed! Me go to bed!" was the hollow reply. "I want to communicate with God."

"Communicate with the devil," laughed the young fellow scornfully.

"No, no, no," shouted the old man, so loudly that I expected every moment that Theo or Vicky would run into my room in terror, but I had closed the door because of the draught, and they gave no sign.

"No, no, no," he repeated more quietly. "I must communicate with God, for I love Him—with my whole heart."

The young man spoke in a low, intense voice, but not unkindly. "Look here, Mr. Tegg, do you want dad in here? He'll come in a minute. Besides, there's three young

ladies in yonder, right out of an English castle. They'll think you're crazy."

"Where be they?"

"In the new house. They'll complain to dad in the morning if you're not good. Here, let me help you off with your clothes."

There was silence then, except for the heavy breathing of Mr. Tegg, and the sound of boot laces being untied and garments drawn off. This was followed by a creaking of the mattress: the light was extinguished, and, with a terse good night, the young man padded back along the passage.

Now there was only the pale light of the moon in my room, yet I had been so disturbed that it was long before I could sleep. Mr. Tegg spoke twice more before I became unconscious. First, he said heavily: "A lonely house for a poor old man, a poor old man." Then, after a long interval, he added with energy, "Blast his eyes!"

THERE was something eerie in my nature that caused me to look back on the happenings of the night before with a secret pleasure. I could not have explained why, but it was certain that I did not want Theo or Vicky to know of that strange conversation. Vicky would have been for complaining to Mr. Haight and insisting that the old offender be instantly removed to another room. Theo would have been determined to sleep with me the next night, and would have been quite equal to playing ghost for the old man, and exchanging salutations through the partition.

No; I wanted this thing to myself. I would tell no one. But I asked Myrtle, when she was laying the breakfast table, whether Mr. Haight had a son. Yes, he had; and his name was Jarge, a hard worker. Somehow the voice of the young man had not sounded like the voice of a hard worker. Mr. Haight had told her to say that he would wait upon us after breakfast, and he hoped we were quite comfortable.

Vicky called me to the window to see Balmeny across the harbor. The fog had been blown aside by a light breeze that had sprung up, though it hung above the surrounding hills ready to descend at any moment. Shafts of silvery sunshine pierced its tremulous folds and shone upon the windows of the town, and gave a faery beauty to wet grey walls and red roofs. The tide was out and the ooze of the harbor lay like molten silver, dappled by fishing boats and schooners that lay at anchor there. A cumbrous dredge, painted red, moved its steel arm heavily upward with a weight of dripping mud. Near our shore the hoary, weed-hung wreck of a schooner sprawled in the ooze. A channel of running water traversed the harbor, from the open sea, and along it a puffing black-browed tug made its way. Here and there clam diggers bent above their slippery task. One old woman, barelegged, with her black skirts looped above her knees, looked like an ancient stump.

The sun grew in intensity. It seemed that we could have touched Balmeny, so busy, so beautiful, with its many upward-curling spirals of smoke, its shining windows, its ringing bells. Then, while our three heads were crowded together at the window, fresh fog rolled in from the sea; the fog from the hills rolled down to meet it, and in an instant the town, the boats, the wreck, the tug, and the clam-diggers were obliterated as a picture across which a sponge is drawn. Only the grey fog remained, climbing up the steep from the shore, swallowing the trees, and pressing to the very window pane.

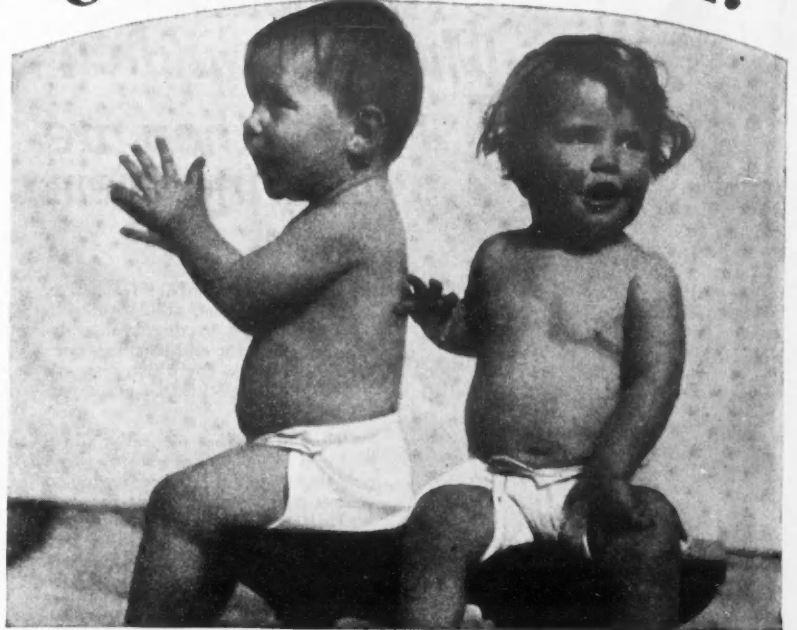
Theo wrote on the glass: "Balmeny—lost in the fog."

"Eggs again," said Vicky, seating herself at the table. "Are we always to have eggs? How is your throat, Theo?"

"Better; and your head?"

"Quite, quite well. Did you sleep well, Joan, in that queer little room? I don't like you having that room. Did you notice that low partition?"

"OOOH, LOOK! LOOK!"



"Here comes mother now! And she's bringing our powder with her! Mmm'm—it's wonderful what the right kind of powder will do. It makes us feel so comfy table—and no wonder—it's so soft and silky! We feel pretty happy about it . . ."

For the sake of your baby's comfort make this convincing test! Rub several different baby powders between your thumb and finger. You'll find that some feel harsh and gritty—unpleasant to your touch. That's because of inferior grades of talc which contain sharp, needle-like particles.

But when you try Johnson's Baby Powder—just notice how smooth and velvety soft it is! This is because it is made from the finest Italian talc which is composed of tiny, downy flakes. You can easily understand why it feels so soothing and comforting to baby's tender skin. Make the thumb-and-finger test today, and decide for your baby, wisely.

Soap and Cream Made Especially for Babies

Try a cake of Johnson's Baby Soap! Notice its smooth, rounded edges, its delicate fragrance, its rich lather. And Johnson's Baby Cream! It relieves chafing, chapping, "diaper rash," prickly heat and other mild irritations of the baby's skin. Applied before baby goes outdoors, it prevents wind and sunburn. Try them today!



A Johnson & Johnson Product

MADE IN CANADA

FREE SAMPLES! In order that you may test Johnson's Baby Powder, Soap and Cream, without expense, we will be glad to send you a generous sample of each—free of charge. Write to Johnson & Johnson, Limited, Montreal.



IN THIS ISSUE--- R. E. BREACH

AN INFORMAL snapshot is all we could get of Mrs. Breach who won the literary contest recently staged by the Toronto branch of the Canadian Women's Club, with her story "The General Manager," published in this issue.

This is the first prize Mrs. Breach has won, although she has had two thriller serials, and a number of short stories published. She lives now in Holden, Alberta; was born in Quebec, "raised" in Ontario, and has lived in the west for twenty years, where, before her marriage she taught school and was in business life in a number of western cities.

She likes best to write stories of the west, as she knows it; and her two great ambitions are to write the great Canadian novel . . . and to go around the world on a tramp steamer.



"Mother—
when do we eat?"

CAN'T you imagine this baby wanting to say something like this? He's healthy, and happy... breast-fed by a healthy mother. Artificial feeding can never equal maternal milk, germ-free and of correct composition... the very best safeguard against nutritional diseases such as rickets.

Drink Ovaltine regularly before baby comes and during the nursing period and you'll be following the seasoned advice of doctors, nurses and mothers the world-over. Ovaltine has remarkable ability to promote a rich and adequate flow of breast-milk; and to rebuild your own strength and vitality quickly.

Ovaltine is made from nature's three best tonic foods, new-laid eggs, full cream milk and malt extract—nothing else. The process of manufacture is a highly scientific one that preserves all the essential vitamins and other food elements required by you for perfect nutrition.

Ovaltine contains no cane sugar and is not fattening. You sweeten it to your taste. Further, Ovaltine digests very easily and has the power to digest several times its own weight of the starch content of other foods.

Ovaltine is very delicious cold as well as hot. To make it cold, just add 2 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine to a glass of cold milk. Whisk to a smooth consistency with your egg beater; or use a shaker.

CAUTION: Ordinary malt or cocoa drinks are not the same or as good as Ovaltine which is made by an exclusive scientific process that cannot be duplicated.

Sold at all stores, in air-tight tins, 50c. 75c. 1.25 and \$4.50 (very economical size.)

'OVALTINE'

The Food Beverage That
Enables Mothers to Breast-feed their Babies

If unable to obtain Ovaltine locally, send the coupon below for a sample tin.

A. WANDER LIMITED,
Peterborough, Ontario.

I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and postage. Send me your test package of Ovaltine.

Name

Address

CHAT. 7

The New Mother

*The first baby brings with him so much
to be learned and unlearned*

By K. McALLISTER



TO THE young mother, dozens of well meaning friends are anxious to give advice. On this score, the best advice I know was given by my doctor: "Do not listen to old ladies." Superstitious, needless fears, half-truths have been handed down for generations by word of mouth. These are not the best source of information for modern mothers.

It is understood that the bride will go to a doctor when she is to become a mother. His advice and pre-natal care, usually given without extra fee, will save her much needless worry and often prevent later complications. There are, however, many small matters about which she will not wish to consult a physician, and yet about which she will wish to have reliable information.

Fortunately for Canadian mothers, two of the best sources are free. The first of these is *The Canadian Mother's Book* which may be had by writing to the Department of Pensions and National Health at Ottawa. This fat bluebook is a mine of material on baby's layette, care, diet, habits—all that concerns him as he grows. The second is two series of letters published by the Canadian Council of Child and Family Welfare, and obtainable through *Chatelaine*. One of these series deals with the pre-natal period; the other, entitled "You and Your Baby," deals with the problems of baby's first year. This and *The Canadian Mother's Book* are attractively illustrated and full of authoritative detail. As they are free, they should be in the hands of every Canadian mother, whether she has a first baby or a seventh.

In addition to these, there are useful books on baby's welfare which are published by many manufacturers and distributed on request. You will doubtless find coupons for these in the advertisements of makers of baby clothing, canned milk, baby foods, etc. Mothers are well advised to secure these if possible.

We can obtain further help from our periodicals, such excellent material as we have in *Chatelaine's* articles on children. Many daily newspapers feature a series on the training of children.

There is no lack of sources from which the new mother may learn what she needs to know then. She can obtain all this fine free material, she can purchase books on child care—we give no titles of such because lists are given in the books mentioned—she can consult her doctor when troubles arise; yet I believe there are a number of circumstances, not dealt with in texts, where one who is herself the mother of a new baby may be of help.

One of the first of these is soiled diapers. When the new mother comes from the hospital or gets out of bed, whether or no she has some one to do her washing, she will certainly be removing soiled diapers from the baby. If these are put into the pail to soak when soiled, there will be future unpleasant sorting of dirty diapers, so it is better to attend to them at once. Scraping is not practicable. I found that a successful device was to attach a length of a very small diameter rubber hose to the bathroom faucet, having the hose long enough to reach to the toilet. If a good water pressure is turned on, and the hose is squeezed with one hand while the diaper is manipulated with the other, all soil will be washed off and can be immediately flushed away. Then when the time for diaper washing comes, the pailful which has been soaked may be turned immediately into the tub.

Nowadays mothers train their children very early in bowel and bladder control, yet

no matter how carefully we work to this end there will still be a long time when baby is "wet." Many a mother does not like to use rubber panties constantly on her baby for they are hot and quickly grow unsanitary unless carefully washed. Usually one is well advised to keep these for night use, for then they are a necessity to save the bedding from disaster. Very often the smallest sizes of these are too large for new babies. Rubber triangles with cotton tabs which pin in front like the old-fashioned diaper may be had in some stores. These will be excellent for night use on the new baby.

In the daytime we do not wish to use the rubber, yet if there is no protection, there will be needless constant changing and washing of little slips. An excellent remedy for this is to make baby several pairs of "soakers." These inartistically named garments are loosely knit or crocheted of coarse wool, just large enough to pass around baby's body from thigh to waist, with a strap between the legs. They are not heavy enough for night use but are excellent for the waking hours as they are loose and well ventilated and yet just sufficiently heavy to prevent outer garments from becoming wet.

Not only baby's self, but his bed must be kept dry and comfortable. For this many authorities recommend a quilted pad placed over the mattress. I feel sure that many mothers who make these will discard them after a short period of use, for they soil readily, are heavy and awkward to wash, and slow to dry. One of the inexpensive rubber sheets drawn over the mattress and covered by an ordinary cotton sheet will be just as comfortable for baby and much less work for mother.

These cotton sheets may be made from sheeting bought by the yard or cut down from disused household sheets. Charming baby blankets may be made from old ones which have worn thin, by cutting down to a suitable size and crocheting round the edges with colored wool.

If you find that, in spite of turn in, baby becomes uncovered at night, there are two common solutions. One is to make a small sleeping bag, inside which baby may kick at will. Another is to fasten to the crib bars, at each side of the bed, a garter with which to nip the top edges of the blanket, thus keeping them in place. Many people find these satisfactory, but for me the bag was awkward to wash and the garter arrangement not sufficiently secure. I then found that I could keep baby warmly covered by passing a long blanket under the mattress, bringing the long end across the baby's usual coverings and pinning it to the short end on one side. Thus all the covers were held in place.

ANOTHER problem which the mother faces early is that of giving cod liver oil. The quantity and frequency of dose is prescribed, varying with baby's age. The problem is just how to get it in without having it spilled on baby's dress or coughed on mother's. Do not fill the spoon completely or baby will move and the oil be spilt. When the spoon is nearly full, put it in baby's mouth, well back on the tongue. If you merely put it near the front baby receives no stimulus to swallow and much of the oil will run out again. In case of such spills always put on a rubber bib to protect baby's dress. If this is not obtainable oil-cloth will do, though the cod liver oil will soak through it in time. If you are so

Continued on page 57



BABY'S SKIN needs protection

Chafing and other skin irritations easily occur on baby's delicate skin unless special care is exercised. Each time you change his diaper, and after every bath, apply "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly freely in place of powder. Leading doctors recommend it. Keep a jar handy in the nursery.

Refuse imitations. Insist on the genuine. Look for the trade mark Vaseline on every tube or jar that you buy. At all Drug Stores.

Vaseline

TRADE MARK

PETROLEUM JELLY

made in Quebec by CHESEBROUGH
Mfg. Co., Cons'd., Chabot Ave., Montreal

Mothers Praise STEEDMAN'S Powders

Three Healthy Boys

A Guelph mother writes: "I have three boys—one 8 years—one 6 years and one 4 years. I never give them anything but Steedman's Powders, and I do not intend to give them any other medicine until they are around 12 or 14 years."

An Active Baby Boy

"I have used Steedman's Powders for my baby and must say that they give both Mother and Baby great comfort. My baby (Richard) is always so well and bright after he has had one the night before." Signed by a Winnipeg mother.

Four Children—1 to 6 years

"I have four children—eldest is now six; youngest, one year. I have used your teething powders for all and am still using them." Letter from a Toronto mother.

Our "HINTS TO MOTHERS" booklet gives practical, helpful advice on the treatment of every babyhood ill. Write for a free copy.

JOHN STEEDMAN & COMPANY
504 St. Lawrence Blvd., Montreal

"Is that all the family you have?" I asked.
"No. I make a home for an old friend, a Mr. Tegg. He's feeble now but he was a smart man in his day, and now he's like that old wreck that's sunk out yonder. No use to any one—stuck fast in the ooze—but I give him a home—for old times' sake. H'mm." He considered a moment and then added, "Don't let Toby, the bye, bother you. If he does, just complain to me. He might presume to talk to you."

"Oh, we shouldn't mind that," said Theo. "We'd like it."

"Ay, but I shouldn't. Let him keep his place."

"When does your lease expire?" asked Vicky.

"Next spring," he replied, "so if it happen you should want the farmland at that time I'll be ready to move out." To the complacency of his smile it seemed to me that there was now added derision. I think Vicky perceived it, too, for she raised her chin, and her eyes looked coldly into his.

"What are your principal crops?" she enquired.

"Roots," he said. "The finest beetroot in the country. Turnips, potatoes—Of course, Miss Lashbrook, I never could depend on this farm. I don't care for farming, myself. My son, Jarge and the hired man, look after that. I like the lobster fishing, and in season I look after as many as three hundred traps a day. My bye, Toby, helps me with that. It's all he's good for. The last few years I've let him go to the Banks with the fleet as well. He earns a good bit that way."

"Does he save his earnings?" I asked.

"I save them for him," replied Alonzo Haight, and he rose to go. "I hope you find the house comfortable," he added. "I had it thoroughly cleaned when I heard you were coming. I see you have made some changes already. Hmm. It's a queer house—the two parts, I mean—joined together like an ill-matched couple, man and wife, that would shake loose if they only could, but they're coupled together for better, for worse, in sunshine and in storm." We laughed, and, being encouraged, he went on, "Your part, I'd say, is the wife, a highstrung body that feels she's married beneath her, but the old man, our part, is built of stone, and he is the more solid of the two—as you'll find when the winter blasts come." His smile again was faintly derisive, as he regarded us with calm assurance.

"Horrible old man," said Vicky, when he had departed, and his bulky figure topped by the fur cap was swallowed in the fog.

"Did you see the way Myrtle looked at him, as she let him out?" asked Theo. "Her eyes were eloquent of the most awful reverence and fear."

"A perfect old devil," said Vicky. "A cynical old devil. I shall call on his wife this evening and see what she has to say for herself for not getting me a maid. I should send for her to come in here, but I want to see the house."

"He is picturesque, anyway," said Theo. I was thinking of Mr. Tegg. That must be the old man who slept on the other side of the partition. Had he been referring to Captain Haight in that heartfelt "Blast his eyes," last night?

VICKY was so engrossed in imprinting her own personality upon the austerity of our pale, remote parlor that she refused to leave the congenial task for a walk in the fog. She would not let Theo go because of her throat which was still a little sore. So I went alone, pushing aside the heavy creeper that dragged its rank foliage across the door, and stepping at once from the low door sill on to the drenched turf.

I could not make out in what direction I should take my walk. No paths were visible. The fog, almost wool-white, had obliterated everything but some dark branches of dripping spruce that projected through the dim wall like gesturing arms. I wished I had asked Alonzo Haight where one could walk. I thought that perhaps I might enquire of one of the family if I went to the back of the house.

The clipped lawn extended but a little way and soon the wet spears of long, uncared for

grass swept my ankles. I made out the green trunks of gnarled apples trees, and a flock of geese and ducks rose from their breasts as I approached, and waddled away, uttering squawks and timid pipings of disapproval. As they passed from my sight I heard the regular thud of some implement striking the earth, and in a moment more I came upon a man bent over a large strawberry patch, hoeing between the rows.

At my approach he straightened himself and put his hand to his back as though it ached. Then he touched his forehead and said: "Good morning."

"Can you tell me," I asked, "where to find a path? I want to walk through the wood. I don't know my way about, and I cannot just walk round and round the house."

He leaned on his hoe and stared about as though trying to remember something. He was a middle-aged, tousle-haired man with a straggling mustache, and the shortest legs I had ever seen. An expression of habitual weariness made his sallow face pathetic.

"There's two nice walks," he said. "You couldn't make a mistake in choosing either. Now you can pass on through the strawberry patch and down by the cabbages yonder and you'll strike a path that'll take you right back to a rocky point where there's a lovely view on a fair day. My father said this morning that there was a chance the fog would burn off, but it don't seem likely. It's a very wet walk that. I think you'd better try the other."

"Are you Mr. Haight's son?"

He brightened with a look of pride in the connection. "Yes; I'm Jarge Haight. I suppose my father's been in to call on ye?" He looked at me expectantly. It was clear that he waited for an expression of admiration for his shaggy sire, so I said:

"Your father is a wonderful man for his age."

"Isn't he just that?" exclaimed Jarge. "Eighty last birthday and never has an ache or pain. Now I'm mostly crippled up with rheumatism and sciatica, and I don't know what it is to digest a meal straight down without any trouble. But my fa-ather," he lingered in a hypnotized way over the word, "knows neither pain nor ache. He's a marvel. And strong! Why he can outdo me whenever he takes the notion. The other day he took the end of a crosscut saw with me, and he had me gasping in no time. Of course," he added in extenuation, "I was pretty tired to begin with. I'd been using the scythe all day."

"And the boy—" I said, "doesn't he do his share?"

"The bye? Toby? He does what he's made to do and no more. Half the time we don't know where he is. Likely down at the Bar—loafing on the sand. He just came home yesterday after being gone a week. It's a shame. It worries my father. And it looks bad."

He stood in thought a moment, then, as though he did not wish to talk of the boy, he began to direct me where to go for my walk. However, he changed his mind, and, laying down his hoe, he conducted me to the front of the house, across the bit of lawn, down the steep slope where boulders lay among the long grass, their heads crowned with fern, and, opening a sagging barred gate, he pointed with an earth-stained hand to a grassy path that stretched before us, moist and green and tunnel-like through the denseness of the spruce.

"Yon's the road you came by," he said, "and if you follow it straight across the waste it'll bring you to the Lighthouse and the Bar, and if you turn to your right and cross the bridge, and foller the Beach road it'll bring you to Fundy. There's nothing to be afraid of either way." He thought a moment and then added, "If you chance to meet Toby, just tell him who you are."

It felt good to me to stretch my legs after all the days on steamer and in train. I walked faster and faster, splashing through puddles, and sniffing the sweet air.

"After a mile or more, I heard the deep sighing of Fundy, and a briny breeze stirred the damp hair on my forehead. Coarse sea grass grew in tufts in the roadway, and almost covered a rusty harrow lying sunk in



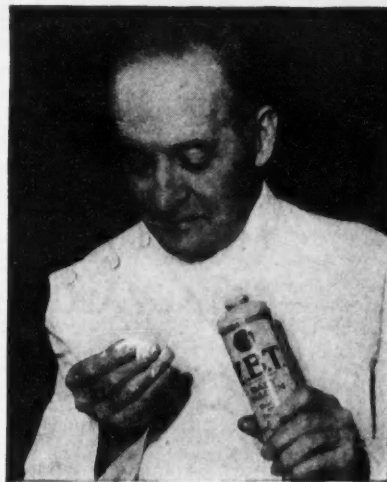
Mother, heed your Doctor Use the powder *he* uses for baby!

WHEN you select a powder for personal use, any of a dozen factors may decide your choice. Shade, texture, scent—all are important... But, in a baby powder the essential requirement is *quality*! The talcum for your little one must be *pure* and *safe*, beyond question.

That is why Z. B. T. Baby Talc is approved and recommended so highly by the country's leading doctors and nurses... why it is used so extensively in famous hospitals and obstetrical clinics. The medical profession knows by experience how fine this powder really is—how it not only soothes sensitive skin, but *heals* as well!

Free from lime, mica or any other irritant, Z.B.T. contains a special ingredient which absorbs moisture, neutralizes acids and guards against infection. It is especially effective in relieving summer chafing and prickly heat.

Protect your own skin, too, with Z.B.T. When perspiration causes painful chafing and itching, this pure bland talcum brings blessed relief. Use it also for "burning feet"—after



shaving—and as a dusting powder.

Your druggist or chain store sells Z.B.T. in three sizes—50c, 25c and 10c. *Resent substitutes!* Get a can of Z.B.T. today and test it yourself. Or mail the coupon for a full-size "Junior" can, free of charge.

Made in Canada, J. T. WAIT CO., Ltd., Montreal

FREE JUNIOR SIZE CAN

J. T. WAIT CO., Ltd., Dept. C-7,
427 St. Francis Xavier St., Montreal, Can.
Gentlemen—Kindly send me, free, a full-size "Junior" can of Z. B. T. Baby Talcum.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____





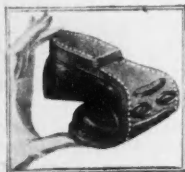
*In the playground
On the beach - - -
Wherever children
play - they are
wearing them!*

EASE and comfort for active, growing feet, ability to withstand almost inconceivable demands in wear and tear, these are the conditions for which Sisman's Scampers for children are especially built.

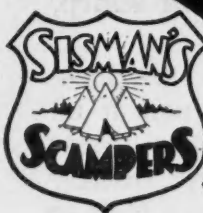
They fit the foot naturally, allowing it to develop as nature orders. Flexible to the "nth" degree to permit movement without pressure. Built of the best leathers the market produces for these purposes, are non-perspiring and with workmanship that has made the name "Sisman" famous wherever shoes are sold in Canada.

Sisman's Scampers are the ideal shoes for children's summer wear. Buy them at your favorite shoe store. But make sure you see the Sisman label on the tongue of each shoe you buy.

Made in sizes and half sizes for Men, Women, Boys, Girls and Infants.



The T. Sisman
Shoe Co., Limited
Aurora, Ontario



**SISMAN'S
SCAMPERS**

RS-39

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND CANADIANS ARE WEARING THEM.

Alma College
ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO
55th Year

Residential School for Girls

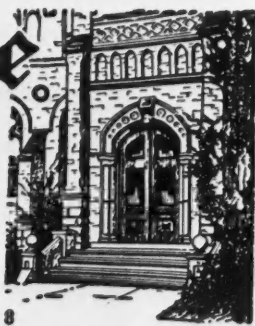
Under direction of The United Church of Canada

COURSES: Junior College, Pass and Honor Matriculation, Public School, Music, Dramatics, Secretarial, Art, Household Science, Physical Education.

Greatly improved equipment. Separate residence for younger girls.

FOR PROSPECTUS ADDRESS

PRINCIPAL, REV. P. S. DOBSON, M.A., D.D. 8



Day and Boarding School for Junior and Senior Girls

School
re-opens
Sept. 14.
Boarders
return
Sept. 13.

THE NEW SCHOOL
Lawrence Park West

JARVIS ST. SCHOOL
354 Jarvis St.

From Kindergarten to Honours Matriculation. Sound education combined with healthy physical development; individual attention. Special departments in Music and Art; courses in Household Science and Dietetics. Special organization for Junior Boarders.

Principal: MARIAN WOOD, B.A.

HAVERGAL COLLEGE
TORONTO CANADA

"Yes, I noticed it. It's rather funny, but I don't mind."

"I shall have it built up."

"Very well, Vicky. There's no hurry."

The morning was so dull and cold we had a fire lighted in the grate. Theo brought some old engravings and colored prints that had been her own at Cobbold House, and occupied herself in tacking them on the walls. Vicky took the gauze from off the frame of the tall mirror and laid a piece of vivid embroidery across its base. With another she covered the marble of the mantelpiece and brought an armful of bright chintzes to make slips for the hair-cloth chairs. I arranged my favorite books on a mahogany table by a southern window.

We were so engaged when a loud rap sounded on the door and Myrtle announced in a reverent whisper: "Here be Captain Haight."

He stood in the hallway a moment, surveying the room, before he removed his cap. This cap was large and of thick brown fur, well fitted for the cold of January. When he stepped into the doorway and ceremoniously lifted it from his head, his great mass of dark hair, scarcely streaked with grey, though he was an old man, was drawn upward and then fell in unkempt locks and mingled with the dense greyish beard that spread fanlike across his broad chest.

His upper lip was shaven, and the expression of the mouth was one of the utmost composure and self-satisfaction. His blue eyes were clear and shrewd; his skin scarcely lined. There was a crude sort of power in his personality as though he had been accustomed for many years to rule the lives of others. In fact, he gave the impression of some old tribal chief, and his long hair, barbarous fur cap, and ragged corduroys that in one place showed a patch of white skin through, in some way added to his dignity.

"Good morning, ladies," he said in a strong yet nasal voice. "I hope I find you well this foggy morning."

"Thank you; quite well," said Vicky. "Won't you sit down? We are rather disappointed in the weather. Do you think it will clear?"

"It is just possible," he replied, precisely, seating himself, and hanging the fur cap on one knee, "just possible that the fog will burn off as the sun gets up. But there's no telling. You'll find more fog than sunshine in this part. The Gulf Stream, he flows up hot like a lover, you might say, and the Bay of Fundy, she slips down cold, like some sly woman, and when they come to clasps, there's disturbances, and sighs, and tears."

"You have a poetic fancy, Captain Haight," said Theo.

He turned in his chair to face her with a complacent smile. "I never have cared for poetry. I read the Bible once every year and it gives me food for thought and guidance for my actions. Still, if I had turned my attention to poetry, I don't doubt I could have writ a poem whenever I had a mind to. But I've been busy in other directions. I've had a family to provide for and I've provided for them well."

"How many children have you?" enquired Vicky.

"Just one son, Jarge, a good bye. He must be nigh to fifty now. A good worker when he's shown what to do. Then I have a sort of adopted son—a home bye—no use to anybody on God's earth but I haven't the heart to turn him out, though he's of age. Then there's Myrtle, an orphan, too. I've had her since she was twelve. But she's keeping company with a young man near by. He's a little weak in the understanding but so is she, too. So they'll be well matched. Sometimes that sort rears extra bright children. No harm done, anyway, for they're sure to be wise enough to spread gurie." Once again he smiled his smile of conscious power, and turned his massive head from one to the other of us.

"Perhaps you ladies don't agree with that," he went on. "Peradventure, you have those new ideas about selection of human mates. But I don't hold with them. God moves in a mysterious way; and he's just as like to grow a rose tree out of a dung heap as not."

**Ontario
Ladies' College**

TRAFALGAR
CASTLE



WHITBY, ONT.

Splendid castle buildings in spacious grounds... one hundred acre estate... near Toronto. Combining advantages of city and country school.

Public School to Honour Matriculation. Music, Art, Household Science, Public Speaking, Commercial Courses, Bible, Physical Education emphasized... Swimming, Riding, etc.

Founded 1874 Calendar on Request

Rev. C. R. Carscadden, M.A., D.D., Principal.

150



Before Camp or Vacation
Mark All Your Clothes With
CASH'S NAMES

Personal belongings, wearables, linen, must be marked when you're away. CASH'S NAMES are the neat, safe, economical method. Made to your individual order. Now obtainable worn on coloured grounds at regular prices — ask about CASH'S COLOUR ASSORTMENT SPECIAL! For a limited time — an EXTRA DOZEN FREE with every order. See your dealer or write us.

TRIAL OFFER: Send 10c. for one dozen of your own first name.

J. & J. CASH, INC.
152 GRIER ST.
BELLEVILLE, ONT.

**Mercolized Wax
Keeps Skin Young**

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as pimples, liver spots, tan and freckles disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. To remove wrinkles quickly dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

For Baby's Bath

More than that of any other member of the family, baby's tender, delicate skin needs the greatest care and attention. The soft soothing oils in Baby's Own Soap make it specially suitable for babies, and its clinging fragrance reminds one of the roses of France which help to inspire it.

"It's best for you and Baby too" 27-28

**Prevent
Summer Upsets**

Warm weather and changes of food and water bring frequent summer upsets unless healthy elimination is assured. You will find Feen-a-mint effective in milder doses and especially convenient and pleasant for summertime use.



INSIST ON
THE GENUINE

Feen-a-mint
FOR CONSTIPATION

the more dignified. "Though I can't for the life of me see why," said Theo. "To cross a soaking wet lawn in the pitch dark, instead of boldly thumping on our own door which, as a matter of fact, they have no business to lock on their side."

There was an iron knocker on the door of the Haight dining room, and I rapped it sharply three times. A cat, waiting to get in, arched his back and rubbed against our skirts. Myrtle opened the door. Captain Haight loomed behind.

"I told you I was coming in to see your wife, and I have come," said Vicky.

He rose ceremoniously from his armchair by the stove. The room was insufferably hot, and every window was closed. "That is very kind of you," he said. "I'm sorry to say my wife is laid up with one of her sick spells. She's mostly laid up nowadays. But if you will be seated I will do what I can to entertain you. This here is Mr. Tegg. Will you excuse him getting up? His body is heavy and his legs are feeble—to say nothing of his brain, which is filled with the foolish notion that he can communicate with our blessed Lord."

"And I love Him with my whole heart." Mr. Tegg's voice came from a dark corner, as from one who spoke in a dream. His untidy face with its tufts of grey whisker was a dim blur, but his large, white hands, clasped on the head of his stick caught the full light from the swinging lamp above. Alonzo Haight's face wore a tolerant, yet contemptuous smile, as he stood looking down at him.

The two old men had been sitting on either side of the glowing stove. What had been their thoughts, their conversation?

Captain Haight addressed Vicky. "If you will come into my parlor, I will show you what few odd things I have picked up here and there over the globe. I was a sea captain for many years, you must know, and I've always had a fancy for oddities."

He took the lamp from the bracket, and, as he turned to lead the way into the parlor, he noticed that my gaze had wandered through the kitchen into a scullery where another lamp burned. There I saw old Fairbairn standing, bent almost double, over two buckets on the floor, into which he seemed to be sorting potatoes from a sack. His attitude was one of painful, weary solidity. At a table near by sat Myrtle, doing something to a mound of fluffy, white stuff spread before her. Her moist lips were parted in a hysterical smile.

"They're always busy, Miss Elliot," Captain Haight said. "Ah, it's grand to have something to keep busy at. Fairbairn, he's picking out the best potatoes to save for the Show in Balmeny. Myrtle is picking over all that milk-weed down for stuffing a pillow with against the time she's married. What's a bed without a pillow? This ought to make a grand one, eh? Then she'll have clean straw for a mattress, and my wife has given her a blanket and a quilt. Ah, they'll be well off. They're to be married in the spring. The first six months they'll snuggle up for love, and the next six months they'll snuggle up for warmth, so she'll have one happy year, whatever else betide. Hmm. She's a good resigned creature, as a woman should be."

Vicky and Theo were already in the parlor; Alonzo Haight and I followed with the light. He set it on the table and we found chairs for ourselves. It was cold there after the heat of the dining room. Theo drew her cape about her and shivered.

"I hope you find it comfortable here, ladies," said Captain Haight. "This is a very easily heated room. The stove in the room yonder keeps the chill off it. Even in winter when we usually keep a plate of apples on the table I have never known them to freeze."

It was a singular room. The ceiling was so low that one had the impression of being in a ship's cabin, and, to add to the illusion, the door had evidently been taken from a wreck, for it had painted on it in worn black letters, "Cabin." On the walls were an oil painting, a water color and several black and white drawings of ships, while the table and two whatnots were strewn with curios.

There was also a painting of a timid-looking, young woman with black curls nursing a timid, little boy with silver curls. "My wife and son, Jarge; painted in China," said our host.

While we were looking about, there came a slow, shuffling sound from the next room. A shiver of apprehension ran over me, for it was the same step that had crept along the passage the night before, on the other side of the partition. We turned our eyes toward the door as Mr. Tegg appeared in it, moving with incredible slowness even with the aid of his stick, lifting his great feet and then replanting them with steps no longer than a toddling child's. At last he was in the room, breathing as though he had been running.

"You thought you'd leave the old man alone," he said. "Alone in the dark. Alone with his memories. But he likes gaiety. He wants to see the fun, to watch the bright eyes. Oh, what a way to treat the old man!" He turned his heavy head from side to side, and raised his right foot carefully in preparing for another step.

Alonzo Haight violently pushed a chair toward him with his foot. But he said, quietly: "Seat yourself, brother, and don't be looking for trouble."

Either Mr. Tegg was startled by the sudden act or the chair really threw him off his balance. At any rate, he staggered and would have fallen had not Alonzo Haight sprung forward, caught him round the waist, and dropped him heavily into the chair. There he sat, gasping, his tufted, bald head bent over his great, pale hands that rested on the carved stick, nor did he raise his eyes again while we were there, but he put his hand down to stroke the head of Gyp who had followed him.

The furniture of the "Cabin" was of unstained, unpolished, red mahogany; the chairs and sofa upholstered in haircloth. I sat beside Vicky on the sofa but Theo was interested in the pictures of barques and schooners.

"When did you make your first voyage?" she asked. "And should one call you Captain Haight?"

"That's what I'm usually called but it don't signify. I gave up the sea as my calling long ago. I made my first sea voyage when I was a lad of fourteen, in a barque loaded with lumber, from Weymouth to Barbados. Ah, we encountered some rough weather then. We came home loaded with salt. My next trip was from Boston to Carnarvon, in Wales, with pulpwood in the hold and deal on deck. We lost most of the deal in a storm. By and by I rose to be captain of a barque. I was married then, and many's the trip my good wife made with me, and, if I do say it myself, there wasn't a ship on the seas that had better disciplined crews. No nonsense with Captain Haight in command."

"No nonsense . . . no nonsense . . ." mumbled Mr. Tegg, like some ruffled, old parrot.

"Jarge was born during a storm on the China sea, and to this day he can't go on the water without his bile arising."

"Which was your favorite barque?" asked Theo.

"This one," and he laid his square hand heavily on the frame. "The *Arabia*; six hundred and fifty tons. She was sweet and swift from top gallants' to keel. But in 1881 she turned clean upside down with me off Cape Horn. A lot of the crew was niggers, and they were nigh scared to death, but I righted her, I righted her."

"She's lovely," said Theo, fascinated.

Vicky had gone to the table and was handling with delight the strange things gathered there. Captain Haight had some interesting tale to tell of each of them.

We decided that it must be getting late, and, as we said good night and turned to go, I saw a great crock of yellow cream standing in a corner to keep cool.

"Ah, the Little Men, they like the cream," muttered Mr. Tegg to himself. "They lie on their bellies on the rim and drink their fill at night. I've seen them do it. They like the old man. Many the time they unlace his boots for him, and pull out the hairs that tickle his ears. Oh, ho, ho, ho!"

"He gets more comical all the time,"

*WATCH FOR THESE DANGER SIGNALS OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

Caused by the germ—*tinea trichophyton*—"Athlete's Foot" may first show itself in several different ways, usually between the toes—sometimes by redness, or skin-cracks, or tiny itching blisters. The skin may turn white, thick and moist or develop dryness with little scales. Any one of these calls for immediate treatment!



Doctors, health officials, newspapers WARN AGAINST EPIDEMIC OF "ATHLETE'S FOOT"

• Don't neglect itching, peeling toes, blisters; red, raw, cracked skin; these can exact a heavy penalty

IF THERE'S any doubt as to how alarming this epidemic of "Athlete's Foot" has become, just glance through the newspaper clippings printed above.

You will note that this obnoxious germ finds its luckless prey in schools, among women in the home, men in business—in every walk of life.

And its victims are all the more luckless, because among the millions infected today, countless people have come to learn that even the slightest symptom* can lead to serious trouble and suffering.

If you notice nothing more than an itching between your toes—don't think it can't mean danger. For usually that's the way "Athlete's Foot" begins.

Next the skin may turn white, feel moist, unwholesome. Or it may turn red, as it often does, producing a rawness sometimes so painful that shoes cannot be worn.

• Don't let this happen to you! And above all beware of breaks in the skin. "Athlete's Foot" often causes deep skin cracks, open sores, through which blood poisoning, lockjaw, erysipelas and other virulent infections may pass into the blood stream.

Watch your step in places where "Athlete's Foot" abounds

There is only one answer as to why 10 million people today have "Athlete's Foot"—and why millions more people on outings this summer will fall prey to this insidious disease.

And that answer is, that the tiny ringworm germs which cause this infection lurk by the billions in the very places people go to promote health — on beachwalks, on the edges of swimming pools, on locker- and dressing-room floors, in gyms and bathhouses—even in your own spotless bathroom.

Use Absorbine Jr. to kill the germs of "Athlete's Foot"

If you become infected, or if you are already a victim of "Athlete's Foot," you may have the first symptoms* without knowing it until you examine closely the skin between your toes. At the slightest sign, douse on Absorbine Jr. morning and night.

Laboratory and clinical tests have demonstrated that Absorbine Jr. kills quickly, when it reaches the germ.

Absorbine Jr. has been so beneficial that substitutes are sometimes offered. There is too much at stake to trust relief to a "just-as-good-as." There is nothing like Absorbine Jr. Take a bottle along on every outing; that's the wisest precaution against infection. Price, \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., Lyman Bldg., Montreal.

FOR SUNBURN, TOO!

Simply douse cooling Absorbine Jr. on burning, feverish skin, after every exposure. It takes out the sting and encourages a sun-tan coat. No unpleasant odor, not greasy. Wonderful, too, for insect bites, bruises, burns, sore muscles.

ABSORBINE JR.

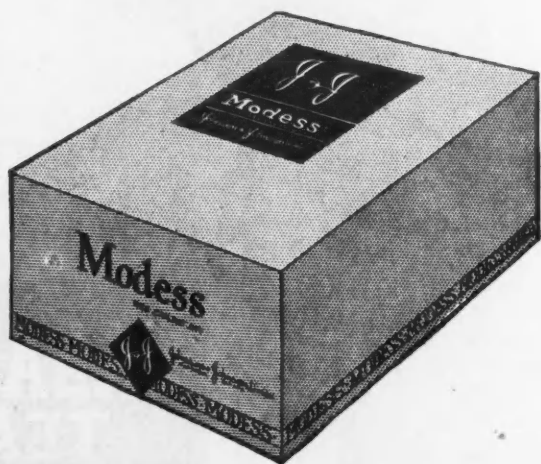
for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions



FREE

WITH EVERY PACKAGE OF

MODESS



THIS TIN OF
VEMO
THE DAINTY
DEODORANT

VEMO worth - 25c

MODESS worth - 40c

TOTAL VALUE - 65c



FOR **39c**

FOR A LIMITED PERIOD ONLY

At all Drug, Drygoods and
Departmental Stores

PRODUCTS OF

Johnson & Johnson Limited
MONTREAL CANADA

the ditch. But on either hand a field of late clover grew, strong and green.

THE tide was in. The road ended in a stony ridge thrown up by the sea and hiding it. I could hear the thunder of the stones rattling down the other side with each receding wave. I scrambled to the top, and gazed down at the green, heaving sea that, like some young and petulant giant, hurled those great stones up the ridge, again and again, till they were worn to satin smoothness; and, among them, wound stained and brightly colored lengths of seaweed, great strips of kelp red as rubber, tasselled sea moss that rattled like castanets.

I was so engrossed that I did not, at first, see a little bent man loading a wagon with seaweed. But he had evidently been watching me, for the moment I looked at him he threw a last shovelful on the load and politely touched the torn brim of his hat with a look of friendliness and curiosity.

"Be you one of the three young ladies at Alonzo Haight's?" he asked in a thin, high voice. I saw that his nose, too, was thin and high; his white beard, thin and long, and his pale, eager old face almost aesthetic in its transparent delicacy.

"Yes; I am."

I stroked the noses of the oxen, and they stared at me with their deep, mild eyes beaming beneath the red, brass-studded head yoke. They stood among the stones and seaweed of the beach, surefooted, patient, calm, the wagon mounted with dripping seaweed behind them, their thick necks rigid beneath the yoke. It seemed that they and this long-bearded, frail, old man had come forth from the sea itself, and there might return.

"This is Abel, and t'other's David," the old man was saying. "And finer oxen never put their heads under a yoke. If it wasn't for me they'd have no kind of a life with the Haight. They leave their horses out in pasture till the snow flies and the grass is froze, and the old, black stallion stone blind, egolly! The colt is three years old and has never had a shoe on his foot. The old man will drive him forty miles on the hard road without so much as a drink, till his feet are cut to pieces and his ribs startin' through the skin. He's an old terror, he is. Cares nought for man or beast."

"How does Mr. Tegg come to be here?" I asked.

Fairbarn looked from side to side into the fog before he answered, in almost a whisper. "Because Alonzo Haight done him out of all his fortune, and then he said he could take it out in board. He was afraid to put him into the workhouse for fear trouble might come of it. Here he's safe all right, and, egolly! he's gettin' crazier every day. Ha, ha, ha! We're a lovely family—Alonzo, and Jarge, and old Tegg, and Toby and me! Five fine men!"

"And Mrs. Haight," I added.

"Oh, her! She's afeard o' her own shadder, she is. He scared her into a stroke once and her head's been a' nodding ever since, just as though she'd keep saying, 'Yes, yes, you're a old terror. I'm scared to death of you—I'll nod like this till I die.'"

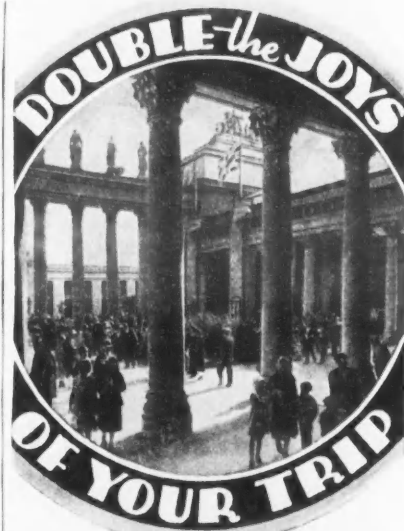
He was so pleased that he laughed in his cackling way till the tears came.

Suddenly out of the fog, the short, thick figure of Captain Haight appeared on the other side of the low stone wall that bordered the clover field. His beetling brows scowled from under his fur cap, but his lips wore their eternal smile of complacent authority. So strongly was the impression of power knit into this man's presence, that I started as though I had been caught in a conspiracy, and Fairbarn began shovelling the seaweed in an abandon of terror and haste.

Only David and Abel watched his approach out of calm, liquid eyes.

With a nod, I turned and hurried back along the beach.

WE DEBATED whether we should knock on the locked door that gave into the Haight's part of the house from our hallway, or go around out of doors and present ourselves at their front door. Vicky and I decided that the latter way would be



THIS
YEAR

Come to
TORONTO
at CANADIAN NATIONAL
EXHIBITION
time

A trip to Toronto this summer—Mecca of about two million people during the fourteen days and evenings of the world's largest annual exposition.

This renowned event fascinates visitors with its diverse and colossal attractions. Great permanent buildings are filled with natural and manufactured products from far-off lands—the world of industry in review. Music of the world's best bands, including Besses-o'-th'-Barn from Great Britain; the Exhibition 2,000-Voice Chorus: Sat., Aug. 27, Thurs., Sept. 1, Tues., Sept. 6, and Sat., Sept. 10; the nightly pageant commencing Mon., Aug. 29; Kaye Don with "Miss England III"; British Schneider Cup Plane (388.67 m.p.h.); Seventh Marathon Swim (Fri., Aug. 26, women, Wed., Aug. 31, open), and other land and water sports programmes of Olympic proportions. The Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto, provides for all the family, the happiest combination of recreational and educational features to be found anywhere.

Send a postcard for free descriptive folders.



To avoid disappointment and inconvenience, the management have arranged to accept advance Reservations for Grandstand Pageant; and for any of the four 2000-Voice Exhibition Chorus concerts.

GRANDSTAND RESERVED SEATS:

50c and \$1.00. Box Seats \$1.50 ea. (5 chairs in each box)

2,000-VOICE EXHIBITION CHORUS: Ground floor reserved 75c Box chairs \$1.00

Send cheque or money order without delay to Canadian National Exhibition, Toronto.

1677a

The Fine Art of Flavoring

Continued from page 21

for our cake or pastry but frequently indifferent about this one. True, we use it in minute quantities but it has an important rôle and the highest grade is cheaper in the long run. Less is needed and a better flavor and more delicate aroma results. Imitation products must be so marked; read the label and know what you are buying. Then when you find the brand you like best, stick to it.

Bottles of extracts should be kept corked. Cans or other containers which hold powdered spices should be covered, as they lose their strength if kept too long and cannot give the same zest and fine flavor to food.

Remember, when flavoring, that a little goes a long way. It does not always follow that if a little is good, more is better. Practise caution and judgment; test and taste in order to achieve the exquisite flavor which is the goal of all good cookery.

The housekeeper who is somewhat of an investigator will constantly find new uses for her various extracts and spices. Besides flavoring cakes, cookies, puddings, sauces and the like, she finds many other ways in which they serve her. Have you ever tried a few drops of vanilla in the cream or milk for your morning cereal? Or the cream for fresh fruits such as bananas, peaches or pines? This little ruse is often successful, too, in making a glass of milk taste more tempting to children, and even a cup of cocoa is improved by the discreet addition of this delicate flavor. All chocolate dishes, in fact, are better with a little vanilla—chocolate cakes, pie filling, sauce and others in the long list.

Many fruits, particularly those with mild flavor, are helped along with a touch of harmonizing extract. Apple sauce, for instance, may be rather insipid if made

from certain varieties a bit past their best season, unless some well chosen spice or spice extract is added. Lemon, orange or almond are other possibilities for this wholesome and popular dessert. Fruit cups which serve as appetizers or last course will sometimes be even more appealing with the mere touch of peppermint. Almond may be used, and this flavor goes excellently with many stewed or canned fruits such as apples or peaches. Prunes are often a bit flat without a little cinnamon or lemon to give a zest.

When it comes to puddings, pie fillings, ice cream, sauces, whipped cream and cake icing, you can achieve infinite variety by a clever use of familiar or more unusual essences. Don't always think only of vanilla, but be a little more adventurous—even a little daring if you like. Banana, for instance, is splendid in baked custards, custard sauce or custard pie. So is pineapple or any number of others. Maple is a flavoring which every one likes. Try it in brown sugar sauce, in a liquid for basting a baked ham, and in a dozen other ways. And here is a little hint which may delight a hostess: Put a little rose extract in the water for your finger bowls and notice the delicate pleasing aroma.

Certain flavors complement each other and can be combined in the same dish with interesting results. The Chatelaine Institute offers you a few suggestions for blends which have proved popular. You may add a number of your own when you experiment a little; as you find something which just suits you, jot it down so you may duplicate it at another time. Remember that the flavor makes or mars the dish. It is worth a little effort, for skilful flavoring brings you a reputation as a good cook and an artist in food preparation.

Dish

Iced or Hot Cocoa
Fruit Punch

Iced Coffee
Milk

Ice Cubes (for iced tea, lemonade or orangeade)

Fruit Cups

Whipped Cream

Angel Cake

Chocolate Cake

Sponge Cake

Milk Puddings (blanc manges, sago, tapioca, rice, custards, bread pudding)

Stewed or Canned Peaches, Pears or Apples

Hard Sauce
Icings

Candy

Flavoring

Vanilla or Cinnamon
Sage, Peppermint or Wintergreen

Vanilla
Vanilla, Cinnamon, Almond or Fruit Flavors

Mint, Pineapple, Strawberry or other Fruit Flavors
Peppermint, Almond, Lemon

Vanilla, Almond or Fruit Flavors to harmonize with the food which it accompanies
Vanilla and Rose
Almond and Rose
Vanilla and Violet
Fruit Flavors

Vanilla
Vanilla and Cinnamon
Maple and Almond
Lemon and Almond
Vanilla and Orange
Lemon and Orange

Almond, Lemon or Raspberry, or combinations of these
Vanilla and Nutmeg
Pineapple with Vanilla or Lemon
Vanilla or Almond, or a combination of these
Cinnamon or Nutmeg

Maple, Almond or Fruit Flavors with Vanilla
Wintergreen or Peppermint in icing for chocolate cakes
Strawberry, Raspberry, Pineapple or Orange with Vanilla in icing for coconut cakes
Cinnamon or Vanilla in icing for spice cakes
Rose-flavored cake iced with almond icing
Maple flavoring in icing for plain cakes
Pistachio in icing for cup cakes

Peppermint or Pistachio in green fondant patties
Strawberry or Raspberry in pink ones
Almond, Wintergreen, Cinnamon or Cloves in white ones
Vanilla, Orange or Almond in maple cream

Almond or Maple in divinity
Peppermint in molasses candy
Fruit Flavors in cream candies

That Cookie Jar!

Continued from page 20

drop cakes. You can do wonders with an old favorite by the simple addition of chopped nuts, coconut, chocolate, dried fruits alone or in different combinations. The use of prepared cereals, of oatmeal or the coarser flours in proper proportion, often results in something entirely new, wholesome and delicious. Do not overlook the possibilities of the various syrups, of the clever

blending of spices, of the use of different flavorings when you want variety and novelty. Many of the paler doughs can be tinted most attractively to tone in with your color scheme or give a bright note which is most appealing.

Cup cakes are always popular. They should be dainty and may be baked in small muffin pans or in fluted paper cases of suit-

Why Miss Lillian Loughton's Strawberry Shortcake is famous . . .



"I use and recommend Magic Baking Powder," says Cookery Expert of Canadian Magazine.

"WHEN I create a recipe," says Miss Lillian Loughton, Dietitian and Cookery Expert of the Canadian Magazine, "I want it to serve the young, inexperienced cook as well as the older and more skilled housewife."

"That's why my own baking recipes are planned for Magic and why I recommend it for all recipes calling for baking powder. Even a beginner can use it confidently."

Miss Loughton's high praise confirms the judgment of other Canadian dietitians and cookery experts. The majority of them use Magic exclusively, because it gives consistently better baking results.

Magic is first choice of Canadian housewives, too. It outsells all

other baking powders combined.

Be sure to use Magic, when you bake at home. Have the happy satisfaction of knowing that your baked foods are sure to be successful—light . . . tender . . . delicious!

Individual Strawberry Shortcakes

2 cups pastry flour (or 1 3/4 cups bread flour)
4 teaspoons Magic Baking Powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
4 tablespoons shortening
2 tablespoons sugar
1 egg 3/4 cup milk

Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt; rub in shortening till very fine; add sugar. Beat egg and pour with the chilled milk to make soft dough (but not too soft to hold its shape when baked). Turn the dough onto a floured board, roll lightly to one-third inch thickness. Cut out with a round cutter. Brush one round with melted butter; place another round on it; bake in hot oven. Split, fill with fresh berries slightly sweetened. Put top round on and pile whipped cream over it, decorating with whole berries.



"CONTAINS NO ALUM." This statement on every tin is our guarantee that Magic Baking Powder is free from alum or any harmful ingredient.

Send for the new Magic Cook Book to use when you bake at home. It gives you dozens of recipes for delicious baked dishes. Your copy is free. Mail the coupon today.



STANDARD BRANDS LIMITED C-7
Fraser Ave. and Liberty St., Toronto, Ont.
Please send me free copy of the Magic Cook Book.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ Prov. _____

In these scorching days your Skin gets Thirsty too!

Restore its natural moisture with
this famous Olive Oil Face Powder

WHEN the sun's hot rays beat down on your skin, the tissues soon dry up... grow drawn and shriveled.

Little lines creep in under the eyes. Around the mouth. Your skin peels, flakes, wrinkles. Lacking vital moisture, the glands get "thirsty" ... Something *must* be done!

OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder replaces the missing, natural oils. Its unique Olive Oil base (found in no other powder) keeps your skin marvelously smooth and supple... gives your face the radiant glow of youth. Satiny in texture, OUTDOOR GIRL clings for hours. Yet, it is soft, dry and fluffy as any powder you have used.

Try this *different* face powder today! Discover how it will protect your complexion... keep it young and fresh. OUTDOOR GIRL comes in 7 popular shades to blend naturally with any complexion.

Regular size packages of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder and other Olive Oil Beauty Products are popularly priced at 35c and \$1.00 in the better drug and department stores. Try-out sizes, too, at 15c each, may be found in the leading "chains." Buy your box of OUTDOOR GIRL today, or mail the coupon for liberal samples of both the Olive Oil and Lightex face powders and the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream (which cleans the skin as no soap can).

Made in Canada

OUTDOOR GIRL
OLIVE OIL Face Powder

Light: in the red box for oily skins... With Olive Oil in the purple box for normal skins.

J. T. WAIT CO., Ltd., Dept. E-7,
427 St. Francis Xavier St., Montreal.

Enclosed find 4c in stamps for which please send me free samples of the 2 OUTDOOR GIRL face powders and the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Prov. _____

SOME FACTS ABOUT A CUTICURA SOAP PERFECT SKIN

From childhood the perfect skin has been thoroughly and regularly cleansed by a pure soap and one that contains medicinal properties which soothe, heal and protect against skin troubles.

More than three generations have

found that Cuticura Soap meets just these requirements and have been using it to keep the skin in healthy condition.

Price 25c.

Canadian Depot: J. T. Wait Company, Ltd., Montreal.
Try Cuticura Shaving Cream.



NEW LOWER SCHOOL RIDLEY COLLEGE FOR BOYS

St. Catharines, Ont.

H. C. GRIFFITH, M.A., Principal.

Set in 80 acres of ideal grounds. Five separate dormitories, Memorial Chapel, Swimming Pool, Covered Rink. Magnificent new Upper School Dormitory Building, Lower School for boys up to 14. Matriculation standing very high—3 University Scholarships last year. Small classes under personal supervision. Courses leading to pass and honour matriculation to Universities, R.M.C. and Business. School re-opens Monday, Sept. 12. For illustrated prospectus write to—

THE BURSAR RIDLEY COLLEGE St. Catharines, Ont.

declared Captain Haight, looking down at him with enjoyment in his folly. "It beats all the fancies he has, about little men and all. Say good night, Mr. Tegg."

"Good night, good night, good night," boomed Mr. Tegg.

"How is Toby?" I asked, glancing into the scullery where old Fairbairn and Myrtle were still busy.

A kind of composed ferocity lit up the old sea captain's face. "Toby?" he drawled. "Oh, he's off again. He came home last night but he went again this morning, and he took pretty nigh three dollars out of a ginger jar in my wife's bedroom. He went in there to sit with her, and he sat till she fell asleep, and then... The police have been after him, too, for smuggling whisky. He'll come to a bad end, I'm afraid."

"Poor Toby, poor Toby," moaned Mr. Tegg. "He loves the old man."

Outside, Theo exclaimed: "What a thundering old villain, that Haight is. It sticks out all over him."

"Let him try any of his villainy on me," said Vicky.

We began to run and chase each other in the starlit, tepid night. In and out among the trees we ran, with smothered laughter, like children.

IT SEEMED that the wind would never get itself out of the east. Fog that lay over us like a quilt all day, gave way at night to driving rains and howling gales.

Theo stayed close to the fire, for her throat was troublesome again. She made sketches which we thought were wonderful, of Alonzo Haight, of Mr. Tegg, of Myrtle.

She sent them home to Enid Palmer. Vicky wrote a letter full of meticulous description of the place and people to Mrs. Palmer. We pictured her reading it in the rose-scented drawing-room, with the terriers on her lap. I wrote to Jerome Wain and to Ayrtton.

"Shall I send your love to Ayrtton?"

"Not mine to that little beast," replied Theo.

"Say we wish to be remembered," said Vicky, "and tell him to try to be worthy of Cobbold House."

"Don't be preachy, Vicky," said Theo. "Better tell him and Clara to go to the devil and be done with it."

"You're really very coarse, Theo, darling."

"Well, that's what you'd like to say."

"I haven't the slightest desire to say any such thing. They have Cobbold House. I want them to be worthy of it."

"No, you don't. You couldn't abide the thought of their being worthy of it. You know perfectly well that we're the only human beings who are worthy of it."

"Do you realize?" I thundered—and it was very small thunder, I admit—"that I'm trying to concentrate my thoughts? If this weather doesn't clear soon we shall all be at the outs."

But it did not clear, and we were really getting irritable with each other. We wanted to go to Balmeny to do some shopping, and, of course, Theo wanted to see her land, and Vicky wanted to go about putting Alonzo in his place.

My nights had been uneventful. Something queer in me made me long for another of those strange scenes beyond the partition. I was careful each night to shut my bedroom door so that my cousins might not be awakened by a noise. As I descended the two steps into my room, ducking my head under the low doorway, I always had a strange sense of expectancy of adventure. Anything might happen.

Several times I was roused by groanings and mutterings from Mr. Tegg in his sleep, but they never lasted for long and I would soon drop off again.

So three more nights passed. Then, on a Friday night, when the rain seemed to be thrown by bucketfuls on the roof, and the windows shook in their ill-fitting frames, and the wind shrieked and whistled with the most personal sound of hatred that I had yet heard, a sudden, sharp, clear cry brought me like a bolt to a sitting position, my hands clenched in the quilt, my spine quivering.

(To be Continued)



SHOES by BLACHFORD

- ONYX
- GEORGINA
- ARCHGRIP
- ARCHELPH

Crafted by Canada's leading shoe stylists. Identified by the name "Blachford"

SOLD THROUGHOUT CANADA

Blachford Shoe Manufacturing Company Limited, Toronto



New, Quick-Starting Ink Cleans Your Pen As It Writes

Secret Solvent Prevents Clogging!

Here is a new discovery in ink-making—called Quink. It dries by rapid penetration—dries on paper 31% faster than other inks—yet resists evaporation—HENCE DOES NOT DRY IN A PEN!

More than that, it contains a peculiar solvent which dissolves the sediment left in your pen by other inks. This ends pen-clogging—makes any pen a self-cleaner—it cleans as it writes.

You don't have to shake or coax to make Quink flow. Your pen starts quickly—starts every time. Simple, isn't it? But it cost The Parker Pen Company \$68,000 to produce the first bottle. Parker developed Quink to guard their guaranteed Parker Duofold Pens from inks that clog and gum.

While protecting users of Parker pens, Quink benefits users of ALL pens—steel pens or fountain pens. Any dealer can supply you—two types (1) Permanent, (2) Washable—both without sediment. Get a bottle today. See if it doesn't make your pen work like a charm.

If you want to try before you buy, send 10c for postage and packing large trial bottle. Address the Parker Fountain Pen Company, Ltd., Dept. X, Toronto, Ontario.

**Parker
Quink**

On sale everywhere at same prices as old-type, pen-clogging inks.



THE DOMESTIC WORKSHOP



Dissolves quickly, cleans thoroughly, rinses easily. Will not injure skin or fabric. For better cleaning, use CHARM

For sale at careful grocers

Manufactured by
Galt Chemical Products, Ltd., Galt, Ont.



CLEANS
AS WELL AS
POLISHES
Paste
or Liquid

BE SURE IT'S HAWES'

LABOR-SAVING EQUIPMENT

If you have discovered any new device which makes your work in the kitchen or home easier, why not pass the information along to other women?

The Domestic Workshop

a regular department for the ferreting out of new aids for the housewife will be glad to hear of it.

If there is any additional information you would like regarding any of the articles mentioned in these columns, we will be glad to tell you more about them on request.

A Bathroom Necessity
Cleans Toilet Bowls,
Removes Stains.



FLUSHO

A department which seeks out and investigates what is new and good in housekeeping helps

Conducted by VERA E. WELCH

I'VE been noticing lately that many of the newer houses are built with special ventilating units already included in their design. It seems to me a very good idea, for notwithstanding wide-flung doors and windows, there's no denying that the dog-days bring their full measure of heat, steam and cooking odors to the kitchen. It is particularly difficult in summertime to prevent the grease-laden air from penetrating into the rest of the house and laying its inevitable coating on the draperies and furniture. Doors are left wide open in order to create cool draughts through the house, and one forgets that the current of air is apt to carry more than its own cool breeze. Whence the cry of "Corned beef and cabbage for dinner," directly the family enters the front door—which may be complimentary enough to the dinner, but is rather disparaging to the ventilating system!

And in winter time, of course, closed windows and doors do their best to keep in the steam and odors along with the heat. It is amazing how much of the winter's accumulation of dirt is due to deposits of soot and smoke wafted through the house from the kitchen.

That is why these built-in ventilating units struck me as being a distinct step forward in house planning. Upon investigation it appeared that this same unit can be placed in the wall of any brick, stucco or frame house that is already built, simply by cutting a square hole in the wall. Its best possible position is, of course, over the cooking stove in the kitchen, where it can do its work, replacing the heated kitchen air with air drawn through the living rooms, thus providing ventilation all through the house.

The "Canadian" Home Ventilating Unit is equipped with double doors, one on the inside of the kitchen wall, and the other on the outside wall of the house. Care in their design has made certain that they won't rattle in windy weather, and the doors are manipulated by the same movement which sets the motor going. An enamelled rod hangs from the inside door. By pulling it you open the doors and start the fan; by pushing it you close the doors and stop the



A ventilating system which spirits away the hot, steamy, grease-laden kitchen air and replaces it with fresh cool air, is a welcome addition to the home's comfort.

fan. Simple enough! The double doors, needless to say, keep out the cold air when the fan is not in use in wintertime.

WHAT with a new type of elastic, a new service bell system, and an adorable spoon and fork set for baby, we are turning quite frivolous this month. But you will have to put it down to the heat. It does strange things, even to the kitchen-minded!

So let's step into the sewing room for a moment and glance at this latest Nufashond elastic. It is noteworthy because it is made with round rubber thread rather than flat. This may not convey very much at first, but when one considers that the round thread ensures a strong, uniform elastic because it is



"Cheerio Chick" is a gay little bird, especially designed to carry baby's spoon, fork and serviette.

smooth and has no edges to fray and cause deterioration, one begins to realize that there is more than just a change of contour involved in the new elastic. The elastic itself, of course, is flat. The rubber thread of spun Latex has been tested to withstand as much boiling as any garment would require. It can be boiled, dried on a hot radiator and ironed with a hot iron. That's saying a lot for any material, let alone elastic.

If you are servant-conscious, the new "Flush Call" system, which is the latest development in service signals, will interest you. Time was when a vast assortment of sheep bells of various notes kept the servant guessing whether somebody was standing on the front door step or whether the mistress of the house was wanting tea. Then, when electricity came along, this cumbersome arrangement was discarded for the push-button bell with a drop number. But this still had its defects. The new Flush Call is a system of concealed signals. Indicators are mounted like a lighting switch in the wall of the kitchen. The sound can be adjusted to the desired note, and an indicator drops automatically beneath the number. An immense improvement in both appearance and efficiency.

No doubt, you have noticed by this time the gay little "Cheerio Chick" adorning the page. He really is a charming novelty. That is why he is shown here—to save some of you violent brain rummagings trying to think of an unusual gift for baby. The Chick himself is made of wood, and ducoed. He holds a spoon and fork under his wings, and acts as a serviette ring for baby. The entire set, with the exception of the serviette, is a Wm. Rogers & Son product.



Onliwon PAPER TOWELS

Help Splendidly in the Kitchen

They save time, trouble and laundry work. They save wear and tear on linens. So cheap, too, that everyone can afford them. Ask your dealer.



Removing grease from pans

One of
Eddy's
Sterilized
Paper
Products

DOWSWELL ELECTRIC WASHER



PORCELAIN ENAMELLED TUB
ECONOMICAL TO BUY AND OPERATE
BEAUTY PLUS EFFICIENCY



DOWSWELL LEE & CO. LTD.
HAMILTON ONTARIO

The Locomotive Gyrator Washer

Standard and deluxe models

Waist-high, air-insulated porcelain tub. Balanced strength—smooth operation. Low price for high quality.

Write for details.
Dealers correspondence invited.



THE Locomotive
PORCELAIN-GYRATOR WASHER
The Brantford Washing Machine Co. Ltd.,
Brantford, Canada



DON'T HAVE GRAY HAIR

Avoid the embarrassment of gray, faded, bleached or streaked hair. Tint it easily and instantly to its natural shade, from lightest blond to deepest black. Just comb through harmless, odorless Brownatone. Guaranteed results. Does not prevent perfect waving of the hair. At all dealers, 50c. Or send 10c for trial bottle.

Kenton Pharmacal Co., Dept. EE-20, Windsor, Ontario
BROWNATONE
TINTS GRAY HAIR ANY SHADE

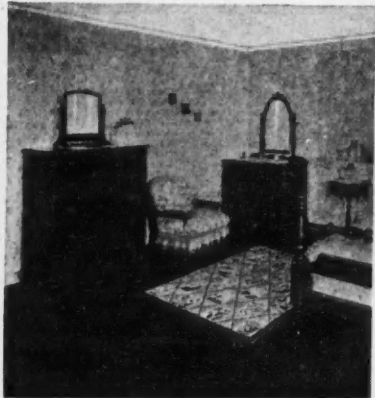
Andrew Malcolm Colonial Bedrooms



bring the charm of long ago to modern homes—

WIDESPREAD is the revival of interest in ancestral times and furnishings. Truly this is a Colonial Year. And with Andrew Malcolm Colonials, you can re-create, in your bedroom, the spell of bygone days.

Stately posters, in old mahogany and rich walnut browns. Capacious chests and high boys, like those in which our great-great-grandmothers stored their precious laces and linens. Dressers and dressing tables, low boys and other furniture, historic in character, preserving the spirit of Old Canada—a variety of delightful pieces from which to create a Colonial bedroom expressing your own taste and originality.



Andrew Malcolm Colonials, despite their authentic origin, fine workmanship and beauty of finish, are not expensive. A bedroom of lasting charm may be achieved at moderate outlay. If preferred, a gradual Colonial transformation may be made, piece by piece. Andrew Malcolm has selected important furniture and department stores throughout the Dominion for the display of his Colonials. We invite you to see them. But first send for our booklet, illustrating Colonial bedrooms, and suggesting ways to make your home more charming.

ANDREW MALCOLM FURNITURE CO.
Furniture Manufacturers 60 Years
Home Office: Kincardine, Ont.
Factories: Kincardine and Listowel



Send illustrated booklet "Colonial Bedrooms", to
Name _____
Address _____
My furniture store is _____

CL732

able size. If using the latter, place each one in a muffin tin or set on a baking sheet. Or the mixture may be poured into a shallow pan and baked as a cake about one inch thick. Individual cakes may then be made by cutting it into small pieces of various shapes—squares, triangles, bars or circles. These may be iced with any choice of frostings and may be as ornamental as you wish. A thin icing is used if the cake is to be entirely covered, a somewhat thicker one if only the top is decorated. A pastry bag is a great aid in achieving more elaborate effects, and a distinctive touch can be given by chopped or whole nuts, chocolate shot or grated chocolate, small colored candies, coconut or bits of candied fruit.

Important ingredients in small cakes and cookies are your own imagination, your sense of the fitness of things, and your artistry in decoration and arrangement. An assortment of these delicious products serves many purposes, and on any number of occasions they prove attractive and popular refreshments.

Honey Drop Cookies

- ½ Cupful of butter
- ½ Cupful of sugar
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Egg yolks
- 1 Teaspoonful of vanilla
- ¼ Cupful of ground citron
- Pinch of cinnamon
- 1 Cupful of honey
- 4 Cupfuls of flour
- 1 Teaspoonful of soda
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- ¼ Cupful of ground nut meats

Cream the butter and the sugar together and add the salt. Beat the egg yolks thoroughly and add to the creamed mixture. Add the vanilla, citron and cinnamon. Mix and sift the flour, soda, and baking powder and add the ground nuts. Add the dry ingredients alternately with the honey, beating after each addition. This batter should be very stiff—more flour may be necessary. Drop from a teaspoon on to a greased baking sheet and bake in a hot oven—450 degrees Fahr.—for about five or six minutes.

Filled Corn Flake Cookies

- ½ Pound of dates
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of grated orange peel
- ½ Cupful of sugar
- ½ Cupful of water
- Stone the dates, add the orange rind, sugar and water and cook slowly until the dates are soft.
- 1 Cupful of butter
- 1 Cupful of brown sugar
- 3½ Cupfuls of flour
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- ½ Cupful of water
- 2 Cupfuls of corn flakes

Cream the butter and sugar together until light. Mix and sift the flour, baking powder and salt, and add alternately to the creamed mixture with the water. Lastly add the corn flakes. Chill and roll the dough to a thin layer. Cut into rounds and spread one round with the date mixture. Cover with a second round and press the edges together. Bake on a greased baking sheet in a moderate oven—350 to 375 degrees Fahr.—for ten to twelve minutes. These cookies will cut more easily if the corn flakes are rolled before adding.

Scotties

- 1¾ Cupfuls of flour
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- ½ Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- ¼ Teaspoonful of nutmeg
- ¼ Teaspoonful of cloves
- 1 Cupful of sliced dates
- ½ Cupful of chopped nuts
- ½ Cupful of shortening
- 1 Cupful of sugar
- 1 Egg
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of milk
- 1¾ Cupfuls of rolled oats

Sift together the flour, salt, baking powder and spices. Add the dates and nuts and mix thoroughly. Cream the shortening, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming. Add the beaten egg, then the dry ingredients, including the rolled oats, alter-

nately with the milk. Drop the mixture by spoonfuls two inches apart on to a well greased baking sheet and bake in a fairly hot oven—400 degrees Fahr.—for about ten minutes.

Ginger Snaps

- 2½ Cupfuls of sifted flour
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- ¾ Teaspoonful of ginger
- ¾ Teaspoonful of soda
- ½ Cupful of molasses
- ½ Cupful of shortening
- ½ Cupful of sugar

Measure the sifted flour and sift again with the salt and soda. Heat the molasses, shortening, sugar and ginger to boiling point, add the flour mixture and mix thoroughly. Turn out on to a floured board and roll very thin. Cut with a round cookie cutter and bake on a greased baking sheet for eight to ten minutes in a hot oven. More flour may be necessary to make a mixture stiff enough to roll.

Almond Slices

- 2½ Cupfuls of sifted flour
- ½ Teaspoonful of soda
- 1 Egg
- ¼ Cupful of brown sugar
- ½ Cupful of granulated sugar
- ¾ Cupful of melted shortening
- ½ Cupful of almonds, blanched, toasted and chopped

Measure the sifted flour and sift again with the soda. Beat the egg, add the brown and white sugar, the melted shortening and the prepared almonds. Add the flour and mix well. Pack closely into a square cake pan lined with waxed paper. Chill overnight, remove from the pan, cut in half and slice crosswise in thin slices. Bake on a greased baking sheet in a hot oven—425 degrees Fahr.—for five minutes.

Lemon Cup Cakes

- ½ Cupful of butter
- 1 Cupful of sugar
- 4 Egg yolks
- ¾ Tablespoonful of lemon juice
- Grated rind of one lemon
- 1½ Cupfuls of sifted flour
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- ¼ Teaspoonful of soda
- 4 Egg whites

Cream the butter thoroughly, add the sugar gradually and continue creaming until the mixture is light and fluffy. Beat the egg yolks until thick and light colored, and add with the lemon juice and rind to the creamed mixture. Measure the sifted flour and sift again with the salt and soda. Add a little at a time to the first mixture and beat after each addition until smooth. Lastly fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Bake in small greased cake tins or in paper-baking cases in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahr.—for about twenty-five minutes. When cold, cover the tops with lemon icing.

Orange Circles

- 3 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- Grated rind of one orange
- ¾ Cupful of sugar
- Few grains of salt
- Juice of one orange
- 1¾ Cupfuls of flour

Cream the butter with the grated rind of the orange. Gradually add the sugar and continue creaming. Add the salt, then the orange juice and sifted flour alternately. Pat and roll very thin, cut with a round, flour-dipped cutter and bake on a baking sheet covered with greased paper, in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahr.

Cocoanut Caramel Macaroons

- ½ Can of caramelized condensed milk
- 1¼ Cupfuls of cocoanut

To caramelize the condensed milk, place the unopened can in a kettle of boiling water and keep at boiling point for three hours, being careful to keep the can covered with the water. Remove from the water and chill thoroughly. Several cans of the caramelized milk may be kept in the refrigerator for use when needed. To make the macaroons, simply mix the caramelized milk with the shredded cocoanut and drop by teaspoonfuls on to a buttered baking sheet, keeping them about one inch apart. Bake for about ten minutes in a moderate oven—350 degrees Fahrenheit.

Just look



See how softly bright they are—how flawless. See with what quick kindness lustre has been restored to sterling or plate, ornaments or tableware, with Silvo Liquid Silver Polish. Silvo contains neither acid nor mercury. It is easy and quick; safe and sure; and its 25c airtight tin is economical and handy. Try a tin tomorrow.



Silvo

LIQUID SILVER POLISH
Made in Canada

RECKITT'S (Oversea) LIMITED

Montreal Toronto Vancouver



"THANKS
BLUE-JAY
GUESS I'LL GO TO
THAT DANCE
AFTER ALL"

**CORNS
STOP
HURTING**

—when you put on a Blue-jay Corn Plaster. The mild medication draws out the pain; the soft felt pad cushions the sensitive spot from shoe pressure.

In three days, usually, the loosened corn comes right out—and you're on easy feet!

Blue-jay is the safe treatment for corns, produced by a noted surgical dressing house. Insist on this medicated corn plaster—take no chances with paring or harsh "cures." All druggists, 35c.

BLUE-JAY
CORN PLASTERS
BAUER & BLACK LIMITED

FREE BOOKLET—"FOR BETTER FEET"—

A very helpful book; contains valuable suggestions for foot sufferers. For a free copy mail this coupon to Bauer & Black, 105 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ Prov. _____

THE PANTRY SHELF



"I'M WATCHING every PENNY

these days, especially where food is concerned and I've found it a great help to wrap my "left-overs" in

Para-Sani
HEAVY WAXED PAPER
IN THE GREEN BOX

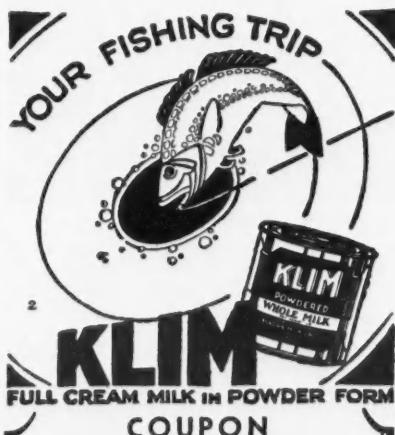
"Vegetables, pastry, meats and baked goods, too. It keeps them fresh, dainty and appetizing."



If your dealer hasn't PARA-SANI, send 25c.—and his name—for a full size box to **Department C.**

Appleford PAPER PRODUCTS
HAMILTON — ONTARIO
2 New Appleford Products

Dusters are old-fashioned now. Modern housewives use Appleford Wonder Paper which cleans—as it dusts—as it polishes... No odors from fish or vegetables, and better results, if you cook them in Canapar Cookery Parchment. For your dealer's name and 50c. we'll send you a full-size package of both.



KLIM
FULL CREAM MILK IN POWDER FORM
COUPON

Canadian Milk Products Limited,
115 George St., Toronto

Please send me free booklet "Camp Cooking."

Name _____

Address _____

A Directory of Food Products and Their Place on the Menu

STOCKING THE SUMMER COTTAGE

by M. Frances Hucks

THE pantry shelf has changed its location! For two glorious months it has gone to the shore, the woods or the country. But not for a rest. Rather the reverse, for on its groaning boards must be stored enough of everything for everybody. And what a catastrophe if even one little item is forgotten! To avoid any possibility of such disaster, we have prepared a list of camp needs, to use as a guide when buying supplies for the cottage. Add or subtract as you will, but remember you can put greater faith in a well-stocked pantry shelf than in doubtful daily supplies and an uncertain oven.

Milks—

Powdered	Evaporated
Condensed	

Prepared Cereals—

Corn Flakes	Puffed Wheat
Shredded Wheat	Grape-Nuts
Bran	Rice Krispies
Puffed Rice	Muffins

Packaged Cereals—

Oatmeal and	Wheatena
Roller Oats	Roman Meal
Cornmeal	Red River Cereal
Cream of Wheat	

Flour—

Pancake Flour	Ready Mixed Pie
Ready Mixed	Crust
Cake Flour	

Canned Meats—

Corned Beef	Sausage
Corned Beef Hash	Meat Loaf
Chicken	Smoked Beef
Pressed Veal	Irish Stew
Tongue	Boiled Dinner
Ham	Roast Beef

Canned Fish—

Salmon	Lobster
Sardines	Shrimps
Tuna Fish	Crab
Kipperd Herring	Finnan Haddie

Canned Vegetables—

Tomatoes	Carrots
Peas	Asparagus
Corn	Spinach
Pork and Beans	Mixed Cubed
String Beans	Vegetables
Baby Beets	Mushrooms

Canned Fruits—

Peaches	Pineapple
Pears	Plums
Apricots	Fruit Salad
Cherries	Figs
Grapefruit	Raspberries
Apple Sauce	Strawberries

Canned Soups—

Many Varieties

Other Staples in Tins or Jars—

Cooked Spaghetti	Sandwich Fillings
Jams (various	(variety)
flavors)	Maple Syrup
Jellies (various	Corn Syrup
flavors)	Honey
Marmalade	Molasses
Peanut Butter	Shortening
Mixed Pickles	Baking Powder
Olives	Cooking and Salad
Catsup and Chili	Oils
Sauce	Coffee, Tea, Cocoa
Worcestershire	Marshmallows
Sauce	Maraschino
Prepared Mustard	Cherries
Salad Dressings	Chocolate Syrup
Vinegars	Grape Juice
Tomato Juice	Ginger Ale
Assorted	Assorted
Beverages	Flavorings

Boxed or Packaged—

Soda Biscuits	Junket
Graham Wafers	Tapioca
Fancy Mixed	Rice, Sago
Cakes	Dates, Raisins,
Macaroni and	Prunes
Noodles	Chocolate
Loaf Sugar	Cocoaanut
Jelly Powders and	Bouillon Cubes
Gelatine	Cheese (variety)
Prepared Puddings	Salt and Pepper
Spices (variety)	Baking Soda

There is always a place on the pantry shelf for the accessories that make the preparation and serving of food easier. Without a doubt this section gains in importance at the summer home. Everything must be made easier. So here are a few suggestions.

Reduce the weekly wash to a minimum by taking along an ample supply of paper towels, paper tablecloths and paper serviettes. Be prepared for impromptu picnics, fishing trips and similar excursions by providing rolls of waxed paper to wrap the lunch. This same waxed paper will play an essential part all summer by keeping foods fresh and uncontaminated. Remember, too, how paper plates and cups, spoons and forks and similar products reduce the dish washing. A word to the wise is sufficient!



Cox's
Instant Powdered
GELATINE
Made in Scotland

Send for free recipe book giving 100 tempting recipes for Savories, Salads, Puddings, Jellies, etc.

COX GELATINE CO. LIMITED
Box 73, Montreal Dept. J
Send free recipes to:

Name _____
Address _____

McLAREN'S



Olives
for Salads
Picnics and
Table

McLaren's are in the smart CRACKLE GLASS Jars



Fresh and Full Flavored

Fine sparkling purest of salt. Twice washed, filtered and screened—its full flavored freshness brings out the natural food flavors.

PURITY
SALT

Why not devote your spare hours to our pleasant, part time work? We will pay you well for your efforts.

Write for full particulars

LOCAL REPRESENTATIVES DEPT.
THE MACLEAN PUBLISHING CO.,
LIMITED, TORONTO 2, ONT.



CONNORS' CREAM LTD.
I've heard about your delicious cream. Now I want to know all about it. Send me the book and show me how to use it. I'll send you a picture of me with some of them.

Name _____
Address _____



IT'S FUN for you both!

IT AFFORDS you real pleasure to watch the children enjoy their meals. And of course it's fun for them to eat Kellogg's Rice Krispies—to hear those crunchy rice bubbles actually snap, crackle and pop!

Of course, you worry when they don't want to eat. And that's why we are writing to tell you about a cereal so different, that children can't resist it.

Give your child a bowl of Kellogg's Rice Krispies and milk. Delicious, toasted rice bubbles that actually crackle in the milk or cream. The snapping and popping fascinates youngsters... just watch them eat!

Dietitians say that crisp cereals can be an important part of your child's diet. In fact, they advise serving two cereals daily—a different one at supper-time.

And Kellogg's Rice Krispies are one of the best cereals for children ever made. Tempting. Nourishing. Yet so easy to digest, they do not overtax. They invite restful sleep when served for the nursery supper.

You'll appreciate the care used in making Rice Krispies. No hands ever touch this cereal. Gleaming machinery, spotless ovens, sunlit kitchens. And Rice Krispies are sealed in a WAXTITE bag which is placed inside the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in London, Ontario.

Quality guaranteed.



FOR THE CHILDREN: Tune in Kellogg's SINGING LADY every afternoon except Saturdays and Sundays at 5:30 Eastern Time, over WJZ, WLW, WBAL, KDKA, WBZ, WBZA, WGAR, WJR. Songs and stories children love. When available.

Doukhobors of the West

Continued from page 4

years, no marriage license was taken out by the bridegroom, the brides now are getting wise to the alimony scheme, and so ask their future spouse to obtain one before the ceremony. In some cases an old custom still prevails. If the husband goes to live at his wife's place after the wedding, he can adopt his wife's surname, dropping his own entirely; although when the children come to school, they call themselves after their father's former surname. Many times a merry mix-up results when the question of names of children and their parents is brought up—who's who, and who's not who.

ONCE, a journalist and his young wife, while travelling through British Columbia, came to a small village where they saw a number of Doukhobors at work. The Doukhobors collected round the visitors. Wishing to obtain a picture of these people, the young woman asked them to dress in their full national costume and pose for her. Imagine the consternation of the young people when all trooped out of their homes like Adam and Eve—stark naked! This fanatical sect of Doukhobors is known as the "Sons of Freedom," and must not be confused with the ones I have just described.

The Sons of Freedom do not believe in causing dumb animals to suffer. They consider it a dreadful sin to consume any animal products, both for food and clothing—all, except sheep's wool, the reason for which can be readily understood from the fact that sheep suffer exceedingly during the hot summer months if their fleeces are not shorn. Rubber footwear is used in extreme weather. When the soil is required to be tilled, the men hitch their women up to the plow instead of horses. The wealthier farmers in this sect use tractors, but not under any condition will they make the horses or other animals serve them. So it seems quite strange to walk into one of their villages and see no evidence of any animal life whatever—not even a hen to be found.

At one time the Sons of Freedom belonged to the Christian Community of Universal Brotherhood, but they later broke away because of that more "humane" clause in their religion. Another idea then struck

some of the more religious among them. Why be bothered with clothes? The Lord gave them bodies not to be ashamed of, but to be proud of. "Off with our clothes!" they said, and off their clothes went.

When the police read the Riot Act to them concerning the lawful amount of clothing to wear, they added a new slogan to their doctrines, "Why have laws at all? They only cause suffering, and we are God's free people. Down with all laws! They are only a burden to us." And so followed a periodical series of nude parades and school burnings, which still harass the Canadian authorities considerably. But members of this sect generally undress in the privacy of their homes when eating or praying. Their religious gatherings are also carried on in the nude.

THE most important person in the eyes of all the Doukhobors is Peter Verigin. He is the president of the Christian Community of Universal Brotherhood. Here he is practically their potential monarch and is considered by the Brotherhood as a sort of demigod. Though they have nothing to do with him, the Doukhobors outside of the Community fear and respect Verigin, and he has many influential friends among them.

But all is not of the old world among the Doukhobors. Among such as have broken away from the Community, one finds wealthy farmers whose farms show progress on every side. Large barns, modern houses, and excellent stock are much in evidence. It is not surprising to see them driving large cars of the latest models. The older generation is fast disappearing, to be replaced by the more progressive, new. And from the ranks of these people also come the professionals—high class merchants, lawyers, doctors, teachers, musicians and others. They are the foregoers of a new race, a new people, a race of New Canadians.

But, still, the "old guard" will be missed. No more will the enthusiastic story fans hear the tales of witchcraft, superstition and adventure related around a red-hot stove, while the cold wind outside howled in lamentable woe. Tales of suppression, suffering, cruelty, and migration of their forefathers, will be forgotten. The "new guard" are beginning to predominate. They are no longer Doukhobors but Canadians.

Square Knots

Continued from page 28

Renny pushed away the tray. He wiped his lips with his napkin. "Did she say anything—give you any message or word, that is—er—for me, Timmins?" Renny tried to put the question casually.

"Well, no, not exactly, not at that time, sir." Timmins lifted the tray and placed it on a chair. He fumbled a moment at the dresser and then turned, an envelope in his hand. "She was very kind and solicitous, sir, and made me promise to be very careful driving you back. But later on, in the evening, she telephoned to enquire after you, sir, and this morning she stopped by and left this note—"

"What!"

Renny snatched the envelope. "Why didn't you give this to me before?" he demanded, tearing it open.

"Because it was the doctor's orders that you have your breakfast the moment you woke up, sir."

"Idiot!"

Renny unfolded a sheet of pale blue paper. He read:

"Dear Mr. Rendham,

I'm so glad to know that you weren't seriously hurt. Aunt Matilda and I shall be at The Balsams in Maplehurst

for the next fortnight and if you should be motoring that way, we'd like very much to see you. Aunt Matilda says she knows your family, if you belong to the Digby Rendhams. Thank you so much for all you did for me yesterday. I never could have got up that bank alone.

J. Brown (Joan to her friends)"

Renny read this missive again.

Then he gulped. "Timmins!" he shouted, as though that individual were not three feet away. Timmins jumped. "Have the car at the front door at once! Get my bill from the office and come back here and help me with my things!"

Timmins blinked. "You're—you're not leaving the hotel, sir?"

"In half an hour."

Timmins appeared shocked. "But the doctor—he said you were to stay in bed today, sir."

"The doctor be blown!"

"He's coming to see you at twelve, sir."

"He can go to the devil!"

"Very good, sir."

"And I say, Timmins"—Renny paused fiercely, one foot on the floor—"while you're waiting for the bill, just find out the quickest route to Maplehurst, will you?"

HURLBUT CUSHION-SOLE Shoes for Children

Only in Hurlbuts can
your dealer give you

1. Acid free insulation—no burning by tanning acids.
2. Perfect Fitting
Only Hurlbuts can give him 181 sizes and width combinations.



"ROYAL MUSKOKA"

NOTE SPELLING—HurlBUT
MADE ONLY AT PRESTON, ONT.

3 MONTHS OFF WITH NEURITIS

"I suffered awful pain for two years with Neuritis and Sciatica, and was off work for three months' time. After trying everything I could think of, without getting any benefit at all, I tried a bottle of Kruschen Salts. After my second bottle, I started working again, and I am very glad to tell you I am still working, and I am quite free from any pain whatever."—S. B.

The pains of Neuritis and Sciatica are a symptom of deeper trouble—the same trouble that causes rheumatism, gout and lumbago. They are a sign of an impure blood-stream. They show that poisons have crept into the blood.

Kruschen is a combination of six natural salts, which ensure internal cleanliness and keep the blood-stream pure. New and refreshed blood is sent coursing to every fibre of your being. Neuritis, Sciatica and kindred ills all pass you by. Depression and lassitude vanish like mist before the sun.

GREAT BETWEEN SMOKES

Keeps the
mouth cool
and moist

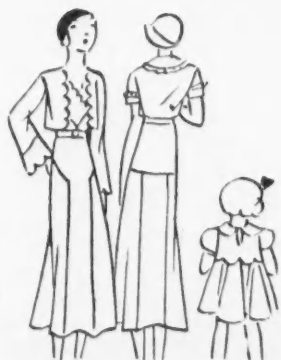


Inexpensive
Satisfying..

Ask for

WRIGLEY'S

CM-36



Canadian Patterns That Echo Paris in Everything But Their Cost

No. 131—The sort of jacket frock one always feels smart in. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 36 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material and $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 35-inch lace.

No. 138—The tailored appearance is softened by a circular skirt. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 35-inch material.

PRICE 15 CENTS

No. 764—Little Dolly Dimple approves heartily of scallops. Sizes 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch and $\frac{3}{8}$ yard of 18-inch material.

No. 121—Conclusive proof of the effectiveness of simplicity. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches. Size 34 requires $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 147—A trim looking frock to slip on in the morning. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches. Size 38 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards and 1 yard of 35-inch material.

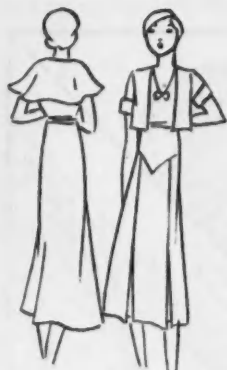


These are Chatelaine Patterns. They may be obtained from stores in most cities, or direct from The Chatelaine Pattern Service, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. If your favorite dealer does not carry them in stock we would be glad to have you give us his name and address. When ordering patterns name the number and size of the style desired.



Four Chatelaine Styles to Complete Your Summer Wardrobe

PRICE 15 CENTS

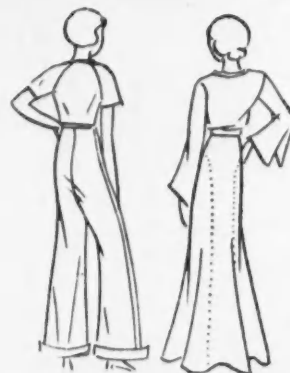


No. 139—The jaunty little cape buttons on or off, as you please. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches. Size 34 requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of 35-inch material.

No. 336—A short jacket makes this tennis frock wearable for any occasion. Sizes 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches. Size 34 requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 150—Every girl yearns for a pair of swagger beach pyjamas. Sizes 10, 12, 14, 16 and 18 years. Size 34 requires 3 yards and $\frac{1}{8}$ yard of 39-inch material.

No. 674—Chiffon and lace make this graceful hostess gown. Sizes 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material with $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of lace edging.



These are Chatelaine Patterns. They may be obtained from stores in most cities, or direct from The Chatelaine Pattern Service, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario. If your favorite dealer does not carry them in stock we would be glad to have you give us his name and address. When ordering patterns name the number and size of the style desired.



No. 148—Here's a useful idea—a house dress with matching apron. Sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches. Size 36 requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material.

Dainty Accessories to Your Summer Wardrobe

PRICE 15 CENTS

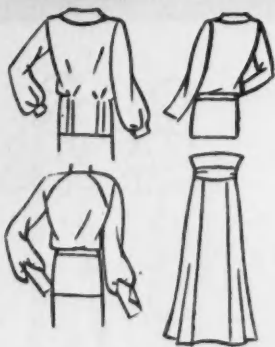
No. 745—The tailored kimono is just as handy for the beach as for the bedroom. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches. Size 36 requires $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 149—Nighties give one an opportunity to go exquisitely feminine. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38 and 40 inches. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards and $\frac{3}{4}$ yard of 35-inch material.

No. 153—Dainty ruffled panties match the slip. Sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 154—This little garment is the coolest thing imaginable for hot days. Sizes 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 39-inch material.





No. 140—Provocative, with its full sleeves, either long or short, and its huge bow. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches. Size 34 requires $1\frac{3}{4}$ yards of material.

No. 142—The rever-collar on this blouse is particularly becoming, and undeniably slimming. Sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches. Size 38 requires $2\frac{1}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 144—Notice the clever cut and interesting back of this blouse? Long sleeves are optional. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches. Size 34 requires $1\frac{3}{8}$ yards and $\frac{1}{4}$ yard of 35-inch material.

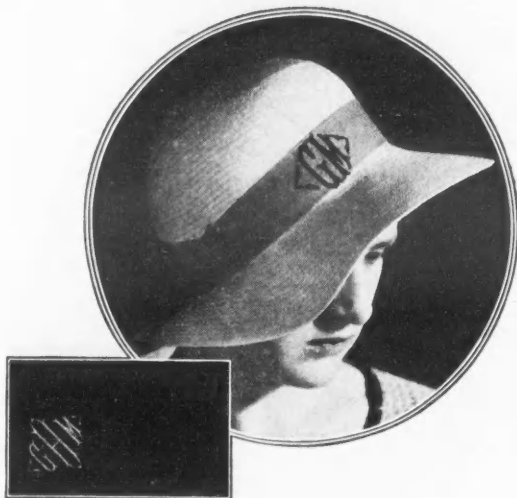
No. 146—This skirt may be cut either with the smart raised waistline, or plain and beltless. Sizes 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches hip measure. Size 28 requires $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of 39-inch material.

No. 136—A dress that masquerades as blouse and skirt and is cut for long sleeves if desired. Sizes 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches. Size 34 requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 39-inch material.



The Useful Blouse and Skirt is a Summer Favorite

PRICE 15 CENTS



The Latest Sports Novelty

From the Olympic sports meet comes this original idea—a hat band and purse to match, both of the same color linen and both worked with the initials of the wearer. With the hat band and purse to complete the ensemble, Chatelaine handicrafts are offering a matching linen scarf. The linen may be secured in white, cream, natural, sunny yellow, pale green, light blue and Wedgwood blue. Thread for working is supplied in any color desired. The purse complete is 75

cents. The hat band, with two initial monogram only, is 35 cents. The scarf, with three initial monogram and fringed ends, is 75 cents. Or the complete set can be supplied for \$1.75. Order from Marie Le Cerf, Handicraft

Department, The Chatelaine, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, by postal note, money order or registered cash. Please be sure to state color of linen and color of embroidery cotton that is desired.

The New Mother

Continued from page 40

unfortunate as to spill some on baby's dress or yours, put turpentine on the spot at once, otherwise a dark, ill-smelling oily mark, practically ineradicable, will result.

Baby must have other foods than cod liver oil. Quite early in his life, especially if there is any sign of constipation, you will be advised to give prune pulp. Later when solid foods are gradually introduced, there will be strained carrots, peas, spinach, apricots, apple sauce, as well as the prunes. Straining and mashing these by means of a wooden spoon and wire sieve is a tedious business, apt to be annoying to a busy mother. Yet all mothers cannot purchase the tinned foods ready strained for baby's use. I found that a very quick and convenient way of preparing any of the above mentioned foods is to use an ordinary potato ricer. This gives a fine smooth consistency to the food and yet retains all coarse material such as prune or apricot skins, hulls of peas, apple seeds, etc. Besides being more convenient than sieving, this has the advantage of saving much of mother's time.

Another food problem is the long time—three to four hours—recommended for the cooking of baby's first cereals—cream of wheat, oatmeal or whatever they may be. In homes where there is an old-fashioned range, hot all morning, this will present no difficulty. However, many modern homes have only gas or electric cook stoves. In such a kitchen, if there is no fireless cooker to take care of baby's porridge, three to four hours daily cooking of cereal will mean a substantial increase in the fuel bill. To escape this, and yet have well cooked cereal, one may prepare the cereal as usual the night before it is required: cook five minutes over direct heat and fifteen more in the double boiler. Then let the double boiler stand in a warm place overnight—the radiator will do very well if one lives in a heated apartment. This overnight wait will cause the cereal to absorb the water and swell gradually, so that with a brief period of additional cooking in the morning, it will be

quite ready for the baby's consumption.

Porridge and strained vegetables are usually recommended as baby's first solid foods. However, very little detailed account is given of his first venture into "solids." Many diet lists begin with nine or even twelve months, whereas baby usually begins these additional foods as early as six months, so that the change may be a gradual one. Babies must, of course, be taught to accept what is offered them in foods, yet it is important that the first experience be an agreeable one. For the start, offer something particularly attractive. For the very first solid, half an arrowroot biscuit, soaked in diluted warm milk for a long time and offered in tiny bits from a spoon will be sure to please the child. Porridge will follow. Junket will be readily taken and easily digested as one of the first foods. I found it best to use these three among the first foods, and to use them very freely at the morning feeding, before making a start with vegetables which are much more difficult to digest. As baby becomes adjusted to these he will shortly be following the diet advocated for the nine to twelve months child:

- 6 a.m. Milk.
- 10 a.m. Porridge and fruit, milk.
- 2 p.m. Vegetable and dessert (custard, junket, etc.), milk.
- 6 p.m. Porridge.
- 10 p.m. Milk.

From six to nine months a gradual change must be made from an entirely milk to a partly solid diet.

THE matters we have already discussed have been those which particularly concern baby. The new mother has her own problem "How to get the work done." So many people will say to her thoughtlessly, "I guess you've got your hands full now." No one but mother knows how full they are.

Especially if mother is nursing baby, her well-being is very closely related to his. Do not, on the advice of friends—those "old ladies" against whom we were warned—go without certain foods "for fear they may hurt baby." Do not fancy that cabbage or too many prunes eaten by you will hurt baby. While in the maternity hospital I was twice given lobster salad! If your diet is simple and well balanced, all that agrees with you will agree with baby. Usually when a mother fancies that some particular food she has eaten has upset baby, it is not the food, but rather the fact that she has been busy and overtired which has made the mischief.

With books and articles at her command and these few hints on problems peculiar to the new mother, we hope that each mother is able to boast of her well and happy baby.

Chatelaine's Mothercraft Service

Through the co-operation of the Canadian Council on Child and Family Welfare, Chatelaine readers may receive monthly on request the very fine series of prenatal and post-natal letters issued by the Council through its Child Hygiene Section and the Departments of Public Health. Readers wishing to receive copies of these letters monthly should address their requests to Mothercraft Service, Chatelaine, 153 University Avenue, Toronto, Ontario.



The best in her day..

and Still the Best



This Prize-winning book containing economical recipes will be sent on receipt of 10 cents.

Fill out the coupon below.



There are hundreds of words of praise for this famous corn starch, and after all, what more need be said but that it is supreme to-day in quality just as it was 70 years ago.

There are many substitutes . . . there are many imitations . . . but none can boast of the purity, the uniformity and the absolute quality of BENSON'S.

Summer desserts . . . delightfully refreshing . . . exceptionally nourishing . . . are made so very easily with this popular brand of corn starch.

You can always be sure of serving a treat to your family and your friends, when you serve desserts made with BENSON'S CORN STARCH.

Please send me a copy of your Recipe Book & enclose 10c for mailing charges.

NAME

ADDRESS

Send this coupon to
The CANADA STARCH CO., Limited, MONTREAL

BENSON'S CORN STARCH

INSIDE ROSE COTTAGE

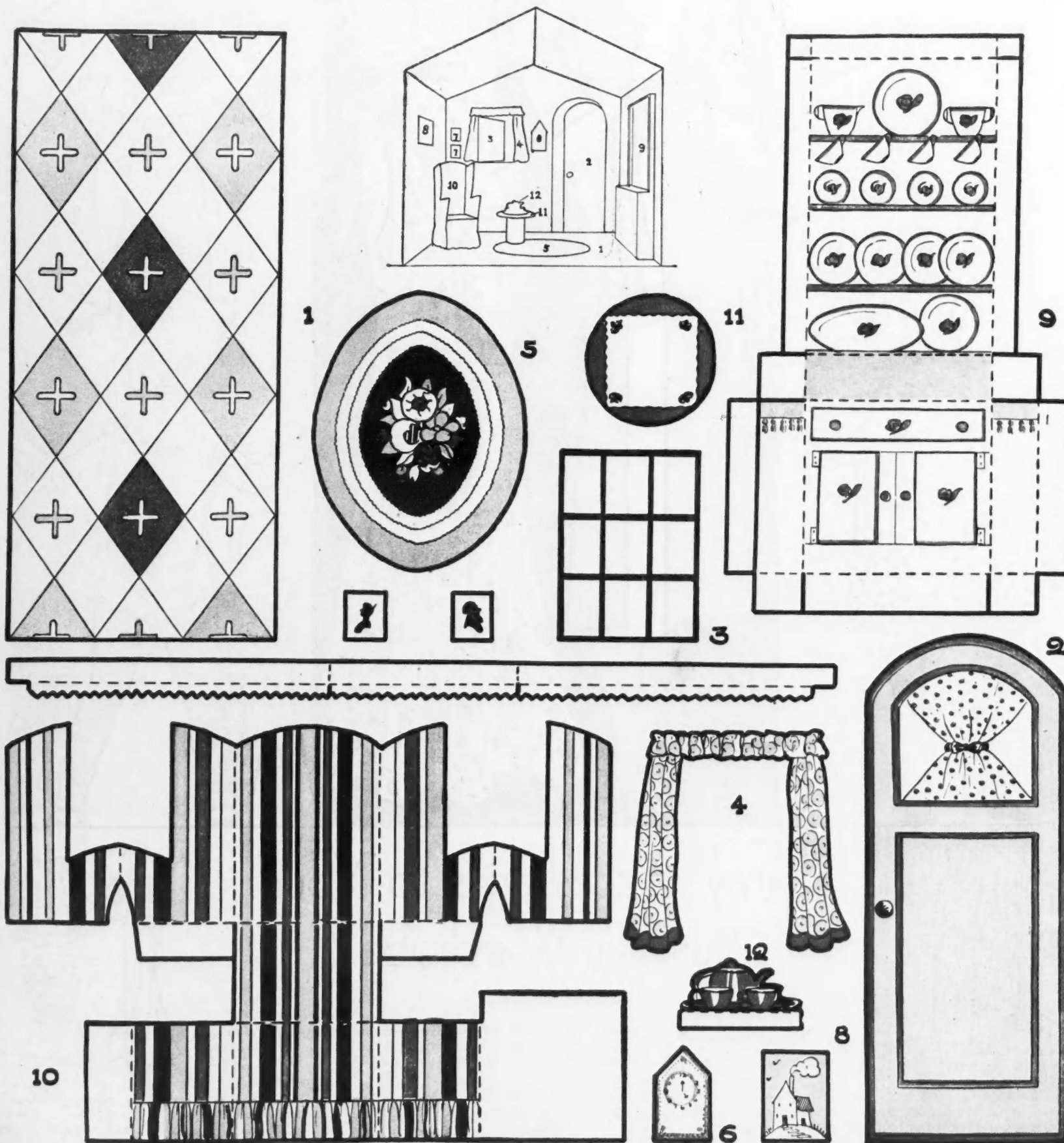
Here is everything to furnish the little house shown last month

Designed by JEAN WYLIE

PASTE the chair, china cupboard, table top and tea tray on to a sheet of light paper and leave to dry. Cut out the door, window, curtains, oilcloth, rug, clock and pictures, and paste each in its proper place,

as shown in the sketch. By this time the other objects should be dry, so cut out each piece, following along the heavy black lines. With a penknife or pair of scissors scratch along the dotted lines, bend them in, and

paste the flaps. With strong glue paste the cupboard on to the right wall and the small round table top on the top of an empty spool. The pretty little tea set stands on top of the table.





Fast, Roomy, Comfortable . . . Ideal Cars for the Canadian Family . . .

THERE are certain definite requirements a motor car must fill if it is to be entirely satisfactory as a family car. It must have plenty of power and speed. It must be reasonably large and roomy. It must be comfortable, to give restful riding over all types of roads. There, greatly condensed, are the specifications of the larger, finer Oldsmobile Six and the new Straight Eight. Both are remarkably brilliant performers, with big, powerful engines, designed for utmost smoothness and quietness of operation. Both have roomy and luxurious bodies by Fisher, with ample head room, leg room, and width of seats. Both give you the new Ride Regulator and double-

action hydraulic shock absorbers, to insure the most comfortable sort of ride on any road. For these very reasons, the new Oldsmobiles have established themselves as favorites with thousands of families throughout Canada. This preference, quite naturally, is all the more pronounced because of Oldsmobile's firmly established reputation for dependability—together with the fact that it provides so many up-to-the-minute features . . . including Free Wheeling . . . the Syncro-Mesh silent-second transmission . . . Engine Decarbonizer . . . Full Automatic Choke . . . and many other advancements which add to pleasure and comfort in driving.

OLDSMOBILE SIX and EIGHT

Meals of the Month

Thirty-one Menus for July

Compiled by M. Frances Hucks of The Chatelaine Institute Staff.

1	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER	17	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
	Chilled Watermelon Grape-Nuts Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee	(Picnic Supper) Pimento Cheese and Sardine Sandwiches Hard Cooked Eggs, Tomatoes Date-filled Cookies Loaf Cake Bananas Coffee or Milk	(Served at noon) Salmon Steaks Boiled New Potatoes New Peas Lemon Jelly Whip Tea Coffee		Orange Juice Ham Omelet Toast Cocoa	Tomato or Cucumber Salad Pimento Cheese Sandwiches Gooseberry Tarts Iced Tea	Jellied Tongue Potato Puff Spinach Stuffed Celery Gingerale Jelly Whipped Cream Coffee Tea
2	Orange Juice Bacon Toast Marmalade Coffee Cocoa	Vegetable Soup Potato Salad Crackers Cream Cheese Fresh Strawberries Tea Cocoa	Hamburg Balls Creamed Potatoes Asparagus Deep Rhubarb Pie Tea Coffee	18	Farina with Raisins Bran Muffins Stewed Fresh Cherries Coffee Cocoa	Grilled Sardines on Toast with Lemon Chilled Cantaloupe Cocoa or Milk	Shoulder of Lamb Boiled Potatoes Creamed Celery Rhubarb Tapioca Coffee Tea
3	Pineapple Puffed Wheat Boiled Egg Toast Coffee Cocoa	Tuna Fish Salad Rolls Cherry Tarts Iced Tea	Tomato Cocktail Broiled Steak Mashed Potatoes Buttered Carrots Strawberry Ice Cream Coffee Tea	19	Watermelon Grape Nuts Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Broiled Bacon Warm Potatoes Stewed Red Currants with Cream Tea Cocoa	Bean Soup Cold Sliced Lamb, Scalloped Potatoes Buttered Beets Cottage Pudding Chocolate Sauce Coffee Tea
4	Grapefruit Farina Toasted Rolls Jam Coffee Cocoa	Creamed Asparagus on Toast Fruit Cup Small Cakes Tea Coffee	Baked Ham Parsley Potatoes Broiled Tomatoes Caramel Custard Coffee Tea	20	Grapefruit Soft Cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Cocoa	Casserole of Lamb and Vegetables Radishes Green Onions Blackberries Tea Cocoa	Baked Ham Slices Mashed Potatoes, Cole Slaw Banana Custard Coffee Tea
5	Stewed Prunes with Lemon Corn Flakes Toast Honey Coffee Cocoa	Stuffed Green Peppers with Tomato Sauce Stewed Rhubarb Sponge Cake Tea Cocoa	Celery Soup Cold Sliced Ham Potato Cakes Spinach Blanc Mange with Fruit Sauce Coffee Tea	21	Raspberries Cornmeal Porridge Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Combination Salad Brown Rolls Blanc Mange with Fruit Sauce or Jam Tea Cocoa	Pot Roast of Beef Boiled Potatoes String Beans Ice Cream Plain Cake Coffee Tea
6	Tomato Juice All-Bran Frittled Ham Toast Coffee Cocoa	Parsley Omelet Radishes Jellied Prunes Tea Cocoa	Veal Cutlets Riced Potatoes String Beans Fruit Trifle (use left over cake) Coffee Tea	22	Tomato Juice Bran Flakes Raisin Muffins Jam Coffee Cocoa	Devilled Egg Salad Toasted Muffins Almond Trifle (using left over cake) Tea Cocoa	Baked Whitefish Parsley Potatoes, New Peas Sliced Oranges and Bananas with Coconut Coffee Tea
7	Strawberries Waffles Coffee Maple Syrup Cocoa	Chipped Beef Hashed Brown Potatoes Fresh Pineapple Ice-Box Cookies Tea Cocoa	Irish Stew Boiled Potatoes Shredded Cabbage Creamy Rice Coffee Tea	23	Apricots Puffed Wheat Toast Coffee Honey Cocoa	Cold Roast Beef Potato Salad Cup Cakes Lemon Sauce Tea Cocoa	Veal Loaf Browned Potatoes Slivered Carrots Fresh Cherry Tapioca Coffee Tea
8	Sliced Oranges Roman Meal Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Scalloped Salmon Lettuce with Thousand Island Dressing Bananas and Cream Tea Cocoa	(Vegetable Plate) Spinach with Poached Egg, Riced Potatoes Slivered Carrots Cucumber-Radish Salad Strawberry Shortcake Coffee Tea	24	Orange Sections Shredded Wheat Scrambled Eggs with Tomato Toast Coffee Cocoa	Cold Veal Loaf Mixed Vegetable Salad Apricot Whip Fruit Punch	Mixed Grill of Lamb Chops, Bacon and Mushrooms Creamed Potatoes Broiled Tomatoes Strawberry Ice-Box Cake Coffee Tea
9	Stewed Rhubarb Puffed Rice Brown Toast Marmalade Coffee Cocoa	Frankfurters Pan Dried Potatoes Watermelon Tea Cocoa	Roast Beef Franconia Potatoes Diced Beets Lemon Foam Coffee Tea	25	Bananas Milk Toast Toasted Rolls Jam Coffee Cocoa	Cream of Asparagus Soup Fruit Salad Baking Powder Biscuits Tea Cocoa	Corned Beef Boiled Potatoes Cabbage Snow Pudding Custard Sauce Coffee Tea
10	Melon Bread and Milk Bacon Jam Muffins Coffee Cocoa	Tomato Sandwiches Cheese Sandwiches Fresh Strawberries Layer Cake Lemonade	Pea Soup Cold Roast Beef Scalloped Potatoes, Cauliflower Jellied Fruits Whipped Cream Coffee Tea	26	Cantaloupe Bacon Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Corned Beef Hash Lettuce with Russian Dressing Lemon Jelly Whip Cookies Cocoa	Salmon Loaf Mashed Potatoes Beet Greens Fresh Plum Pie Coffee Tea
11	Grapefruit Bran Flakes Toast Coffee Stewed Fruit Cocoa	Browned Hash on Toast Sweet Pickles Stewed Gooseberries Left Over Cake Tea Cocoa	Broiled Liver Fried Onions Creamed Potatoes Swiss Chard Chocolate Junket Coffee Tea	27	Grapefruit Rice Krispies Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Scrambled Eggs Radishes Green Onions Butterscotch Tarts Tea Cocoa	Swiss Steak Riced Potatoes, Diced Beets Junket with Fresh Raspberries Coffee Tea
12	Shredded Wheat With Fresh Raspberries Poached Eggs Coffee Toast Cocoa	Perfection Salad with Cheese Balls Brown Rolls Gingerbread with Whipped Cream Tea Cocoa	Lamb Chops Mashed Potatoes, New Peas Cherry Pie Coffee Tea	28	Raspberries Crisp Waffles Coffee Honey Cocoa	Cold Meat Sliced Tomatoes Blueberries and Cream Tea Cocoa	Mock Turtle Soup Bacon Creamed Potatoes Spinach Apple Betty Coffee Tea
13	Sliced Bananas Bacon Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Baked Stuffed Tomatoes Fruit Salad Left Over Gingerbread Tea Cocoa	Meat Loaf Celery Sauce Boiled Potatoes, String Beans Ice Cream Caramel Sauce Coffee Tea	29	Watermelon Cream of Wheat Toast Coffee Conserve Cocoa	Pan-broiled Trout Hash Brown Potatoes Sliced Cucumbers Stewed Gooseberries Tea Cocoa	(Veg. Dinner) Diced Carrots Cauliflower with Cheese Sauce Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Orange Custard Coffee Tea
14	Tomato Juice Corn Flakes Muffins Coffee Honey Cocoa	Cold Meat Loaf Potato Salad Raspberries Cookies Tea Cocoa	Oven Cooked Steak Potato Balls Beet Greens Coconut Bread Pudding with Meringue Coffee Tea	30	Corn Flakes with Fresh Fruit Poached Eggs Coffee Toast Cocoa	Creamed Peas on Toast Green Apple Sauce Filled Cookies Tea Cocoa	Beef Steak Riced Potatoes Creamed Young Onions Fruit Ice Cream Coffee Tea
15	Prunes Rice Krispies Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Cream of Tomato Soup Stuffed Green Pepper Salad Bran Muffins Conserve Tea Cocoa	Boiled Codfish Egg Sauce, Mashed Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Sliced Cucumber Raspberry Shortcake Coffee Tea	31	Sliced Peaches Broiled Bacon Coffee Cake Jelly Coffee Cocoa	Lobster or Shrimp Salad Parker House Rolls Frosted Fudge Cake Iced Tea	Jellied Veal, Potato au Gratin Carrots and Peas Tomato Salad Chilled Cantaloupe with Raspberries Coffee Tea
16	Strawberries All-Bran Creamed Codfish on Toast Coffee Cocoa	Cold Ham Potato Cakes Fruit Salad Cookies Tea Cocoa	(Vegetable Plate) Bouillon Steamed Rice, Baked Tomatoes Buttered Cabbage Diced Carrots Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea				

Meals of the Month, as compiled by M. Frances Hucks,
are a regular feature of Chatelaine each month.

here's *New* enticement for drowsy appetites

... new twice-crisped Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice★

Cool...dainty...twice as crisp as ever before!

Here's the way to tempt lazy summer appetites

THEY turn to energy so quickly! They're so dainty...cool...*refreshing*! Yet so wholesomely nourishing. No wonder child experts recommend Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice as the ideal hot weather cereals.

And no matter how hot the weather...no child has to be coaxed to eat Puffed Grains. Always, these are the cereals they prefer. Children everywhere given their choice of 11 leading ready-to-eat cereals, chose Puffed Grains as "the ones we like best of all."

Now these enticing grains have been made even more delicious. Now a special twice-crisping pro-

cess crisps them. Crisps them again. Then hustles them piping hot into a new Seal-Krisp package. And so they come to your cereal dish as fresh as the moment they were shot from guns.

Heap cereal dishes high with these new, rustling, extra-crisp Puffed Grains. Tempt children to eat the cereal nourishment they *must* have. Remember, no other cereal provides Nature's health grains with every food cell steam-exploded to complete digestibility. No other cereal brings nourishing rice and wheat grains in such cool, dainty form.

Get the new Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice from your grocer tomorrow.

Made in Canada by The Quaker Oats Company

**Amazingly rich in
nourishment★**

In spite of their crisp daintiness, Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are amazingly rich in nourishment. A generous dish of Puffed Wheat or Puffed Rice, with milk or cream and sugar, is greater in energy value than 4 or 5 slices of bacon, a baked potato, or a lamb chop. Serve Puffed Grains for breakfast, lunch or supper—whenever you want substantial nourishment at an economical price.



Quaker Puffed Wheat *and* Puffed Rice



KRAFT CHEESE OMELET

Grate one-quarter pound of Kraft Cheese. Beat 6 eggs slightly, add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup of milk, seasonings, and half of the cheese. Melt 2 tbsps. butter, pour in egg mixture and cook very slowly until almost done. Place under low broiler flame to dry the top. Sprinkle with remaining grated cheese, fold and serve. (Serves 4)

Rare flavor in cooked dishes

Try this Golden Omelet made with Kraft Cheese

THERE'S a golden, cheese-flavored sauce slipping out of this omelet's fluffy sides! A knowing cook sprinkled the top of the omelet with small pieces of Kraft cheese just before she folded it. A quick turn—and what a delicious cheese flavor!

Here's cooked cheese goodness at its best. Kraft Canadian cheese, with its mellow "cave-cured" flavor. A cheese you can cook with to perfection, because it melts so smoothly and blends perfectly with other ingredients.

Try it in rarebits, in soups, for fluffy soufflés and for dozens of other tasty baked cheese dishes . . . You'll love it toasted to a bubbling, golden brown!

Kraft cheese dishes are *healthful* dishes because Kraft cheese is rich in valuable body-building milk minerals—calcium, phosphorus—it is the most highly concentrated source of protein known.

Start out with a half-pound of Kraft cheese from your grocer today. Kraft-Phenix Cheese Co. Limited, Montreal.

FREE RECIPE BOOK

KRAFT-PHENIX CHEESE CO. LIMITED
147 St. Paul St. W., Montreal. C-7
Please send me free Cheese Recipe Book.

Name.....
Address.....
Buy Made-in-Canada Goods

KRAFT-PHENIX PRODUCTS
CHEESE • MAYONNAISE • SALAD DRESSING

This Month With our Advertisers

AS A Canadian chatelaine, one of your biggest jobs is feeding your family healthfully and economically. As a magazine, one of *Chatelaine's* biggest jobs is helping you in every way possible to achieve that goal. Month after month it is the ambition behind every issue.

Manufacturers play a big part in helping to make *Chatelaine* a textbook for every Canadian homemaker. Look through their columns and see how much help and information is offered. For these days, most food manufacturers have expertly equipped home service bureaus under the direction of trained dietitians. These days they do not only tell us their products are good; they show us how to use them, and give many practical and original suggestions for serving new dishes.

There's a big welcome this month for the distinctive Crisco page—a new friend for this magazine. It's a tempting page, chattily handled by Winifred S. Carter, who, besides giving three delicious recipes in this issue, offers a free book of Radio recipes.

Swansdown flour has a particularly striking arrangement of two angel cakes, and gives a challenge to "Mrs. Cake-maker"—and a bargain offer in cake tins, with a recipe book to help your cooking. Campbell's soup is here with another of their brilliant pages, and brings a list of twenty-one varieties in soups—a boon to the woman who has to prepare three meals a day for 365 days in 1932 . . . Quaker Puffed Wheat has used the three photographs of very human children, with an arrowlike effect to direct forceful attention to the bowl of cereal, and bring some interesting data on the energy-giving values of this product.

Borden's Eagle Brand condensed milk has one of the most arresting pages I have seen, with their diving girl swooping above the type. This company offers one of the noted "Baby Welfare" booklets referred to in our baby department this month, as being one of the aids every mother can have for the asking . . . Heinz products reflect interest in the modern need for budgeted meals and give a practical menu suggestion for four people at a total cost of fifty-seven cents—a figure which *Chatelaine's* budget authority, E. Leroy Churchill, would heartily approve.

There are cook books of delicious recipes which have been thoroughly tested, and made available through the Magic Baking Powder ad., which in this issue gives a recipe for individual strawberry shortcake. You can have for the asking excellent recipes for summer dishes made with gelatine through the offer made in the Cox gelatine ad., for the proper cooking of clams through Connors Clams ad., and a timely booklet on camp cooking offered in the Klim announcement.

The famous "Cow Brand" baking soda offers a book of practical recipes in an original presentation for a food product, while Benson's corn starch has a booklet of valuable recipes that is well worth having.

Kraft cheese on this page has an attractive recipe for a new omelette, and will send a book of recipes for the asking. Appleford paper brings a special offer for their product with your dealer's name . . . And, turning the pages, you will find more "food" interest in such products as Dr. Jackson's, McLaren's olives, Kellogg's Rice Krispies Ovals and Purity Salt.

Thus it goes; page after page of this magazine brings suggestions to help "the mistress of a little castle" with her daily profession. It's a fine objective for a magazine, and we hope you find, both in the editorial and advertising columns, just what you have been looking for.

By Mrs. Hope Sanders.

Index to Advertisers

Absorbine Jr.	45
Albert Soap	42
Alma College	42
Appleford Paper Products, Limited	41
Baby's Own Soap	42
Bauer & Black	48
Benedict, F. L.	51
Blachford Shoe Mfg. Co.	46
Blondex	64
Blue Jay Corn Plasters	48
Borden Co., The	2
Brownstone	49
Brantford Washing Machine Co., Ltd.	49
Campbell's Soup	23
Canada Starch Company Limited, The	57
Canada Rex Spray Co.	38
Canadian Kodak Co., Ltd.	4th Cover
Canadian National Exhibition	44
Can. Milk Products, The	51
Canadian Spool Cotton, The	32
Calay Soap	37
Cash Co., J. & J.	42
Charm	49
Chesebrough Mfg. Co.	40
Church & Dwight Limited	32
Chevrolet Motor Car Co.	2nd Cover
Coats Thread	32
Coffield Washer Co., Ltd.	49
Connors Bros. Ltd.	51
Coty Face Powder	38
Cow Brand Soda	32
Cox's Gelatine	51
Crisco	6
Cuticura Preparations	46
Daggett & Ramsdell Canada Ltd.	38
Dearborn Supply Co.	42
Dew	36
Dominion Salt Co., Ltd.	51
Dowswell Lees & Co., Ltd.	49
Eddy Co., Limited, E. B.	49
Evan Williams Shampoo	36
Feen-a-mint	42
Fly-Tox	38
Forhan's Limited	1
Flusho	49
Frigidaire Corporation	31
Galt Chemical Co.	49
General Foods Corporation:	
Swansdown Cake Flour	5
General Motors of Can. Ltd.:	
Chevrolet	2nd Cover
Frigidaire	31
Oldsmobile	59
Gouraud's Oriental Cream	36
Hall & Ruckle	36
Haverlag College	42
Hawes' Floor Wax	49
Health Products Corporation, The	42
Heinz, H. J. & Co.	30
Hopkins & Sons, Ferd T.	36
Hughes, E. Griffith	50
Hurlbut Shoes	50
Hygienic Products Co.	38
Herdt & Charton Inc.	38
Johnson & Johnson, Limited:	
Baby Powder	41
Modess	44
Kellogg Company:	
Rice Crispies	50
Kenton Pharmacal Co.	49
Klim	51
Kotex	29
Kraft Phenix Products	37
Kruschen Salts	50
Lawson Co., S.F.	46
Lambert Marion Inc.	36
Lamont Corliss Co.	25
Lehn & Fink Products Company:	
Lysol	27
Lever Bros.:	
Lux Toilet Soap	34
Luft Co., Geo. W.	34
Magic Baking Powder	49
Malcolm, Andrew, Furniture Co., Ltd.	48
McLaren's Olives	51
Mercolized Wax	42
Modess	44
Monarch Knitting Co.	39
Murine	50
Northam Warren Co.:	
Odo-ro-no	35
Oldsmobile Cars	59
Odo-ro-no Co., Inc., The	35
Ontario Ladies' College	42
Outdoor Girl Face Powder	46
Ovaltine	40
Oniwon Paper Towels	49
Palmers, Limited:	
Tangee	34
Evan Williams Shampoo	36
Paris Pate	51
Parker Fountain Pen Co.	46
Pepsodent Tooth Paste	32
Pond's Extract Company of Canada, Ltd.	25
Para-Sani Waxed Paper	51
Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation	46
Procter & Gamble Co. of Can. Ltd.:	
Calay Soap	37
Crisco	6
Purity Salt	51
Quaker Puffed Goods	3rd Cover
Ridley College	46
Salada Tea	43
Sani Flush	48
Silvo	48
Sisman Shoe Co., Limited	42
Snowflake	65
Standard Brands Limited:	
Magic Baking Powder	49
Steelman's Powders	40
Swansdown Cake Flour	5
Tangee	34
Wait Co., J. T.	43-46
Wander, Limited, A.	40
Wrigley's Gum	50
X-Bazin	36
Young & Co., W. F.	45
Z. B. T. Baby Talcum	43

Even though you've never held a camera in your hands before, you'll be proud of the pictures you take if you use the new Kodak VERICHROME Film.

The illustration is enlarged from a $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ Verichrome Film negative. Ask the dealer for Verichrome. Canadian Kodak Co., Limited, Toronto.

